

ONE HUNDRED FAMOUS AMERICANS

BY

HELEN AINSLIE SMITH

AUTHOR OF "GREAT CITIES OF THE MODERN WORLD," "GREAT CITIES OF THE ANCIENT WORLD,"
"ANIMALS: WILD AND TAME," "BIRDS AND FISHES," ETC., ETC.



WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

WITH more of an historical than a purely biographical purpose, and under a title more typical than literal, ONE HUNDRED FAMOUS AMERICANS aims to present a series of brief and interesting sketches of some of the greatest men and women of America—to group them by the callings in which their most important work has been done, to describe the events of their lives; to tell what they have been to their companions, to their professions, and to the great interests of their nation and the world at large—setting forth from different standpoints their influence upon their own times and the future. The endeavor has been to tell the stories of these great lives fairly and truthfully, omitting for the most part all anecdotes and purely personal matters, while making clear the distinguishing traits of each individual, not only as an individual, but also as a successful follower of his or her vocation. In this way some idea has also been given, it is hoped, of the most notable achievements in the history of the various professions here represented. It is not claimed that this selection forms a perfect list of our greatest men and women: many names having been omitted that rank with those given; but even in the wide difference of opinion existing upon the merits of fame, it is believed that the characters herein described will be found to be a fair representation of those who have had the strongest influence upon our history. The compiler has been much aided in making the selection by the advice—most generously bestowed—of several authors and professional men of noted judgment. An attempt to bring this subject

within the compass of one volume must leave very much unsaid ; but the object of this book will be met if it gives some sort of connected and graphic account of those who have done great work in or for our country, and if it can present this information in a way that will interest young people and broaden their ideas of life and history. The illustrations have been taken from photographs and historical portraits, models, or the real objects. Thanks are due to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for permission to use the illustrations of Asher Brown Durand and Elias Haskett Derby.

HELEN AINSLIE SMITH.

NEW YORK CITY.

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ONE HUNDRED FAMOUS AMERICANS.

INVENTORS.



ELI WHITNEY.

THE American people are noted for inventive genius, love of experiment, and a desire to find out new and better ways of doing things. We are often ridiculed for these traits, but it is to them more than to anything else that during our first century as a nation the often-despised republic of the New World has been raised to an honorable place among the foremost of powers. The "Yankee inventions" that people laughed at, and the "American ingenuity" of which they made a by-word, have been steadily at work developing the resources of our great country, making easy to accomplish what was before thought impossible, and giving to the whole world some of the most valuable discoveries of the age.

American genius and American enterprise have brought forth more inventions and improvements, both in number and in importance, than any other nation in this or any other century in modern history. They have changed home life and business life all over the world. There is scarcely a branch of trade or manufacture that has not been greatly altered by them; travel by land and water has grown to be a marvel of comfort and quickness that was not even imagined a century ago; and the lightning force of electricity has been so brought under the power of man that he can

use it to send instant messages around the globe, to talk with people hundreds of miles away, to light a building or a city almost as brightly as the sun, and for a hundred other useful purposes.

Even art has been aided and carried forward by this mechanical ingenuity, and science—itsself often the inventor's greatest help—has received wonderful additions and reached some of its best results in modern times, through the patient work of the ingenious and experimenting American mind.

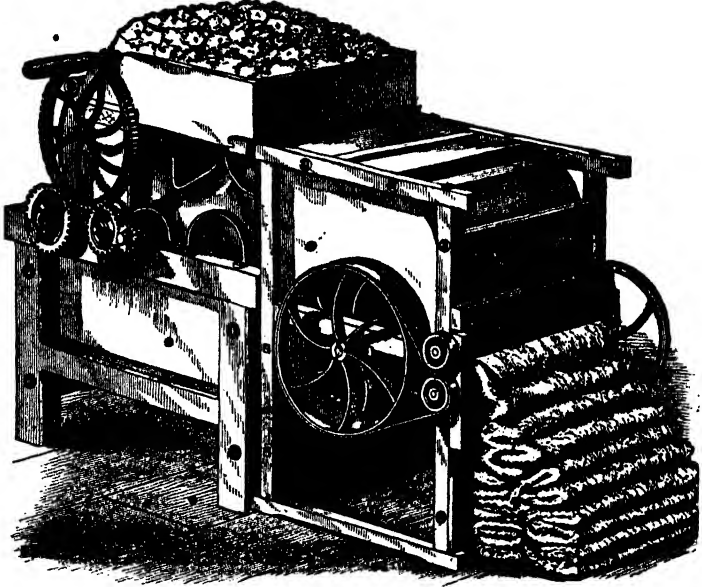
The first name upon our record of inventors is that of **Eli Whitney**, whose idea of the cotton-gin is yet living in the many hundreds of but slightly altered and improved machines that now prepare for market over four million bales of cotton per year; for America produces larger quantities and a better quality of cotton than any other country in the world.

Mr. Whitney lived during the latter half of the last century and the first quarter of this. He was born ten years before the United States became a nation, and while our patriots were fighting for independence he was a lad, working on his father's farm, mending violins for neighbors far and near, making canes, hat-pins, and nails, visiting all the machine-shops he could get to, and studying for Yale College. He was a bright, industrious fellow, with a good deal of skill, so that he paid his way through college by doing jobs of mechanical work and by teaching school.

After the college course was over he started South to teach in a Georgia family. But when he reached the place another tutor had already been engaged, and young Mr. Whitney found himself away from home with no business and very little money. But he was not quite friendless, for he had made the acquaintance of General Greene's widow, who was so much pleased with him that she urged him to stay in Savannah and keep up his studies, inviting him to make her house his home. He accepted her invitation, and began to teach her children and to read law. But Mrs. Greene soon saw that he was more interested in machinery and making useful inventions than in his legal studies. She noticed his cleverness in rigging up embroidery frames and other things, and firmly believed that he could invent a machine so much wanted then for picking cotton, for in those days the short-stapled raw cotton that grew in the Southern States had to be all picked over by hand to separate the hard, bean-like seeds from the fluffy masses of lint, and one pound was about all that a good worker could prepare in a day. There was a rude roller-gin made in England that prepared the kind called long-stapled cotton for market, by crushing the seeds and then "bowing" or whipping the dirt out of the lint. Mrs. Greene, like a great many other people, felt that there ought to be a better machine than this, which could do the work of the hand-pickers in a much shorter time. She talked it over with her planter

friends, telling them that Mr. Whitney "could make anything," and showing them some of his ingenious work, till they finally induced the young man to try his skill upon a gin. He began by first watching the pickers; then he formed an idea of how a machine might do the same work, and finally he began to build the saw-gin; he had to make his own tools and even draw his own wire, but when it was done it was perfect; and, while a great many improvements of various kinds have been made in it, the cotton-gin now used is really the same as that which came from Eli Whitney's hands in 1793.

The plan of this machine, which has done such wonders for American industry, is a grid or net-work of wires, with a set of circular saws arranged behind it so that the teeth of the saws project through the net-work as they turn. When the lint is laid on the grid and the machine set in motion, the sharp teeth of the saws catch the lint, tearing it off and dragging it through the net-work, leaving behind the seeds which are not able to pass, but slide down the grid out of the way, as soon as they are free from the cotton. A simple revolving brush sweeps the lint from the saws before they turn far enough to carry it back to the grid.



COTTON-GIN.

The model of this was made in a few months, and to please his friend, Mr. Whitney consented to show it to a company of Mrs. Greene's guests, mostly planters. They were very much interested and even excited when they found that one person at this machine could separate more cotton from the seed in one day than could be done in the old way in many months. The report spread quickly through the South, and many people wanted to see the wonderful invention, but Mr. Whitney refused to show it, because it was not yet perfected, and because he wished

to patent it before it was made public. But the excitement grew so great, that some dishonorable people broke into his workshop one night, stole the model, and got out several machines on much the same plan, so that he was almost entirely defrauded from any reward for his labor, although it changed the whole industrial history of the nation, and was so perfect that but little improvement has ever been made in it. A slave who could pick a pound of cotton a day by hand now prepared a thousand pounds a day. The planters who had had to let acres of fields lie waste, because they could not grow on them indigo, rice, tar, nor tobacco, and because they were then raising as much cotton as their slaves could pick, now began to raise enormous quantities of the plant. Before this gin was invented there were less than two hundred thousand pounds shipped yearly. A few years after, over seventeen million pounds were sent out, and the year before the Civil War, it was over two billion pounds.

Cotton became the one great power in the South, bringing wealth, industry, and commercial importance to the newly-formed nation. But it also gave work to a great many more men and women, and instead of slavery dying out in the South, as it had begun to do in the North, it grew stronger very fast. Planters, traders, manufacturers, and the thieves who stole the gin model flourished and made money, while the inventor received nothing. He claimed his right before the courts in Georgia, and the juries decided in favor of the thieves; and about all that he ever got was fifty thousand dollars paid him for the patent by the Legislature of South Carolina, eleven years after the model was made.

After trying in vain for five years even to get a living from the invention already bringing wealth to others, Mr. Whitney went to New Haven, Connecticut, and, at the foot of East Rock, he set up factories for making fire-arms for the Government. He was very successful in this, and beside making a fortune, so greatly improved the machinery and methods of the business, that our country owes to him a second debt of gratitude. It was he who first divided factory labor so that each part should be made separately, a system which is now used in nearly all branches of manufacturing.

Mr. Whitney was born in Westborough, Massachusetts, December 8, 1765. He died in New Haven, Connecticut, January 8, 1825.

About the time that Whitney invented the cotton-gin, **Robert Fulton**, a young American painter studying in England, decided to give up art for the sake of becoming a civil engineer. The young men, whose names are now often mentioned together as the two greatest of early American inventors, were of exactly the same age, one a New Englander in Georgia, the other a Pennsylvanian in England.

Fulton had been away from home ever since he was twenty-two years old, and had spent a large part of his time in studying art with Benjamin West, a famous



ROBERT FULTON.

American painter, whose house in London was always a center for young artists from the master's native land. But, after several years of study, Fulton felt sure that his best work would be in engineering rather than art, and he soon

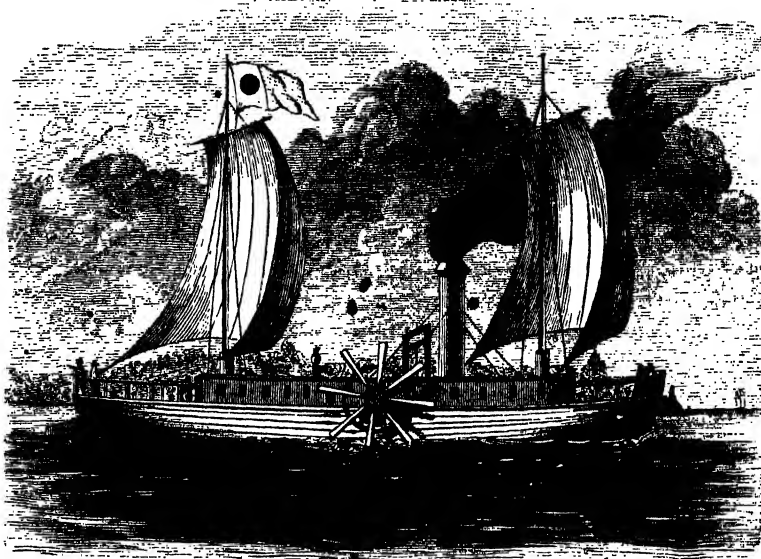
proved his ability by making a number of useful inventions that were patented, by jobs of civil engineering, and writing a work on "Canal Navigation," which was then a matter of great interest in Europe. In 1797—that is, when Fulton was thirty-two years old—the American Minister to the court of France, Mr. Joel Barlow, invited him to go to Paris and live in his family. Fulton accepted the invitation, and made his home in the French capital for seven years. These were spent in making experiments and inventions, in managing the first panorama ever shown in the brilliant city, and in studying sciences and languages. He was making up for the scant education of boyhood, for Fulton's parents were so poor that he had been put to the jeweler's trade when very young. His extra time had been given to drawing and painting instead of books, and almost all the money he had earned by selling his portraits and landscapes he used to buy a little farm in Pennsylvania and settle his widowed mother comfortably before he left home.

In Philadelphia he had the friendship of Franklin—then a venerable old gentleman of about eighty years; in England he had spent much time with some of the great scientific men, and in France his genius and his noble character won friends for him among the best people in the country. His thin, active figure, his fine head and dark eyes were well known among them, too, and among the people who understood him he was always looked up to; he had already received several medals and honors, and, what was worth more, the sympathy and confidence of many persons of influence.

About this time there was a great deal of interest and many experiments upon the use of steam for propelling boats. A number of efforts had been made, but no real success was gained, until Fulton built a small steamboat, which was tried on the Seine and worked well, but was slow. Soon after, he and his helper and friend, Chancellor Livingston, came to New York, and ordered of Bolton & Watt, the great English engine-builders, an engine, with which they began to experiment upon steamboats for use upon American waters. For many years Fulton had been thinking and writing about this subject, studying up all that had already been discovered about it, and watching every new experiment that was made, and laboring with greatest energy to bring his own ideas to perfection and into practical form, for he felt that such a deed would be of the greatest benefit, not only to Americans upon our great lakes and rivers, but to the world. Month after month he worked and tried his little side-wheel craft, until finally he was sure beyond a doubt that he had found out the secret of moving a boat by steam.

When everything was ready, an announcement was made in the New York papers, that people wishing to go to Albany might take passage in the *Clermont*, which would leave the foot of Cortlandt Street, on the Hudson River, Friday

morning, August 4, 1807. Everybody read this notice and was interested and talked about it; but only twelve people took passage, for it was generally agreed that one could scarcely do a more risky thing than trust his life to that great, new-fangled boat with a fire machine inside of it. Many people had never seen a steam-engine, and did not know anything about it, and, while a few gave Fulton their aid and encouragement, a great many thought him ridiculous. Still, there was a great deal of curiosity about his experiment, and crowds thronged the wharves, piers, and housetops, and almost the whole water-front of the city,



CLERMONT

and much of the river-banks through the country, long before the vessel started. All along her route there was the greatest excitement; hats and handkerchiefs were waved and shouts of praise greeted the ears of captain, crew, and passengers, for the *Clermont* was a success, steam navigation was a reality, and Robert Fulton was a great man. The voyage from New York to Albany, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, was made, against wind and tide, in thirty-two hours, and the return trip in thirty. There was a light breeze against her both ways, so that there was no use for the sails, and the voyage was made wholly by the power of the steam-engine. Regular trips were now made two or three times a week, and in a short time many other boats, built under Fulton's direction, were

plying their way back and forth on the American rivers, while he still labored on to make more perfect the machinery of his great invention.

His fame and success were now firmly assured, and as long as he lived he was employed by the United States Government upon steamboats, canals, and other engineering connected with navigation. The torpedoes, or war instruments for blowing up vessels by exploding under water, which he had invented and showed without success to the governments of Europe, were now improved and accepted by his own nation, and seven years after the *Clermont's* first trip, Congress set aside three hundred and twenty thousand dollars for a steam frigate or ship of war to be built under Fulton's direction. This was the greatest delight of the noble inventor's life. The work was finished the next year, and the *Fulton* successfully launched. But it was left for the great Swede, John Ericsson, as an adopted son of America, to bring naval warfare to its present high state of perfection.

Hard and steady work, the anxious care and losses of money in lawsuits began to affect Mr. Fulton's health, and he died while yet in the prime of life and in the midst of his great successes.

It has been said that no American mechanic has ever lived who had such good taste and so earnest a public spirit as Fulton; while in France he wrote letters to Carnot to persuade him to adopt the principles of free trade; he urged the people of Philadelphia to buy West's pictures to start an American art gallery, and when this failed he bought two of the best himself, that America might hold some of the work of her first artist; and these with his other art possessions were willed to the Academy of New York. He encouraged and aided American talent wherever he could, and while carrying on great studies and experiments upon his steamboat and torpedo, he still found time for planning out a cable-cutter, floating docks, and many other schemes for the advancement of enterprise in his native country. He had a noble, patient spirit, keeping cheerful through all discouragements and overcoming everything that stood in his way; and he was so modest and quiet with it all, that few of his countrymen knew what a great man he was until they felt the sudden shock of his death.

Mr. Fulton was born in Little Britain, Pennsylvania, in the year 1765. He died in New York, the 24th of February, 1815.

Although **John Ericsson** was born and brought up in the beautiful valleys of Central Sweden, and lived for thirteen years in England before he came to America—which was in 1840—he has been a citizen of the United States for almost half a century; he has done the greater part of his work here, and it is due to his genius that the *London Times* could say twenty years ago that “the plain truth was

that the United States alone, among all the nations of the earth, had an iron-clad fleet worthy of the name."

The first ship Mr. Ericsson built for America was the famous *Princeton*, "a gimcrack of sundry inventions" that opened a new era in naval warfare for the



JOHN ERICSSON.

whole world. In the first place, it moved in the water by means of a propeller instead of the paddle, or side wheels invented by Fulton. It was this invention which brought Mr. Ericsson to America, for the British Admiralty would take no notice of it, and our consul to Liverpool, Captain Robert F. Stockton, of the Navy, encouraged him to appeal to the United States, which he did with success.

In the *Princeton*, the propelling machinery—a simple, direct-acting steam-engine, smaller than any engines of the same power ever used before—and the boilers were for the first time built below the water-line, out of reach of shot. She had also many other new contrivances that attracted a great deal of notice. Among them were furnaces and flues arranged to burn either hard or soft coal, and to save a large amount of fuel; a sliding telescope smoke-stack; gun carriages with machinery for checking the gun as it bounds backward or recoils after a discharge; self-acting locks, by which guns are fired in the right direction, no matter what the motion of the vessel may be; and an instrument for finding out in a moment how far the ship is from any object.

Altogether, the *Princeton's* trial trip proved her a grand success. The propeller alone was such a great improvement that in a few years it completely changed the methods of ship-building, both for merchant service and for war. But the new era opened by this remarkable ship had a sad beginning, for the grand affair of her public exhibition was scarcely over, when Captain Stockton's "Peacemaker," one of her great guns, burst with a terrible explosion that killed two of the Secretaries in President Tyler's Cabinet, a Commodore in the Navy, and a number of other persons.

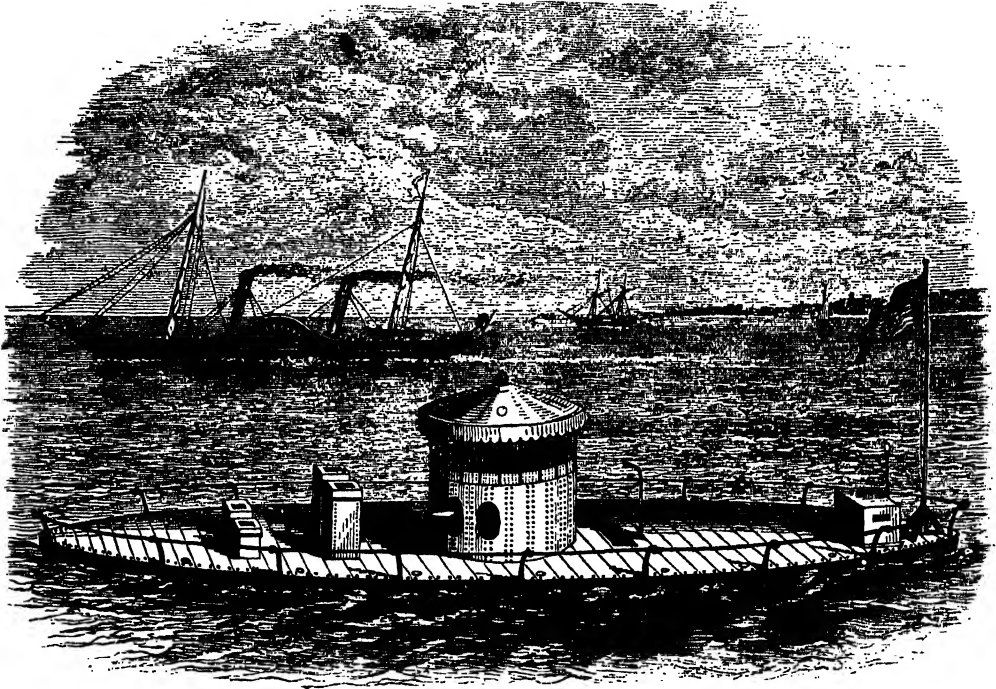
It had been due to Captain Stockton's efforts that the Government had ordered the *Princeton*, and he had watched the work upon her from the first, and when this accident happened to one of his own experiments with large cannon, it was almost as fatal to Mr. Ericsson's work for the Navy, as to the unfortunate men who stood too near the gun. Seventeen years later, still unpaid by Congress and disappointed as he was, he had hard work to persuade the Government to accept his iron-clad *Monitor*, even when we were in great need of some sort of powerful war-ship. At last he succeeded, and the much-derided "cheese-box on a plank" went down to Hampton Roads on the 8th of March, in the second year of the Civil War, and the next day had all the world speaking its praise for having defeated and blockaded the more pretentious iron-clad, the *Merrimac*. This probably saved the Union side from losing the war, for the *Merrimac* was a terrible thing against the Northern fleet, and was in a fair way to destroy the whole Navy when the *Monitor* met and "whipped" her. The Government then ordered of Mr. Ericsson six more such vessels, called monitors after the first of their kind, and in a short time the United States had the best navy in the world. The Confederates followed the example, and other nations began at once to give up wooden ships, and build iron ones, so that the victory at Hampton Roads caused the making over of the navies of all countries.

In later years, some of Captain Ericsson's most important work has been in inventing and improving methods of submarine or under-water warfare, espe-

cially in the shells called torpedoes; for it is now likely that even the monitors will soon be displaced by another kind of naval warfare.

While no one has done more than he in making use of steam, a large part of this great inventor's life has also been given to experimenting with heat, so as to make use of it for a motor or moving power.

Long years of hard and patient work have been put upon the caloric engine,



MONITOR.

and large sums of money were spent upon his caloric ship, the *Ericsson*, which made a successful trip from New York to Washington in the winter of '51. It cost a great deal of money, furnished by New York men, but it only proved that heated air cannot furnish, in large quantities, anything like the power of steam. This had long been an undecided question, but as soon as the limits of the caloric engine were proved the field was open for the great perfections that have since been made in the use of steam. But the caloric engine is far from a useless in-

vention; it is of great service when a small amount of power is wanted, and nothing can take its place in circumstances where water cannot be obtained. While at work upon it Mr. Ericsson made many discoveries and showed many facts about heat which have been acknowledged as of great value to science.

The caloric engine was first brought before the public in 1833, and was the result of the most important studies of the great inventor's life, proving "that heat is an agent which undergoes no change, and that only a small portion of it disappears in exerting the mechanical force developed by our steam-engines." The invention attracted much interest among the leading scientists of the time, and some of the greatest scholars in London gave lectures to explain it to the people.

The latter part of Mr. Ericsson's life, which has been spent in New York, has been given to perfecting the solar engine and to study and experiment toward making use of the heat sent out by the burning sands of the great rainless regions of both the Old and the New Worlds. This contains a vast amount of power which is now wasted, for it neither gives life nor keeps it, but makes what might be fair and lovely gardens into desolate stretches of barren earth.

The list of inventions and practical experiments that he made during the first ten years of his stay here would do credit to the ability of a whole society. Most of them were shown in the United States division of the London, Industrial Exhibition in 1851, and received the prize medal of the Exhibition.

The best known and most important among the inventions Mr. Ericsson made, during the thirteen years he spent in England, were a new kind of pumping-machine, engines with surface condensers and no smoke-stack, blowers supplying the draft applied to a steamship, and an engine made of a hollow drum, which was rotated or turned by letting in steam, and continued to rotate, for some hours after shutting off the steam, at the rate of nine hundred feet per second at the circumference, or the speed of London moving around the axis of the globe. He also made an apparatus for making salt from brine; built machinery for propelling boats on canals, a variety of motors run by steam or hot air; a hydrostatic engine, to which the Society of Arts awarded a prize; an instrument now used a great deal in taking soundings without the length of the led line; a file-cutting machine, and a number of others, making in all about fourteen patented inventions and forty new machines.

He also was the first to practically apply the principle of condensing steam and returning the fresh water to the boiler, and, later, to apply the centrifugal fan-blowers now used in most of the steam-vessels in the United States. A couple of years later he built a steam-engine on the Regent's Canal Basin, in which steam was first superheated, as four years before he had first used the link motion for reversing steam-engines. This was while he was living in England, before he

came to America. He was one of the most important competitors in the famous locomotive contest on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, when George Stephenson's *Rocket* took the prize on account of its power to draw loads. Ericsson's engine, the *Novelty*, made thirty miles an hour, while the call was for only ten. It has been wrongly stated that the *Novelty* broke down on this trip. A leather diaphragm of the blowing-machine split, and some of the pipe joints gave out, both of which were easily fixed.

While at work on these inventions, Mr. Ericsson showed some new facts about steam, which led to its use in ways unthought of before; one of the most important being the steam fire-engine, which so astonished London and the world at the burning of the Argyle Rooms in 1829. This was "the first time that fire was ever put out by the mechanical power of fire."

It would fill a good-sized book to give the shortest kind of a description of the many practical inventions and improvements which Mr. Ericsson has made, to say nothing of the very great amount of knowledge his studies and experiments have added to science. His work has been recognized and his name honored all over the world; if he wished to, he could write after his signature scores of learned and knightly titles which have been conferred upon him by the Crown in his native land and by the great scientific societies of Europe and America.

His life in the roomy old house in Beech Street, New York, has been filled with long hours of work for many years, his plan being to divide his time so as to make the most of every day, not for pleasures or friends, but for science and experiments in the great work of his life.

Captain Ericsson was born in Langbanshyttan, Sweden, on the 31st of July, 1803.

The methods of warfare have been improved very much also by General **Thomas J. Rodman**, who graduated from West Point the year after Captain Ericsson came to America. General Rodman invented the fifteen-inch and twenty-inch smooth-bore guns, made by hollow casting, and he was the first in the world to make a powder which could be used in large cannon. He noticed that powder would burn slowly or rapidly according as the amount of one material or another was made more or less—that is, according to the relative proportion of the ingredients,—and upon this idea he made many experiments with powders. Seven years before the war broke out, he found the proper way to mix the parts so as to form a powder that could be used in modern artillery. This is called the Rodman powder; it was used in the heavy guns of the war, and was adopted in Europe as soon as the discovery became known. The Eng-

lish pebble and pellet powders, and the Russian prismatic powder, have all been made after the same idea.

General Rodman was born in Indiana in 1818, and died in 1871.

It has been said that **Thomas Blanchard** has probably given the world more labor-saving machines, which can be put to a greater number of uses and have done more for the common wants of life, than any other man either in this country or Europe.

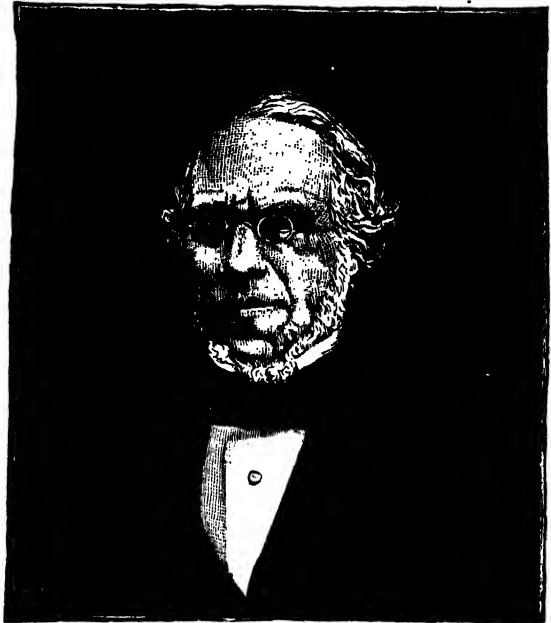
Mr. Blanchard was born on a farm in Sutton, Massachusetts, when Whitney and Fulton were young men of twenty-three. In 1806, when the *Clermont* was being built, this third great American inventor was a youth of eighteen, beginning life in his brother's machine-shop at West Millbury. Thomas's work was to put heads on tacks by hand, but within a few months after he learned to do it, he designed, made, and got to working a machine to make the tacks. It turned them out entire, at one motion, faster than the ticking of a watch and more finished than those made by hand.

This machine was kept in use over twenty years, and though many others were built after it, no necessary improvement has ever been made upon it. After awhile he sold it for five thousand dollars, which seemed to him a large fortune, and, building a shop, fitted it with tools, and shut himself up for two years to work out the one idea of devising a machine which should turn the whole of a gun-barrel. This had long been tried in vain at most of the armories of the world, and was the greatest want in gun manufacture. Thomas heard of it accidentally from the proprietor of the extensive shops below Millbury, who, hearing of the young genius of the tack-machine, sent for him to see if he could think of some way of making their machine for filing the ironwork of guns into shape run smoothly. When the gentleman saw the bashful, stammering young man, he had little hopes of any help from him. But he showed him the machine and explained the difficulty. After looking at it for a few moments, Thomas began a low, monotonous whistle, which he always made when studying deeply, and before long he suggested adding a very simple cam motion, which proved just the thing wanted. The proprietor of the armory was delighted, and exclaimed: "Well, Thomas, I don't know what you won't do next. I would not be surprised if you turned a gun-stock." As this is neither round nor straight in any part, a machine for turning it had long been thought an impossibility, so everybody round was surprised when Thomas gave another low whistle and stammered out: "We-we-well, I'll try that." The workmen all laughed, but Thomas was in earnest, and began at once to think out the machine. He already had the first principle of it in the cam motion, and not long after he worked out the whole idea

clearly in his mind. He was riding home alone from the Springfield armory, to which he had been called to make an adjustment to the butt-filing machine like that at Millbury, deep in thought, when suddenly some men by the roadside heard him call out: "I've got it! I've got it! I've got it!" He then sold his tack-machine, built the shop, and for two years only left his work for rest. But at the end of that time he had perfected a smooth-running stocking-machine, or lathe for turning gun-stocks, which was soon found to be applicable to a hundred other uses, and by which there are also made the wheel-spoke, piano-leg, shoe-last, and many other curious articles and tools of wood. It is the machine for turning any irregular forms according to the given pattern. It is made up of two points that hold the piece of wood to be turned, as in any lathe; a revolving cutting-tool, which is set in a traveling carriage and has also a side, or what is called lateral movement on the carriage; an iron pattern and the pieces that keep the cutting-tool in place so as to follow the pattern. There is a drum with a belt that follows the cutting-tool as it advances along the lathe.

This wonderful invention, which has been applied to hundreds of uses, has already been worth millions of dollars to America, to England, and to France. It has proved so great a benefit to this country that Mr. Blanchard had his patent renewed three times by Congress, and received quite a good deal of money for it, although far less than its value, while he also lost a great deal in lawsuits.

Even in the course of a few years, there were "more than fifty violators who pirated Mr. Blanchard's invention, and started up lathes in various parts of the country for making lasts, spokes, and other irregular forms. Combined and repeated efforts were made to break down his patent. Eminent counsel were employed and all Europe scoured to find some evidence of a similar motion. But in no



• THOMAS BLANCHARD.

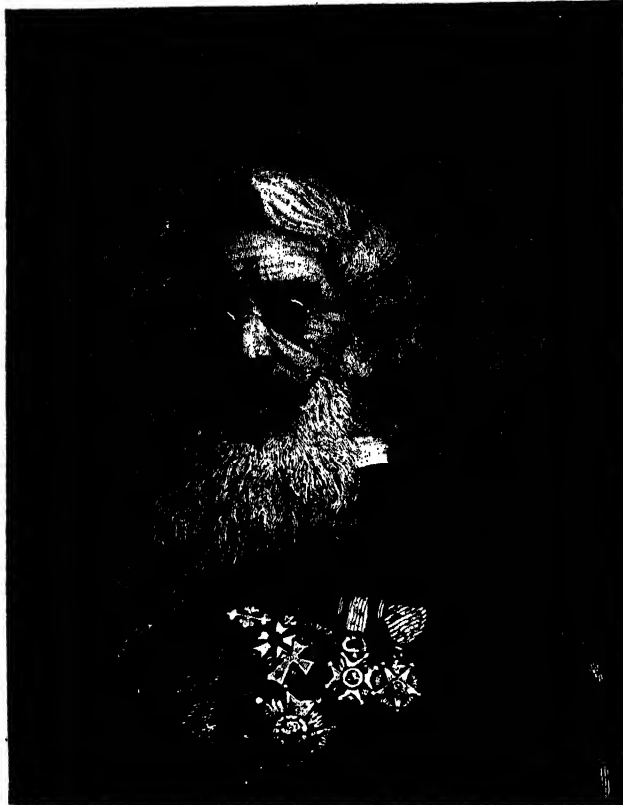
age, in no country, could a trace be found of a revolving cutting-tool working to any given model like Blanchard's. Like the reaper, the revolver, and the sewing-machine, it had a general and unlimited application. It was really a *discovery* of a new principle in mechanics, whereby the machine is made the obedient, faithful servant of man, to work out his designs after any given model—be it round or square, straight or crooked, however irregular—and reproduce the original form exactly every time."

After he brought out this machine, he made many more valuable inventions and discoveries. He made a new kind of steamboat to tide over rapids and shallow water, by means of which navigation now extends hundreds of miles further up our rivers than before. He devised a process for bending large timber at any angle, without weakening it. This is of great advantage for ship-builders, who used to have much trouble in finding timber grown to the right angle for knees of vessels. Mr. Blanchard also invented the oval slate frame, the method of making the handles of shovels by steam-bending, which saved just one-half of the timber and made a far more durable handle; and this, like his lathe, has been made useful in a great many ways—arm-chairs, thills, and wheel-fellies, which used to be only made in four sections, are now in one straight strip bent to a circle.

Mr. Blanchard was born at Sutton, Massachusetts, on the 24th of June, 1788. He died in Boston, April 16, 1864.

The electric telegraph cost **Samuel Finley Breese Morse** twelve years out of the prime of his life. They were years of the severest kind of self-sacrifice, labor, and disappointment for the sake of an idea; but they were crowned with success at last, and his invention was pronounced "the greatest triumph which human genius ever obtained over space and time." The idea was not original with Professor Morse; steps toward it had been made by several scientific workers from the beginning of the century. It was in October of 1832, when the good ship *Sully* was on her way from Havre to New York, that one of her passengers suddenly thought of sending signals on wires over distances by the means of electricity. This passenger was Mr. Morse, a talented American artist, who had fallen into talk with an American professor upon electricity, how old Benjamin Franklin drew it from the clouds along a slender wire, and about the new discoveries which had just been made in France by which electric sparks were obtained from the magnet. Mr. Morse said he thought that a signal system might be planned out on the same principle. As both the gentlemen had studied electricity, they found it very interesting to talk upon this subject day after day, and they suggested to each other many possible and impossible ways in which

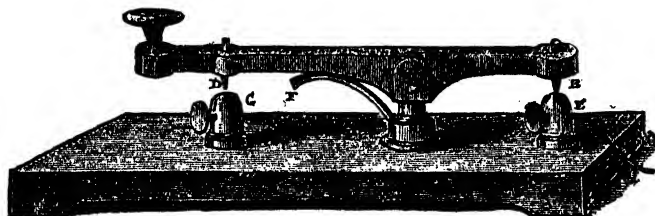
they thought the signaling might be done. But in the artist's mind the thought was more than interesting talk with a fellow-passenger. It took deep root, and brought forth the great idea of the telegraph, but not according to any of the plans suggested on the voyage. From that time, although more than forty



SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE.

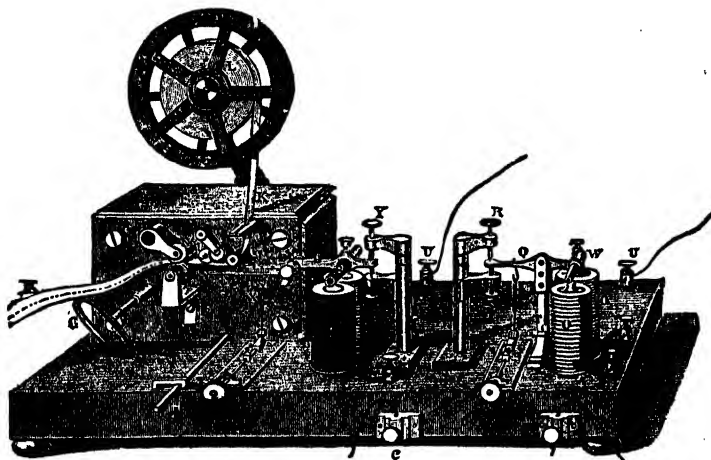
years of age, Mr. Morse gave up painting and all else beside to devote his mind, his money, and everything that he had to the working out of a practical system of communication by means of electricity. He had begun to study this science at Yale College when a very young man, and in later years, while he gave up most of his time to art, he had always kept up the study of chemistry and

physics, especially electrical and galvanic experiments, and making practical inventions. This had been a pleasure and a pastime to him before, but now it was life-work. He resolved to spend the whole of his life if necessary to working it out.



TRANSMITTING KEY.

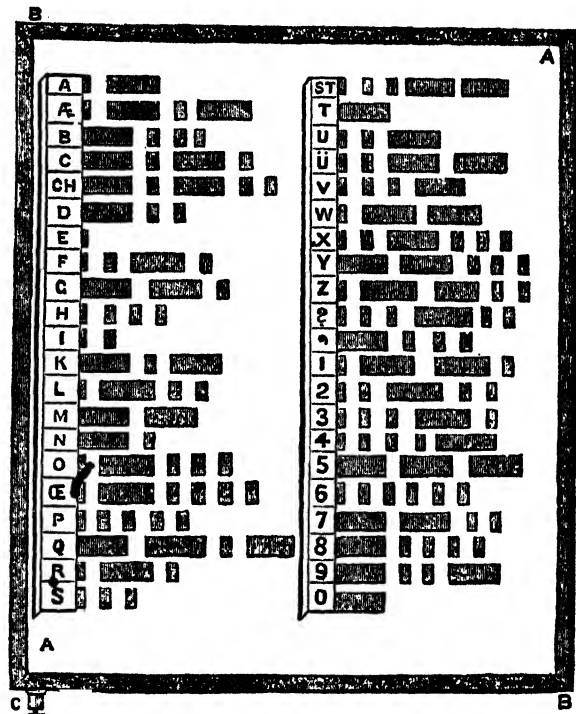
By the time he reached New York, all his plans were arranged. The alphabet was made and sketches of his machinery were drawn out in his note-book; he was ready for work, and he would spare himself in no way till he had succeeded. It was a terrible struggle with want and discouragement. Time after time it didn't



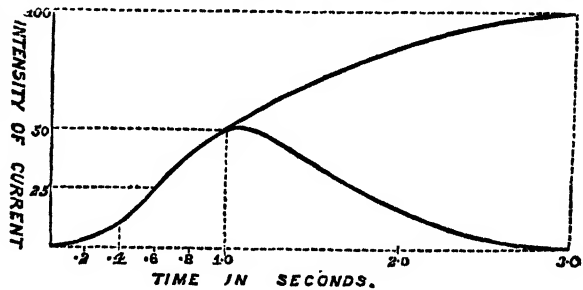
MORSE'S RECORDING TELEGRAPH.

come out right. Money went, and all his labor brought none in. He had three motherless children to support, beside everything else; but with sympathy from his brother and friends, and faith in God and himself, he did not give up. Every time his models failed to do what he intended, he found the flaw and worked it out until at last it was correct, and he knew he had reached success. But the dark

days were not yet past. Our Government refused to do anything with it; he tried in vain to have it patented in England, and, returning home, had almost despaired of its adoption in the United States, when, in 1843, at midnight, the last moment of the spring session, Congress set aside thirty thousand dollars for trial, and gave permission to set up a line between Washington and Baltimore for experiment. This was done just before the sitting of the Democratic convention in 1844, with the Washington end in a room adjoining what was then the Supreme Court Room. Here Mr. Morse received the despatches from the convention and read them to a large crowd that gathered around the window. Everybody was intensely interested, not only to hear from the convention, but with the wonderful way in which the news came. They could not realize that it was possible to learn in a moment just what was happening at Baltimore, and when it was said that Mr. Polk was nominated, there were many who thought it far safer to wait till they heard direct by mail or messenger coming on the train. But the telegraph was a success beyond a doubt—it was not fairy work or a dream, and its noble author received honors, medals, and wealth for the untold benefits of his discovery. Even then, he was not free from care and trouble. Several wearisome and costly lawsuits were brought against him by people who contested



MORSE'S TRANSMITTING PLATE.



his claims, all of which were settled in his favor after awhile. Beside the honors paid to him in this country, it is said that no American ever received so many or so great honors as were paid him in Europe, for beside the gold medals and insignia presented by several of the great sovereigns, a large purse was made up by an assembly of representatives from different European countries that met in Paris about 1857.

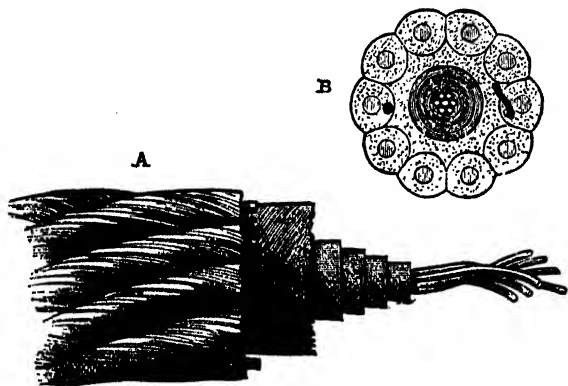
About twenty years before this, Wheatstone, of England, invented another kind of telegraphing apparatus, but that of Professor Morse was so much simpler that it easily took the lead.

Besides the telegraph system which Professor Morse perfected and the recording instrument, and several other valuable inventions, he took the first daguerreotypes in America, made a pump-machine for fire-engines, and, in later years, laid the first telegraph under water. This was an experiment tried in New York Harbor in 1842, and he was so much interested in it that in the next year he wrote to the

Secretary of the Treasury, suggesting an Atlantic telegraph, which was afterward brought to perfection by the energy of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New York.

Professor Morse was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791; he died in New York April 2, 1872.

The great invention of Professor Morse had but half its present value and usefulness until **Cyrus West Field** carried it across the Atlantic Ocean

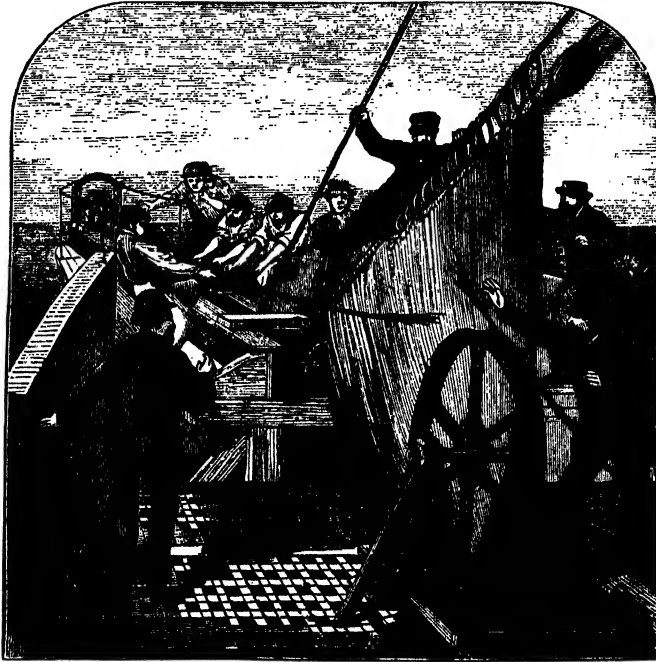


ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE, 1866.

and united the two continents by its magic wire.

He was a retired merchant, about thirty-five years of age, when he first became interested in a water, or marine telegraph. Some enterprising men had tried to build a wire across the island of Newfoundland, the most easterly point on the American coast, and to have this connect with a line of fast steamers, which, it was thought, could reach the nearest point in Ireland in five days. In this way, news could be carried from one continent to the other inside of a week. An attempt had already been made to build the line, but it had failed, and now it was wanted that some rich men would take hold of it and carry it through. Mr. Field was well known as an able, enterprising, and wealthy man, who had

built up a large business in New York from the smallest kind of a beginning. He was strongly urged to take hold of this scheme, which, if well carried out, would be of great benefit to the country and a paying success. He agreed to think about it, and sat in his library, turning over a globe and considering, when the thought suddenly came to him, "Why not carry the line across the ocean?" The more he thought of it the surer he felt that this should be his undertaking.

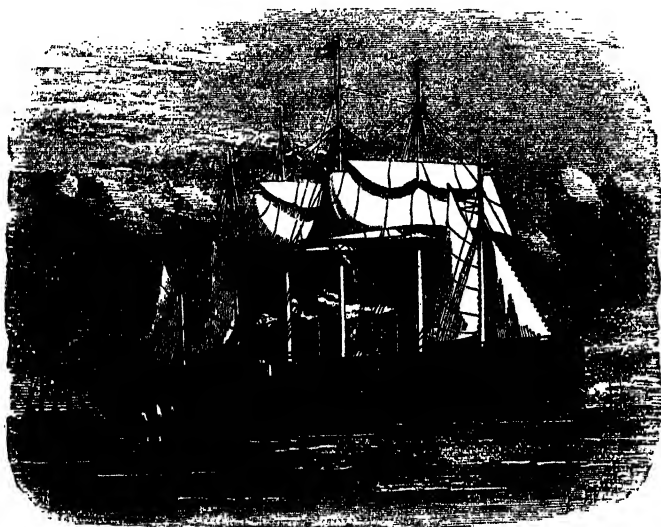


THE BREAKING OF THE CABLE.

The next year he obtained from the Legislature of Newfoundland the sole right for fifty years of landing telegraph cables on the island from both Europe and America. He formed a stock company at once, and in a couple of years organized the "Atlantic Telegraph Company" in London, furnishing one-fourth of the capital himself. The governments of Great Britain and the United States provided ships, and the first expedition to lay the wire set out in 1857. This and another in the next year both proved failures. Then some time passed, and a third trial was made, which succeeded in laying a cable. But this gave out in about a month.

Eleven years had now passed, and still the Atlantic telegraph was only a scheme. Many of the stockholders were discouraged, and Mr. Field and his ocean cable were ridiculed by the people and the press of Europe and America. But he never lost faith in the enterprise, though its money and friends were fast growing less.

The next year the *Great Eastern* was sent out to make another attempt. In mid-ocean the cable laid the year before was picked up and joined to the cable on board, and so the line was once more connected, and the vessel, safely making her



THE GREAT EASTERN AT ANCHOR.

way to Newfoundland, landed the western end of the ocean wire. The tests were made again and again, with perfect success. The great value of the work was acknowledged in both countries. Several of the English gentlemen who had given their money and influence in helping along the work were honored with knighthood, and in America the greatest honors were bestowed upon Mr. Field. Congress gave him the thanks of the nation, a gold medal, and other testimonials, showing that they looked upon his work as one of the greatest achievements of the century. The French Exposition, which was held after the cable had stood the test of about a year's service, gave him its grand medal. This was its highest award and was only given to those who had proved themselves great public ben-

efactors. The thirteen years of labor amid discouragements and ridicule brought him full reward. Since then he has taken active and helpful interest in the laying of under-water cables in the Mediterranean and different parts of the East, and in the establishment of elevated railroads in New York City.

Mr. Field was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, on the 30th of November, 1819, and is now living in New York City.

It was by the patient, heroic labor of **Charles Goodyear**, in one blind experiment after another, that the process was discovered by which vulcanized India-



CHARLES GOODYEAR.

rubber can be made out of the sap of the African gum tree. It cost him eleven years and a half of the best part of his life, and for it he suffered poverty, disgrace for debts, and ridicule—sacrifices which were never made up to him, although he lived to see his invention used in five hundred different ways, and giving employment in England, France, Germany, and the United States to eighty thousand persons, and producing eight million dollars' worth of goods every year.

About fifty years ago, Mr. Goodyear, then a bankrupt hardware merchant of Philadelphia and nearly thirty-five years old, became interested, with about everybody else, in the wonderful trade of the many India-rubber companies that were

making great quantities of goods of many kinds. Being in New York, one day, he bought one of the new India-rubber life-preservers that the Roxbury Company had just brought out. He took it home, and true to his Connecticut birth, began to examine it for the sake of seeing how it was made and if he could improve on it. He soon made up his mind upon both these questions, and before long he was again at the Roxbury's office with a plan, which he wanted them to adopt. The company was not able to undertake to make these improved apparatuses; but the man in charge saw the ingenuity of Mr. Goodyear's plan, and told him a sad little story, in hopes that he had found some one who would add another chapter to the tale and make it come out all right in the end. The story was something like this:

"There are, Mr. Goodyear, a great many India-rubber companies in the United States just now that seem to be doing a very fine business, but really and truly they are not. They are all a good deal like our company; we made, during the cool months of 1833 and 1834, a very large quantity of shoes and other rubber goods, and sold them to dealers at high prices; but in the summer a great many of them melted, so that twenty thousand dollars' worth of our articles were returned to us melted down in common gum that smelt so badly we had to bury it. We've tried mixing new materials with the raw rubber, and new machinery, but even if our shoes can bear the heat of one summer, they will melt the next. Wagon-covers, overcoats, hats, and rubber-cloth grow sticky in the sun and stiff in the cold. The directors of the companies don't know what to do. They'll be ruined if they stop making, and the whole of the winter's work may melt on their hands as soon as warm weather comes. The capital of this company is already used up, and unless the true way to use this gum is found—and that soon—the company will have to go down in complete ruin. Now, while the gentlemen cannot take this improved life-preserver of yours, if you can only find out some way to make India-rubber that will stand the summer heat and the winter cold, they will gladly give almost anything you ask for that."

It seemed like a chance talk, but it fixed the life-work of Charles Goodyear. He made up his mind—or rather the thought grew in him like a presentiment—that this great object could be gained, and he should do it; and yet he knew little about chemistry, and disliked any complicated calculations, and had no money to start with. Owing to the failure of some business houses with which his father's firm was connected, the hardware house of A. Goodyear & Sons was bankrupt, and Charles was arrested for debt almost as soon as he reached home. He had a family, was in rather poor health, and seemed to have every reason to give up his idea about India-rubber, and to find some paying work at once.

But nothing could change his mind or discourage him. Living within the

prison limits, he began his experiments, for India-rubber gum was one of the easiest things in the world to obtain in those days. It was blind work, and success was long in coming. He was seldom out of jail for debt during any year from 1835 to 1841, and although the interest and the aid of his friends gave out, he patiently kept on in his trials, never being too sure, however near he felt to success, and never becoming altogether discouraged when his beautiful work melted with the summer's heat into a soft, bad-smelling mass of gum. He explained his difficulties to the great professors, physicians, and chemists of the day, but none of them could help him.

The story of failure after trial was repeated time and again in Philadelphia, and then in New York, until it was amazing, and too often provoking to those who loved him, that his patience lasted so long. But perseverance was the greatest trait in Charles Goodyear's character. Next to that was his love of beauty. This was the reason that he often decorated his India-rubber fabrics, and it led at length to his first real step toward success. He was bronzing the surface of some India-rubber drapery, and, wishing to take off a little of the bronze, he applied aquafortis, which not only took off the bronze but discolored the fabric so that it seemed spoiled, and Mr. Goodyear threw it away. Several days after, he happened to think that he had not examined the effect of the aquafortis very closely; he hurried to find the piece he had thrown away, and was surprised to see that it was a better quality of rubber than he had ever obtained before, especially in bearing heat.

He had his process patented, and even then did not know that he had found his great secret, and that aquafortis is two-fifths sulphuric acid. Securing his patent and approval and some money, he still was far from out of his troubles; the pawnbroker, poverty, and severe want for his family were the every-day circumstances of his life. He succeeded in manufacturing his goods, but now nearly all the men of means or enterprise in the country hated the very name of India-rubber, with good cause; the sticky, bad-smelling summer experiences had ruined many wealthy capitalists and bankrupted scores of firms. Mr. Goodyear was called a man of one idea, a crazy man, and so he seemed with his enthusiasm for his rubber, which he wore in every form—cap, coat, shoes, and many other things, both for the sake of testing and of advertising it. At last he found a few men of the old Roxbury Company who could not get over their belief in the usefulness of the rubber, and together they started up a new business, which prospered greatly for a time. But Mr. Goodyear again became penniless and destitute when it was found that the aquafortis only vulcanized the surface and not the entire fabric. Every one, even his own family, now tried to dissuade him from doing any more with the stuff which had caused such ruin. But he could not give it up, and

buying out another experimenter's invention for mixing the gum with sulphur, he patiently set to work once more on his half-blind experiments — work, too, which he might have been spared long before if he had had a better knowledge of chemistry. The secret lay near at hand, but for months he could not grasp it, until, one day in the spring of 1839, an accident revealed to him that a mass of gum and sulphur mixed would not melt after they had happened to hit against a red-hot stove! He tested it and tried it in various ways, but the result was the same; he had succeeded at last, and he now knew for a surety that gum and sulphur mixed and put under great heat would afterward stand both heat and cold. He felt himself amply repaid for the past, he said, and quite indifferent about the future.

He spent six years more in the hardest trials and severest labors of all, working this discovery out to a practical success, and patiently perfecting one thing after another until he had his inventions secured by sixty patents. But even then he was not allowed his full reward, for the rights were obtained by other persons in England and in France, and his years of toil and hardship brought him only scant returns in money. But he was happy that he had been successful, because the work and not the reward was what he labored for. The world acknowledged his services, and awarded him honors for his skill and perseverance. Highly as he thought of the value of his discovery, he did not overestimate it. "Art, science, and humanity are indebted to him for a material which is useful to them all, and serves them as no other known material could."

Mr. Goodyear was born in New Haven, Connecticut, December 29, 1800. He died in New York City, July 1, 1860.

In the early part of this century, when Goodyear was in the hardware business in Philadelphia, without a thought for India-rubber, and when Morse was studying to become an artist, and only amusing himself with electricity, **Cyrus Hall McCormick** was a lad in his teens, living on a farm in Virginia, and watching his father try in vain to make a reaping-machine. Some of his time was spent in the public school, but the larger part of it was passed in helping upon the plantation. This being a large one, there were on it several saw and grist mills, a carpenter's shop and a blacksmithy, which were more interesting than books or tutors to the planter's eldest son. From them and the farm work he got the most important part of his education.

When about fifteen years old, he invented a light, easy-acting grain-cradle, for he wanted to do his share of the harvesting, and could not manage the unhandy cradle in general use. It was only a couple of years after this that he invented a hill-side plow, which was the first self-sharpening plow ever made.

With so much love for machinery, and a faculty for invention himself, he was

of course very much interested in his father's efforts, as he watched him try for years to do what had been attempted in vain again and again since the days of the first Christian century—to contrive a machine for reaping. He wanted to try his



CYRUS HALL MCCORMICK.

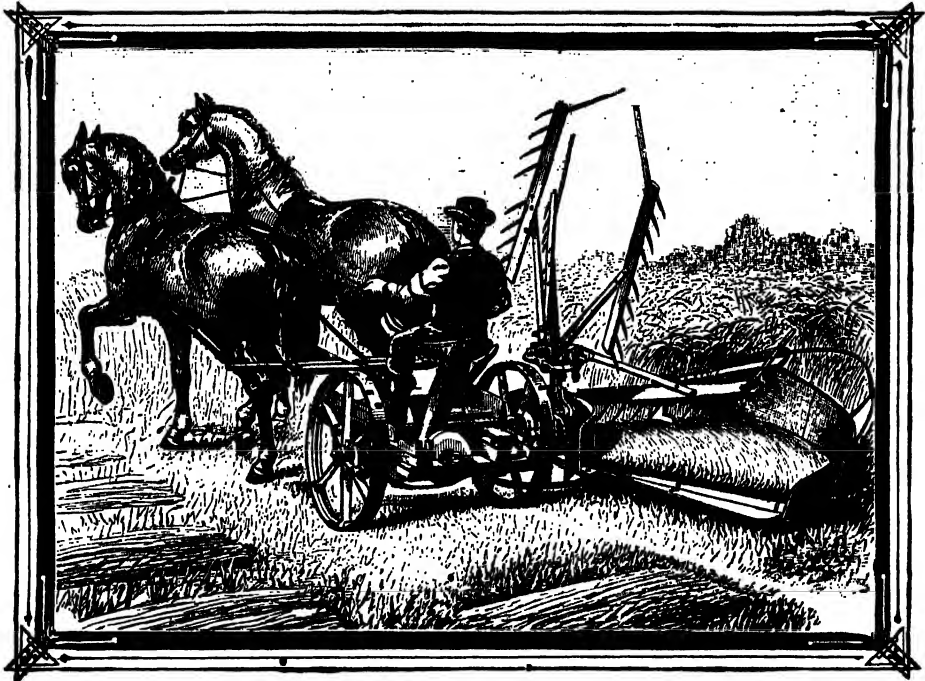
own hand upon it, he had succeeded so well with the cradle and the plow ; but his father at first said no, it would be but time wasted : a reaper could not be made. At last, though, he consented, and his son—then almost grown into manhood—took up the discarded machine. He gave his whole mind to picking out the

difficulties that prevented its working, till finally he had mapped out an entirely new plan. Gradually he grasped the problem, and realized what would be the devices necessary to cut grain as it stands in the field, and his mind became filled with the details and arrangements of the wonderful reaper. He saw that the cutting must be done by an edged instrument, acting with what is called a *reciprocating movement* as the machine moved along; then he realized that it must have the reel to gather and hold up the grain in a body; then the sickle, with its fast reciprocating and slow advancing motions; and, finally, that there must be a receiving platform on which the grain could fall and be taken care of. These were the great problems. After they were discovered, he had only to make the parts so that they would act together upon wheels. Then he began to build. Step by step his ideal grew toward the perfect machine, the inventor himself constructing cranks, drive-wheels, gear-wheels, dividers, cutting-blades, gathering-reels, and all the other parts, until he finally had a reaper that could cut grain passably well with a man walking beside it to draw the swath from the platform, while another man, or a boy, rode on the back of the horse that dragged the machine through the field.

In 1831—that is, when Mr. McCormick was twenty-two years old—this reaper was tested before a number of leading Virginia farmers; it cut several acres of oats successfully, and in the next year harvested fifty acres of wheat. It was certainly a success: There was no doubt about its value, but Mr. McCormick felt that farmers would not take hold of it yet, so for several years he made no efforts to develop it any further or to introduce it as it was. But letting it rest, he went into the iron smelting business, which promised to pay sooner and better. Instead, it brought misfortune, for the hard times of '37 came on, and, in the midst of the panic, Mr. McCormick's partner became frightened and left him, and the business failed.

But the forsaken partner did not fail. By hard and steady work, courage, patience, and economy, he paid all the debts, and won back his business standing. Although he came out of difficulty without a bit of money for himself, he had maintained the confidence of all who knew him and kept his honor and integrity unshaken. As soon as all the claims were settled, he turned to the reaper, which was already secured to him by patents. He made some valuable improvements on it at once, and then moved to Cincinnati, which was at that time the center of the grain-growing region of the West. In a couple of years he moved again and settled in Chicago, where he set up his own factories and began to get himself fairly established in the reaper manufacturing business. Up to within a few years of this time, he had had a great many set-backs and discouragements, for while he went about himself a great deal, introducing the machines, he had not been able to

do his own manufacturing ; his makers as well as his agents had not always fulfilled their contracts, and in many cases the reapers had failed to work. From 1830 to 1840, he only sold one machine, and that he took back. All the time he kept diligently at work studying the defects and correcting them, depending upon other business for his support and the income necessary to perfect and introduce the machines.



McCORMICK'S REAPER.

It was in about the year 1840 that they began to give him satisfaction ; then he was willing to sell them and was successful in finding customers. After they had been thoroughly tested and were fairly in use among the farmers in this country, he went to Europe to introduce them abroad. He took them to the great World's Fair in London, in 1851, and good-naturedly stood all the ridicule that the papers and visitors made of his "monstrosity," knowing that he should prove its value when he put it to work. The *London Times* said it seemed to be something like a cross between an Astley chariot, a wheelbarrow, and a flying-machine. A few weeks later it

was Mr. McCormick's turn to ridicule English stupidity—if he had had any desire to—for after the reaper had been thoroughly tested on several farms, it was voted by all as the most important thing in the great Fair. The *Times* itself said its value was equal to the cost of the entire Exhibition. Among all the other farming tools and machinery shown—and there were many of them from all countries—this received the Great Medal. The papers turned from ridiculing to praising, and Mr. McCormick suddenly found himself a very famous man. He was honored as having done more for agriculture than any person of his time. The Cross of the Legion of Honor was awarded to him in Paris, and—some years after that—he received the still greater distinctions of Officer of the Legion of Honor and of an election to the French Academy of Science.

Unlike many inventors, Mr. McCormick was also an able manager, and very successfully carried on his manufactory and attended to the purely business matters connected with supplying the ever-growing demand for his reaper. Meanwhile he kept adding improvements to the original machine till it became the great, complicated-looking—though smoothly-working—affair we now see, with a driver's seat, a knife that cuts grass as well as the sickles mow grain, and a raking apparatus that does away with the second man who formerly did the raking. Besides these additions, a self-moving binder was put on in 1875, which makes up the grain into bundles as it is cut and throws them from the machine. At first the binding was done with wire, and finally with rope. This is probably the greatest of all the inventions, next to that of the original machine.

When the Chicago works were finished, Mr. McCormick had not much capital and took a large risk in undertaking to build seven hundred machines for the harvest of 1848, but they were all sold, and their maker had the satisfaction of feeling that the future success of his reaper was now assured. After conducting the business in Chicago for over thirty years—either by himself or with various partners at different times—in 1880 it was made into a joint stock company with a paid-up capital of two millions and a half of dollars, Mr. McCormick being President, and his brother, who had been in partnership with him for twenty years, Vice-President.

Four years after its incorporation, the McCormick Harvesting Machine Company was said to have a capital of three millions of dollars invested in their works, with one thousand workmen employed in the busy seasons, turning out nearly fifty-five thousand machines a year. In all, it is stated, they have sold over three hundred thousand reaping and mowing machines, and as each of these does the work of ten persons, an army of three millions of men would be necessary to do what is now being done by them. Large numbers of them are sent every year to New Zealand, Australia, Africa, South America, Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain,

France, and Great Britain. They have done more for the enlargement and development of the world's agriculture than any other single invention of ancient or modern times; and it is largely due to them that the United States has become foremost among all countries in agriculture, that our great growth in wheat-raising has outstripped the record of any department of agriculture in any country during the past thirty years, and that our hay-harvest has grown to be the most valuable of all the crops our land produces.

When the venerable inventor died, his son and namesake took his place in the great business, and in the many good works with which he shared his prosperity. Mr. McCormick was very generous with his wealth, especially to the Presbyterian Church and to the city of Chicago. In his fiftieth year—the same in which he was married—he founded and endowed his great charity, the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the Northwest, in Chicago. Beside his first large gift, he aided the school bountifully for many years, until it was thoroughly established. He also gave money to pay for a professorship in the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia.

After the great fire of 1871 he was one of the first to rebuild in the burnt districts of Chicago, and at the time of his death, he was the owner of some of the finest blocks of buildings in the city. He was always much interested in the progress and welfare of Chicago, and gave liberally toward education and other public benefits.

Cyrus H. McCormick was born at Walnut Grove, Virginia, February 15, 1809. He died in Chicago, Illinois, May 13, 1884.

Elias Howe set to work to invent a sewing-machine for two reasons. One was that his health was too poor for him to follow his regular business of a machinist, and he thought he could support his family by making an invention. The other reason was that he knew there was great need in the world of a machine that could sew. He was at this time about twenty-three years old, low spirited, and frail in health, with a wife and three children. Life had not been successful to him so far. When sixteen years old he had left the work on his father's farm and in his mill to be a machinist in Lowell, Massachusetts, and from there he went to Cambridge, barely earning a living on account of poor health. One day he heard some men talking in the shop about the great value that a sewing-machine would be, and from that time the thought of inventing one filled all his leisure, and finally became the business of his life.

After intently watching Mrs. Howe ply her needle through the cloth as she sewed, he tried for a year to make a machine that would work somewhat like a hand. Then he thought that another stitch was needed, and by and by the idea

came to him of using two threads and forming a stitch with the aid of a shuttle and using a curved needle with the eye near the point. Being poor himself, and his father also, he had to look about for some one to aid him carry out these ideas. Mr. George Fisher, a wood and coal dealer of Cambridge, finally agreed to furnish five hundred dollars in money, and to have Mr. Howe and his family make their home in his house, while the garret should be the workshop for making the machine. In return for all this a half interest in the patent, if one could be obtained, should go to Mr. Fisher. Day after day, and often part of the night, too, Elias Howe labored over his invention. In April, 1845, a seam was sewed, and in July a woolen suit for Mr. Fisher and one for Mr. Howe were made with the machine. The invention was at last complete and patented, but nobody would buy it, or use it. People said the machine was ingenious and useful, no doubt, but they would not buy one. Mr. Fisher was disgusted, and the Howes all had to go back to Elias's father's house. Old Mr. Howe could not support them, and so the inventor got a place as engineer on a railway locomotive, while he sent his brother Amasa to England to see what he could do there with the model.

Finally some arrangements were agreed upon with a corset-maker, and Elias with his wife and children went to London, but it was only another disappointment, and after a little while he had to send his destitute family back to father Howe at Cambridge, while he strove further with his machine. But he met with no success, and was forced at last to pawn his model and patent-papers for money enough to buy his passage back to America.

On landing in New York, he found that his wife was dying of consumption in Cambridge, while he was without money to pay his fare to her and too weak to walk. As soon as possible, his father or friends sent him something, and he reached home just in time to see the spirit of his wife pass away.

This was the darkest hour of all his life. He had seemed to spend his whole self, labor, talents, and time for nothing; death, poverty, and sickness filled his home—or was the trouble he brought into his father's home, for he had none of his own—and he could not help feeling that thrifty and industrious people had some reason to despise his want of success. Poor Mrs. Howe's death was the last shadow on the misfortunes of her suffering husband. If she had lived, she would have seen better days, from the very month of his return.

His invention had been taken up by some unprincipled mechanics and many sewing-machines had been made after it, so that the name of the original inventor had become quite famous in his absence. Friends now came forward with money to help him, and in 1846 he began suits against those who had stolen his patents. After six years of hard fighting, the courts decided these suits in

his favor. He opened a small factory in New York, which yielded some profits, while the royalties of other machines added to his income, so that he finally made a fortune of two million dollars, although a portion of this had to be spent in de-



ELIAS HOWE.

fending his patent. He lived to see the machine over which he had labored so hard and lost so much that could never be repaired, appreciated as one of the greatest labor-saving contrivances in the world, while the manufacturing of them gave a living to tens of thousands of mechanics, yielded fortunes to the manufacturers, and a revenue of millions to the United States. Honors came to him,

as well as wealth at last. He received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and a gold medal from the Paris Exposition.

Many attempts had been made to sew by machinery before Mr. Howe's day, but his succeeded. His machine would actually do the work, and his name is now honored far and wide for the labor he has saved to millions by bravely keeping on in spite of the weary toil and poverty he endured while patiently working out his idea.

It has been said, that the life-history of this man, with its strivings, its failures, and the long warfare for his rights, teaches the grandest lessons of patience and earnest struggle, while its final triumph of mechanical and financial success opened the way for an army of workers who, in following his steps, have brought forth a multitude of improvements and additions, which are a source of immense wealth and save a vast amount of labor to both the men and women of his own country and Europe.

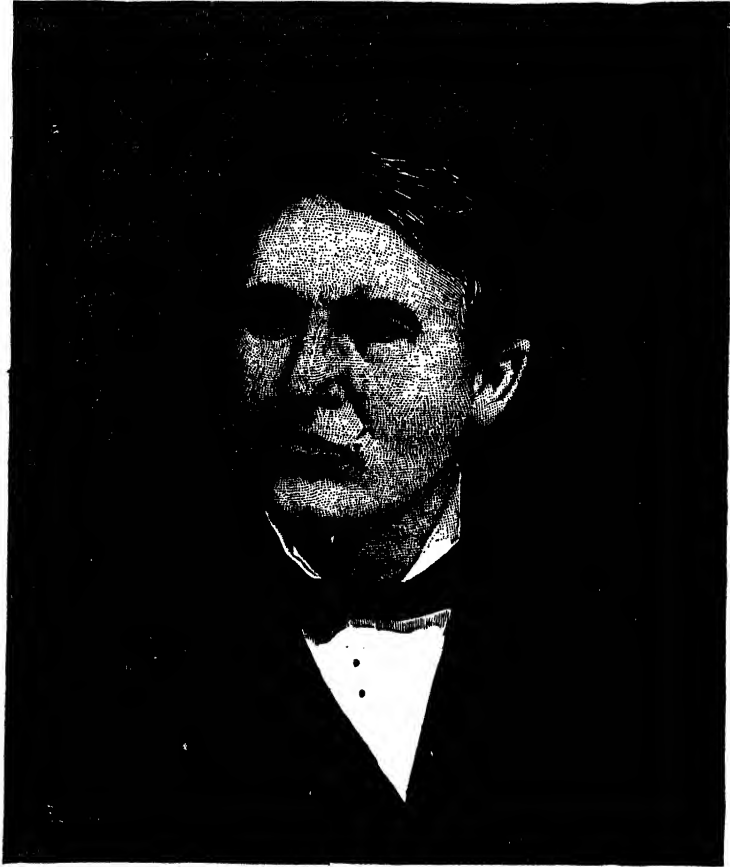
When the war broke out, Mr. Howe entered the army as a common soldier; and once, when the pay of the regiment was delayed, he advanced the money himself.

Elias Howe was born in Spencer, Massachusetts, July 9, 1819. He died in Brooklyn, New York, October 3, 1867.

Thomas Alva Edison is the greatest of modern inventors. It has been said: "He is the leader of a new school, who do not work by blind experiment, but by the law of probability. He asks questions of nature by finding out first all the known, then proving it over again by re-trial. Then he considers what is probable, and begins his experiments upon what is most natural in the unknown. No blind guessing. A careful, deliberate search in a new direction. Such a man adds to the sum of human knowledge at every step, and every new discovery is a proved fact, useful forever after. He arrives at things because he has the compass of personal knowledge. He is the most remarkable inventor who ever lived. The lesson of his life is found in the fact that he has proved that invention is an art and not a happy guessing, that discovery is a wise search, not a drifting in the fogs of ignorance. His life is the greatest incentive to our young people to be found in modern history. It teaches to work, it points out the new path, at once laborious, scientific, exact, and ending at success."

The first time that Mr. Edison became widely known was in about 1870. He had failed in testing his duplex telegraph between Rochester and Boston, and came to New York to do something, he scarcely knew what. One day he happened to be in the office of the Gold Indicator Company when their apparatus gave out. It was in the midst of some excitement, and when Edison offered to fix it, the brokers felt desperate enough to let him try, although they did not be-

lieve he could do any good. But he succeeded in adjusting the instrument, and so delighted the managers with his appearance of worth and ability that they made him superintendent of the company. He set up improved apparatus, invented



THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

the gold-printer, and was soon famous as a successful inventor; but he was not so successful in manufacturing these instruments and his other inventions, for which there was soon a large demand. It is said, "if he had an order for any of his inventions, and, after having made a part or all of them, he invented an improvement, he would always add it, even though at his own expense."

After a time, he gave up the great factory at Newark, New Jersey, and freed himself of its cares for the sake of invention.

Mr. Edison's chief interest has always been in telegraphy ; it began when he was a lad selling papers on the Grand Trunk Railway. One of the great privileges of his life was the gift of lessons in operating from a man whose little child he had saved from being run over by a train. But even before this he had a small home-made apparatus of a stove wire insulated by bottles and used as the line wire ; the wire for his electro-magnets was wound with rags, while the boyish operator tried in vain to supply the electricity by rubbing the cat's back. He was a clever, enterprising little fellow even then, and although he had scarcely eight weeks of schooling altogether, he had a great thirst for knowledge. He read books on chemistry, science, and in fact took out almost all the important volumes in the Detroit public library before he was fifteen years old. At this age he lost his mother, who had given great interest and care to his love of learning ; and about that time he became a newsboy on the trains of the Grand Trunk Railroad that ran in and out of Detroit. This business had two attractions for him : the money he earned by it, and the chances it gave to see a great many books and papers. Meanwhile he kept up his interest in chemistry, and had a very nice time during his leisure hours experimenting in a laboratory he set up in an empty car. But this came to a sudden end by the explosion of some chemicals, setting fire to the car and putting the train in danger.

A little while after, he undertook something entirely different ; he got a small lot of type and a little sheet called the *Grand Trunk Herald* made its appearance on the train. It was soon after this that the grateful station-master offered to teach him telegraphy. Night after night for several months, when his long day's work was over, he returned to his friend's station and took his lesson. He learned rapidly, and was soon able to get regular employment as an operator. Gradually he advanced from place to place and worked himself up until he had a position in Boston, which was considered one of the most important in the country. Besides his regular duties he nearly always managed to have a little shop for experiments in chemistry ; sometimes this gave dissatisfaction to his employers, but in Boston his experiments brought him more money than his position, so he gave it up to try the duplex telegraph, which succeeded finally, although it failed for a time. It made the inventor feel pretty down-hearted as he took his way from Rochester to New York, but affairs soon brightened, for the fixing of the stock indicator opened the way for a series of the greatest inventions of this century. It is said that he owns in all over a hundred and fifty patents, all but about a dozen of which are sort of safeguards for the valuable ones.

Among his chief works are the perfecting of a cheap and serviceable electric

light, and the inventions of the quadruplex telegraphy and the electric pen. By means of the quadruplex telegraphy, four messages may be sent at the same time over the same wire, in opposite directions, each being kept distinct from the other, and perfectly delivered. The electric pen, for multiplying copies of letters or drawings, is made up of a tube-shaped pen in which a needle, driven by electricity, works in a motion like that of a sewing-machine needle, and perforates the lines drawn with it so that the perforated sheet may be afterward inked and used in a duplicating press, when the ink, passing through the tiny holes, leaves a finely-dotted tracing like the original on another sheet.

But of all Mr. Edison's inventions, there are probably none so wonderful and of so great fame as the carbon telephone and the phonograph. He has just married, and is now living in Orange, New Jersey.

Mr. Edison was born in a little village of Erie County, New York, February 11, 1847.

There are many other names that deserve an honorable place upon the list of American inventors. **Eli Terry**, of Plymouth, Connecticut, first began to make wooden clocks shortly after the Revolution, and started the clock-making industry, to which **Chauncey Jerome**, his apprentice, gave a great impulse by inventing metal machinery to take the place of the wooden works.

Watch-making by machinery also began in America in 1850. Two years before this, two Boston men, **Aaron L. Dennison**, a watch-repairer, and **Edward Howard**, a clock-maker, began to discuss together the plan of making watches by machinery. Mr. Dennison was leader in the project, and after talking it over a great deal here, he traveled through Switzerland and carefully noted everything about watch-making in the home of the art, where skillful workmen made the best and most wonderful watches in the world by hand.

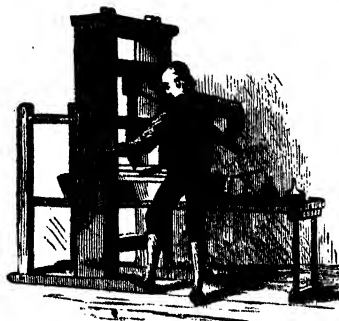
After he came home, experiments were begun, and the two men started in business, soon setting up the Boston Watch Company's factory at Roxbury. It was only a small beginning at first, and a large part of the finest works had to be imported. They were pretty expensive and not always perfect time-keepers. Still it was a great advance to have machinery that could make a watch at all. Soon other companies took up the industry, especially the American Company at Waltham, Massachusetts, and in a few years they began to be very successful. No amount of care or labor was spared to improve them, and now our American factories turn out a better ordinary time-keeper than the Swiss watch. The prices, too, have been made so low that few Swiss watches are now imported, and the American watches—especially from the rival Waltham and Elgin companies—are crowding out the Swiss watches in all the markets of the world.

American ingenuity has led the world for several years in machinery for making cloth and other goods of woolen and cotton. A writer of authority says:

"There is not a machine in the whole factory of spinning and weaving woollens, from the picker and the card to the nap-cutter, which has not been altered, improved, and made to do better and faster work than the machines used on other continents. Some of the machines are purely of American invention. The wonderful Bigelow automatic loom, by which figures of any kind can be woven into carpets, is the idea of **Erastus B. Bigelow**, of Massachusetts, who took out his patent in 1845, and achieved what Europe had given up as hopeless. Up to that time carpets were woven entirely by hand, but Mr. Bigelow's invention gave the world a power-loom which would make figures that would match and would weave so rapidly as to increase the production from eight yards a day, which was the average of hand labor, to twenty-seven yards a day for two-ply carpet. The same machine was also found to be able to weave the heavy Brussels carpet, the production of which is increased from four to twenty yards a day."

This made the carpet business a very lively one, and furnished goods at prices which almost everybody could pay, and the trade, which in 1850 was worth a little less than three millions of dollars, was in 1876 worth thirty-six millions.

James Lyall, of New York City, has improved the old loom for weaving dress goods in many ways, but particularly by inventing a new shuttle which has a positive, or direct and unvarying motion, so that it can be made to fly across almost any width of loom, and so weaves the desirable "extra wide" goods which were unknown much less than fifty years ago.

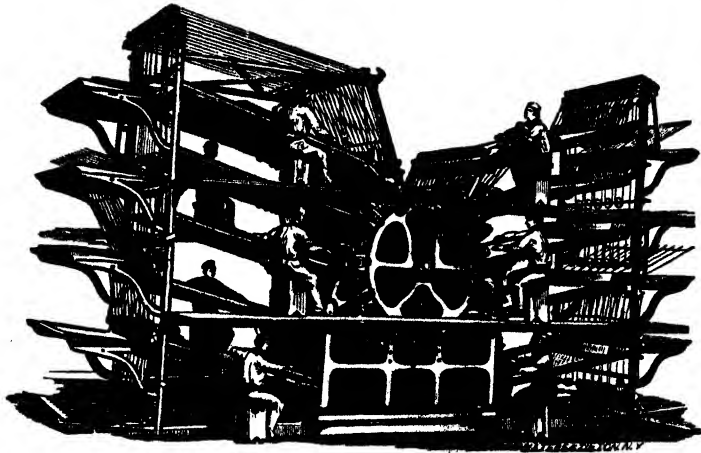


FRANKLIN PRESS.

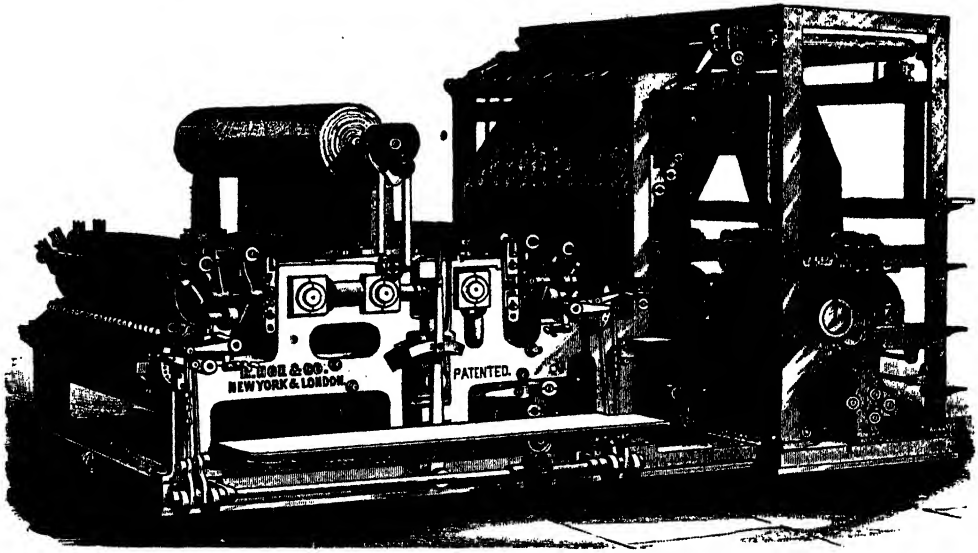
The great improvements in the art of printing—most of which have been made in this century—are the work of many minds on both sides of the globe; but it is to **Richard March Hoe**, of New York, that the world owes the perfect cylinder presses which are now used to print some of the greatest newspapers in Europe and in America.

Mr. Hoe's father, Robert Hoe, was an English inventor, and the first person who set up a cylinder press in this country; and Richard March began to invent and improve machinery when he was a school-boy. At twenty-two years of age he went to England to patent an improvement upon saw-making, and while abroad he gave a great deal of thought and labor to printing-presses, especially the steam-presses invented some twenty years

before by Frederick König, a German, and then used by the London *Times*. Gradually, he kept improving upon this, adding inventions and making altera-



HOE'S TEN-CYLINDER PRESS.

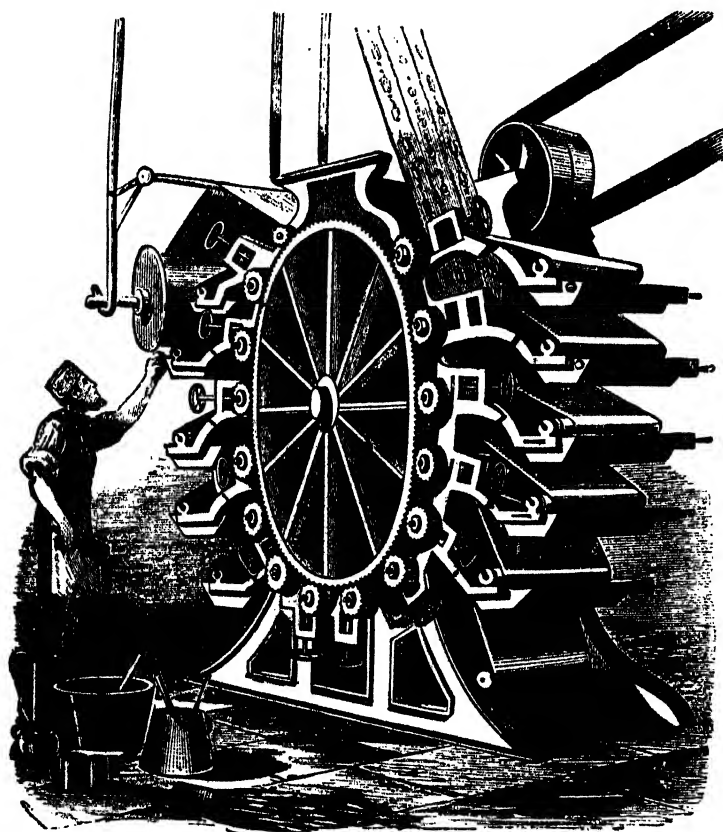


WEBB PERFECTING PRESS. PRINTS AND DELIVERS, FOLDED, 24,000 COPIES AN HOUR OF AN EIGHT-PAGE PAPER.

tions, until he perfected the great Hoe Cylinder Press, which prints seventy thousand four-page newspapers in an hour, making an impression on both sides

of the sheet at the same time, and cutting them apart and folding them before they leave the press.

There are also many others who have benefited the world by their inventions and experiments. The great faculty of American ingenuity, which was first most



MACHINE FOR PRINTING PAPER-HANGINGS.



ROLLER FOR PRINTING WALL-PAPER.

remarkable in Benjamin Franklin, the statesman, has made scores of illustrious names in our history. There is no branch of industry, science, or art, no kind of business, work or play, that has not been altered and improved by the great army of American inventors.

EARLY STATESMEN AND ORATORS.

NEVER in the world's history has a small body of people in a far-off and newly-settled country been watched with so much interest and attention by other nations as were the revolting patriots of America. The battle of Bunker Hill sent a bright flash of valor across the Atlantic that revealed to the Old World the spirit and mettle of the New, and drew men to study the histories and the characters of the people who were resisting the power of Great Britain, who seemed not only to know their rights, but to be ready to establish the justice of their claim, and to defend it to the end. Suddenly the eyes of all mankind were turned upon the rough beginning of a country beyond the Atlantic; and from out its small and scattered cities, its unexplored stretches of wilderness, and its uneducated settler families—far away from each other and often divided in feeling—they saw rise up a race of noble, pure-minded, resolute men, whose greatness soon commanded the interest and the respect of the most eminent people in Europe. All the world watched, these patriots as they passed through one of the most trying times known in history, and, with one voice, at the end, united in naming them among the truly great whose fame is for all time.



Benj. Franklin

Benjamin Franklin was then the most important American in the eyes of all foreigners, as he had been for almost fifty years the most able and respected of all men in his own land. His strongly-built, well-formed figure, his courtly manners, and pleasant face, with its light skin and gray eyes, was known in England long before the smoke of powder rose over Bunker Hill. He lived there for over a year when he was about twenty years old, working as a journeyman printer, and twenty years before the war he was chosen by the Pennsylvania Assembly to make an official visit to London to plead before the Privy Council the cause of the people against the sons of William Penn, who were proprietary governors owning large estates, upon which they claimed that they should not pay the Assembly tax. Franklin had a quiet, logical, and exceedingly fair way of speaking, and was so successful in his arguments that the Council decided that the estates of the Penns should bear an equal share of the public taxes.

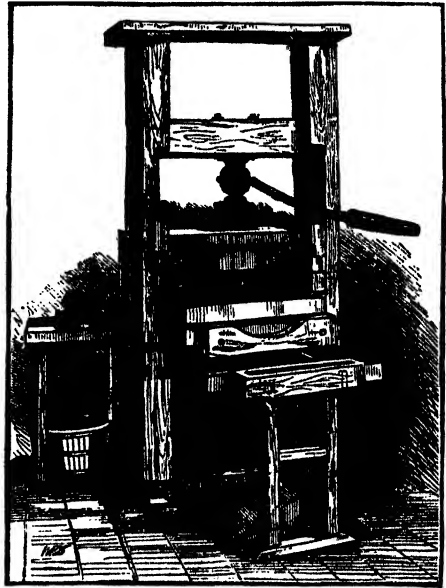
Seven years later he made another visit to the mother country. This time it was for several of the Colonial Assemblies, and on even more serious business, being in regard to what the Americans felt were unjust taxes on the part of Great Britain. A very strong feeling had grown up by this time between England and the Colonies, and the hateful Stamp Act was passed the next year; but in the following year, when the claims of the Americans were examined before the House of Commons, it was due to the talent, skill, and the great amount of information which Franklin had at command in presenting his country's cause, that the Act was repealed. But other laws, just as hard and as much disliked, were kept in force, and the dispute between the two countries still went on. Franklin did all in his power to have the matters peacefully settled, but when he found that it was impossible for the Americans to gain their rights by talk, he returned home, after a stay of over ten years, and joined heartily in the fight for freedom.

The battle of Lexington had taken place while he was at sea, and the whole country was now filled with excitement. The day after he landed, on the 6th of May, 1775, he was made a delegate to the Continental Congress, and was there put upon the famous committee of five, with Jefferson, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston, to prepare the Declaration of Independence, which, after it was adopted and duly engrossed on parchment, he, with the fifty-four other honored patriots, risked life, land, and all against the power and wrath of Great Britain in signing it.

Franklin was a statesman, not a soldier, and his work during the Revolutionary War was to draft the first plan of government, called the Articles of Confederation; to help collect militia to defend his State, Pennsylvania; to take up all the different duties and cares of the first Postmaster-General; to visit Washington's camp and consult with the Commander-in-Chief upon ways and means;

to go to Canada to see if the people there would join with the Colonies; and to labor devotedly for his country's cause on committees of the greatest importance, and in the conventions that controlled the public actions of all the whole people.

When, before the close of the second year of the war, it became necessary for us to have a helping friend in some great foreign power, it was the wise and venerable Dr. Franklin who was entrusted with the mission to France. Although he was then in his seventieth year, he was still one of the shrewdest and best agents that ever managed the affairs of any country. He at once became a great favorite in Paris. People were charmed with his simple ways and quaint manners, for he pretended to be nothing more than a plain Colonist, although Oxford University, in England, had made him a Doctor of Laws, and he was famous all over Europe for learning, statesmanship, discoveries in science, practical inventions, and wisdom about common things. In a short time he completely won over the divided favor of the French people to the American side, but for a long while the government would not agree to do anything for us, because France did not want to bring on a war with Great Britain by uniting openly with the Colonies, although she had given us secret aid from the first. But we needed more than that; we wanted a firm and open ally, and so while Dr. Franklin was allowing himself to be the pet of French society, while he



PRINTING-PRESS USED BY FRANKLIN.

was making the acquaintance of the greatest literary and scientific people of the capital, and interesting every one by his own part in these things, he was still more earnestly trying to bring about a treaty and alliance with the government.

After about a year of toilsome business that taxed all his resources as well as his good temper, the object was secured, the treaty was made, and a fleet of sixteen war-vessels under Count D'Estaing, and an army of four thousand men were sent to America, in the summer of 1778. Franklin was now able to buy vessels, which were made into American cruisers. The next year he helped to fit out a fleet of vessels, which were sent out from France under command of John Paul Jones, the story of whose gallant life is told in the chapter on Commanders.

The agreements in this treaty were most favorable to the United States, and it has often been said that we owe our independence to it. But it did not secure rest or even smooth sailing for our old and busy statesman. During the remainder of the war, he stayed on at Paris, devoting himself to all the difficult and perplexing foreign affairs that fill the pages of those years of our history. They were of all kinds, civil, military, and naval, and kept Franklin constantly at work; "smoothing, aiding, contriving, and assisting by word and by pen, always wise, always to the point, he steered the bark of his country to the desired haven."

When the struggle was over, with John Adams, John Jay, Thomas Jefferson, and Henry Laurens, he made the treaty of peace with England, and signed both the preliminary, or first treaty, and the final, or last one, in Paris. He afterward arranged for a treaty with Prussia, in which he put an article against privateering—that is, arming private vessels and giving them a right during war to do what they can toward breaking up the commerce of the enemy. "This treaty," said Washington, "makes a new era in negotiations. It is the most liberal treaty which has ever been entered into by independent powers."

After all these and many more labors, that it would fill a book to give an account of, you may be sure he was welcomed home with the greatest honors possible. Everybody, from the highest to the lowest, paid him their respects. But he had scarcely been here a month before new calls of duty were made upon him. For three years he was President of Pennsylvania, under the old Constitution of the State, and when the chief men of the nation were called to a general assembly to form the Constitution of the United States, the aged statesman was present, "counseling and suggesting as ever, and pouring oil on the troubled waters of controversy." He made a motion that the meetings of this convention should be opened every day with prayer, saying: "I have lived a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid?"

This was near the close of that long life, which spread over three generations of American history, beginning in the old Puritan time, covering the whole of two wars, from the battle of Quebec to the Yorktown surrender, and seeing the entrance of the new era of the United States, an independent and self-governing nation.

His last public act was to sign the memorial address presented to Congress by the old Abolition Society, of which he was President. When he had passed away and the story of his life was fully told, it was then known what a really great man he was. Beside his statesmanship, which was so able in small things and great, that the success of the Revolution was very largely due to him, he was a great

philosopher and scholar, a public benefactor, and a practical inventor and workman. He made a new and very important step in the progress of philosophy,



and set forth new principles in politics ; “ he showed his countrymen how to think and write ; ” he published some of the first American newspapers, and the famous “ Poor Richard’s Almanac.” This was announced as being edited by Richard

Saunders, of Philomath, and printed and published by Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia. From the year 1732 it was issued annually for a quarter of a century. It had a place in almost every household in the land, not only on account of the information it contained, but also for its shrewd and worldly-wise maxims, which were afterward gathered into a pamphlet called "The Way to Wealth," and, being translated into many languages, long ago became a part of the world's stock of wise proverbs.

Soon after he returned to Philadelphia—after his short first stay in England—he began to make himself felt for good in the city, although he was then but a young printer, just of age. He gathered his friends together into a social and literary club, called the Junto. It was a small circle of scribes, joiners, and shoemakers, who, with Franklin for their leader, met to improve themselves, help mankind, their country, their friends, and each other. Everything about it was carried on with the same simplicity and common-sense that always marked its founder in whatever he did. Although its influence was soon felt far and wide by branch clubs, it was never enlarged, and even its existence was kept a secret. It lasted for forty years, and out of it grew the American Philosophical Society, while the small collection of books, owned in common by its members, was the beginning of the great Philadelphia Library—"The mother of all the North American subscription libraries."

Perhaps the highest praise that was ever given to this great and good man was spoken by Lord Chatham, in 1775, when he said that the representative from America was "one whom all Europe holds in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranks with our Boyles and Newtons; who is an honor not to the English nation only, but to human nature."

The nobility of his mind and character was due chiefly to his own efforts. His parents had a larger family than they could easily support, and Benjamin was put to work in his father's soap factory in Boston when he was ten years old; but he shows in the *Autobiography*, or the story of his life written by himself, how he educated and supported himself at the same time, and by living according to strict rules of work, study, temperance, and honor, gradually raised himself to a high place among the greatest, most useful men of his own or any other time.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 17th of January, 1706. He died in Philadelphia on the 17th of April, 1790.

It has been said that our first debt of gratitude for American liberty was due to three men—George Washington as a general, Benjamin Franklin as a statesman, and **Robert Morris** as a financier.

The first two men were great in many ways, and have a wide fame in more

than one vocation, while Morris is celebrated only as a money manager. But in the use of his one talent and in the giving of his one vast gift he saved his adopted country from ruin and the labor of the other patriots from ending in failure. He was an Englishman by birth, but having been brought to this country by his father when he was a boy, he grew up as stanch a patriot as those of the oldest Colonial blood. Very soon he began to show a wonderful talent for business. As a lad of fifteen he was put in a Philadelphia counting-house, and when he reached the age of twenty he became a partner in the firm and commenced to amass a fortune. By



ROBERT MORRIS.

the time the war-cloud with England began to gather, he was a very wealthy man, famous for his integrity and ability. No firm in Pennsylvania—then one of the most important and wealthy of all the Colonies—did a larger business than that of Willing & Morris. But when the troubles thickened with England, he boldly sided with the patriots, and by assenting to what is known as the Non-importation Act of 1765, sacrificed a great deal of trade advantage for the sake of principle, for his house was then doing a large and profitable business with the mother country.

Ten years later he was a member of the Continental Congress, and although, like many others, he felt that the time had not yet come to adopt it, he signed the Declaration of Independence. For several years after, he served on the Committee of Ways and Means, and by his careful management and judicious advice upon money matters was of the greatest service to the cause. When our little

Treasury grew low, or was empty, and Congress was very close to failure, he gave all he had himself, and borrowed large sums of money on his own credit, or used the honorable name of his firm to obtain funds which would never have been risked to Congress, whose cause seemed very likely to fail anyway. But Robert Morris's name was as good as the gold, and when the destitute troops were on the verge of an outbreak among themselves, and Washington was almost in despair, the signature of the honored merchant raised fifteen millions of dollars from the French, and made it possible for the Commander to carry forward his last campaign and force the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

Morris did even more than give his own wealth and borrow from others on his own credit, when that of the United States would not be accepted; he undertook the difficult task of arranging some system by which the funds needed to carry out our plans might be raised, and by which the nation might have credit and revenues in the place of the poverty and bankruptcy that then existed. Finally, in 1781, Congress decided that the only thing to be done toward bettering the state of our money matters was to appoint some able man to look after them, and so they decided that the Government should have a Superintendent of Finance, and Robert Morris was appointed to fill the office. It then became his duty not only to look after the use of all the funds in the Treasury, which, with the vast needs of the war and the scarcity of money, was a great task, but he had also to settle upon some plan for raising the public revenues in a way that would be as easy as possible to the people, and would not bear harder on one than another. One of the first things he did was to found the Bank of North America. Over sixty years before, John Colman had proposed, in New England, a plan for a joint-stock corporation to carry on a money-lending business, whose notes, properly secured, should become a currency for general use. The scheme met with no favor then, but a few years later it was taken up by Massachusetts, and in a little while many other Colonies tried the experiment of lending money to be applied toward public expense, and for the use of which interest was paid every year. The wise and far-seeing statesman, Benjamin Franklin, approved highly of the plan, and those who tried it found it a profitable business. But it was only a venture, and was tried by but a few of the Colonies before the Revolution broke out. Now Morris proposed to carry it out on a more serious and larger scale, and with the advice of his two able friends, Alexander Hamilton and Gouverneur Morris, it was laid before Congress, from which the Bank of North America, of the State of Pennsylvania, received its charter on the last day of the year 1781.

So far successful, Morris began to establish the bank at once. By putting forth great efforts and sparing no pains he induced important people in the coun-

try to subscribe to it and to put gold and silver money in its vaults. Thomas Paine, whose famous "Common-sense" papers had done so much six and seven years before to rouse the people to patriotism and to call out volunteers for the rank and file of the army, was now Clerk in the Pennsylvania Assembly. He subscribed five hundred dollars to the bank himself, and used his talent for writing and every other means in his power to help the institution along.

Before long the bank's credit was established, and Morris was able to relieve the suffering army. During the first six months of its existence it loaned to the Government four hundred thousand dollars, and to the State of Pennsylvania eighty thousand dollars. It proved a thorough success. The charter was renewed several times; from a State bank it was made a National one in 1864; and, although it was only intended as a security to those who would lend money to aid the Government, it proved profitable to its stockholders, for from 1792 to 1875 it paid them over ten cents a year for the use of every dollar they had in it. It is still in existence, one of the oldest institutions in the country.

It is well known that Mr. Morris had complete control of the national funds during the three most trying years we ever had in money affairs, but the greatness of his work can scarcely be understood now, for there was then not so strong a bond between the States as at present. There was jealousy and distrust between them, so that it was not easy to get them to act together. Moreover, money was scarce with all, and many were very poor.

Besides all the work and care of these money operations and looking after the way in which the funds were used, which would require an entire bureau nowadays, Mr. Morris carried another burden almost as heavy, in the management of the Navy Department, equipping fleets and supplying the needs of our warriors on the sea.

When victory came, it relieved the generals and the soldiers, but it brought no rest to the statesmen and the financier. Morris made many eloquent and constant appeals to the States, calling upon them, in the name of duty and policy, to give each its share to pay the duties levied on imports. But little response came, and not until he was thoroughly disheartened and wanted to resign, did Congress pass resolutions for aid. The Government could not spare his services, and so he toiled on until the latter part of the year 1784.

After the war, he was twice a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and helped to frame the Federal Constitution. He served as a Senator afterward, and more than once was pressed by Washington to accept the office of Secretary of the Treasury in his Cabinet. But he refused this office, and named Alexander Hamilton as one better able to fill it than himself.

After his term as Senator was over, he went out of public life with less than half the wealth he had when he entered it. Being still in the prime of life, he

entered into business again, and built up a large East India trade. In the same year that he resigned the office of financier, he sent the *Empress of China* from New York to Canton, the first American vessel that ever entered that port. He also marked out a course to China, by which the dangerous winds that sweep over the Eastern seas at some seasons of the year might be avoided, and, to prove the wisdom of following this course, he sent out a vessel that made a successful trip over it. After awhile he bought a great deal of land in the western part of New York, then the wild frontier. But the investment proved a failure, and Mr. Morris lost about all that he had. The great man who had saved the American armies from mutiny and famine, who had redeemed the credit of his State and his adopted country, had made his wealth the nation's, and staked his own spotless reputation for her sake, spent his last years in poverty and debt. Neither his country nor his State came forward to relieve his distress, although for their needs he had given everything he had, excepting his honor—there never was a shadow cast on that, either in public or in private life—and they owed him princely fortunes in debts of gratitude.

Robert Morris was born in Lancaster, England, June, 1733. He died in Philadelphia, May 8, 1806.

Robert Morris's assistant in managing the money affairs of the country during the Revolution was his illustrious friend, **Gouverneur Morris**, of New York. He was one of the first lawyers and statesmen in the land, and had made patriotic speeches at the Continental Congress which placed him among the most eloquent men of that noble and talented assembly. He had a fine face, and a straight, handsome figure, which looked so much like George Washington's, that while in Paris he stood for the figure of Houdon's statue of Washington.

For many years there was scarcely a national meeting of any importance held, to which Gouverneur Morris was not sent by New York as long as he lived in that State, and afterward by Pennsylvania. We are told that his speech in favor of independence, in the first Congress, was as remarkable for logical force as Patrick Henry's for fiery eloquence. But his counsel and wisdom were even greater than his eloquence, and having a wonderful foresight, his advice in regard to laying plans for future events are now believed to have been of the greatest importance to the country. He saw ahead what progress we should make and how we should want to grow, and it is to his forethought that we owe a great many of the wise provisions in our national plans which have been found so valuable as the country has grown.

When only eighteen years old, he began to write a series of articles in the newspapers, upon the great science of political economy, which was then almost un-

heard of in America. Questions of trade, debt and credit, exchange and currency were taken up and laid before the people with such originality, acute reasoning, and thorough knowledge, that mature and thoughtful men were amazed at the boy who could write them, but at the same time they were instructed, and these papers, and the financial essays written later, both "taught and influenced public sentiment, and prepared the way for whatever liberal and enlightened policy on this and kindred subjects was adopted."

When, in 1787, a call was made for delegates from each State to form a convention to talk over and frame a Constitution for the new government, Gouverneur Morris was chosen as one to represent the State of Pennsylvania.

With all his mind and will, sacrificing his own feelings and interests, and being without the sympathy of his family and old friends, he joined in the work and the cause of American freedom, and history gives him a place among our most courageous, pure-minded patriots, while the people of his own times praise him for his self-respect and simplicity, and say that in force and intellect, as well as in figure and features, he was one of the most commanding of men.

He was the friend of Washington, Schuyler, and Greene, of Robert Morris, Hamilton, and Clinton, of Paul Jones and of Jefferson. The army, the navy, and the affairs of state were upon his mind and heart, and whether at home or abroad the leaders in American progress had in him an able friend and adviser.

In later years he did a great deal for our trade by securing easier terms in our commercial treaties, and for two years he represented the United States at the Court of France. Returning home, he was United States Senator for three years, and after that, while living quietly upon his family estates in Morrisania, above New York City, his interest and aid went out to all the great movements of the day. He was one of the first to see the need of some means of connecting the interior part of the country with the Atlantic sea-board, and brought forward what was then thought to be the wild idea of the Erie Canal. The plan, which was first proposed by Jesse Hawley, was said to be ridiculous and impossible, but Morris kept on talking about it and showing how it could be carried out, until finally, after his death, when De Witt Clinton, Peter Cooper, and others took it up, the great feat was accomplished, and trade was opened between the center of the continent and the ports and cities of the Eastern States. It was Gouverneur Morris, too, who succeeded in having laid out the few broad avenues there are in New York, and urged that the city be surveyed as far as Harlem, which was then thought to be much farther into the country than the population of New York would ever extend. But in this, as in many other matters, less than one century has proved that he could see further into the future of the American nation than almost any man of his time.

Gouverneur Morris was born January 31, 1752, in that part of New York City called Morrisania, where he also died on the 6th of November, 1816.

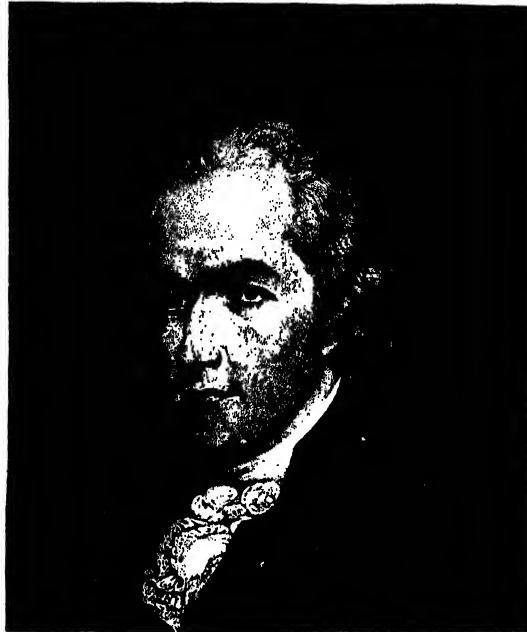
When Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, made the suggestion that **Alexander Hamilton** be Secretary of the Treasury in President Washington's Cabinet, he selected from a large company of able statesmen the greatest political genius that America has ever had. "Next to George Washington," said Chief Justice Marshall, "there has been no one to whom our Republic owes more." A full quarter of a century younger than Washington, and from ten to twenty years younger than almost all the other leading statesmen of his day, as a financier, a politician, a lawyer, and an orator, he had no equal. He was not an American born, and his public life lasted only thirty years, yet in that time he made so deep an impression upon our country and our government, that "his principles of finance, of foreign affairs, of political economy, and of the powers and duties of government under the Constitution may be found on every page of our history, and have sway to-day throughout the length and breadth of the land."

He took part in drawing up our laws and Constitution, explained them to the people, designed many of our great institutions, and gave our rough and new-formed nation the pattern of a fine lawyer, a courageous, noble, upright statesman, and a thorough gentleman.

This man, whose name stands out so grandly on the pages of our history, was born in the West Indies, a British subject. His father was a Scotchman, and his mother was a beautiful, witty French Huguenot woman. She died when he was but a little boy, and, his father being poor, Alexander was brought up by his mother's relatives. When twelve years of age he was taken as clerk in a counting-room, and set to a work that he could not bear. In writing to one of his boy friends about his place, he said he would willingly risk his life, though not his character, to get above it; there was no chance to rise at present, "but," he said, "I mean to prepare the way for futurity." So, in leisure from his office work—which he took pains to do well, whether he liked it or not—he read Plutarch and Pope, and many other authors. He also wrote a good deal, and one composition describing a severe hurricane that crossed the West Indies was published, and attracted so much notice that his relatives decided that he was too talented a boy to be neglected by them, and that he deserved a better chance than he could have in the office of a West Indian merchant. So it happened that, in 1772, he came by ship to Boston, and from there to New York, which was ever afterward his home. He knew no one when he came, but the letters of a good old friend in the Indies secured for him a few good new ones here.

His main object was to get an education, and he lost no time in becoming a

pupil in the celebrated grammar-school at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, which was reckoned one of the best in the country. After a year's hard study, with odd moments used for writing hymns, elegies, and verses of all sorts, he returned to New York and entered King's College, which is now Columbia College. Although Hamilton was only sixteen then, he was very anxious to get ahead, and had a tutor's private lessons beside his regular college work, and soon pushed far beyond his class. People said, "That little West Indian will make his mark some day." And



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

the day was not long in coming. After he had been here about two years, he went up to Boston for a visit, and found the city full of excitement about the way Great Britain was treating the Colonies. For some time he did not know which country to side with, for such an energetic, restless, ambitious young man as he must join one or the other. Finally, he resolved that it should be against the English.

When a great, open-air meeting was announced, to urge New York to join the other Colonies in preparing for a Congress, Hamilton went to hear the speakers. But he was disappointed; they seemed to him to leave the best things unsaid, and suddenly he felt that he could say what they had left out, and he found himself moving toward the platform, and on it, before the great mass of people. The

crowd stared at this small, slight youth with the dark skin and the deep-set eyes, who was so bold as to come before them. For a minute he, too, felt himself out of place, and could not find the words he was going to use, but again a minute and out they came, carrying "the eloquence of sound reason and clear logic, combined with great power and clearness of expression, and backed by a strong and passionate nature." He poured out the thoughts he felt the other orators had left unspoken. Some people in the crowd, stirred by his oratory, murmured, "It is a collegian!" "It is a collegian!" whispered others, and his hearers forgot or forgave it, that he was a stranger and only a boy.

This was the first stroke of Hamilton's "mark in the world." It was the beginning of thirty years of public life that only closed with his death. He was "in for Congress," and was ready to do all in his power in the American cause.

He answered the Tory pamphlets so ably that they were at first believed to have come from the most eminent men of the party; and when he became known as their author, he was famous at once. The leaders gave him a sure position and caused the Tories—or Americans who, siding with Great Britain, were opposed to independence—to make him tempting offers to join their side, which offers he refused.

Now his great work was vigorous essays against England, speeches at public meetings, and his leisure was given to the study of military affairs and practice in a volunteer corps. He took a prominent part in everything connected with New York in the troubles that now gathered, showing zeal and enthusiasm, wisely guided by self-restraint and cool bravery. "In the midst of revolutionary excitement he did not hesitate to come forward to check his own party, to oppose and censure their excesses, and to take the side of the unpopular minority in behalf of mercy, justice, order, free speech, and a free press."

Early in 1776 he took command of an artillery company, upon which he spent his second and last remittance from his relatives, in equipments. This company was so well trained that General Greene's attention was drawn to it, and he was so impressed by the young captain's talent that he introduced him to General Washington. He showed his worth soon after this at the sorry battle of Long Island, and after the battles of White Plains, Trenton, and Princeton, he was as famous for gallantry in the field as for literary talent. In the early part of the second year of the war, he became one of Washington's aids, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The Commander-in-Chief soon felt his worth so much that he employed him as secretary, confiding to him his most secret thoughts, choosing him before any others to carry out his most important business, and using his aid in planning campaigns and devising means to support the army.

The next year young Hamilton took an active part in the battle of Monmouth, but already he was getting deeply interested in the money affairs of the country,

and had written a number of public letters upon the subject. In 1781 he left the army to devote himself to another department of the country's work, although he went back to it again in about five months, and took command of a battalion in Washington's army. On the 14th of October he stormed and took a redoubt himself, and was at the head of his command in the siege of Yorktown. After the surrender, he turned to the study of law, and, although he kept his rank in the army, he refused to receive any pay.

It has been said that whatever he did in the war was well done, but his place in history is rather due to services as a statesman than as a soldier. He was not old enough to obtain large chances, and although he proved himself to have courage, dash, and coolness, and showed both nerve and foresight, the commanders felt that he was too young a man to have positions of great responsibility. But as a statesman nothing could keep him from the front.

The first year of peace, he was sent to the Continental Congress by New York, and was one of the leading and most useful men there from the first. "No one," said Washington, "has greater probity and virtue than Hamilton." But that Congress was made up of a different set of men from those who drew forth the praise of all Europe in 1774 and 1775. He brought all his power of mind and speech to bear upon the affairs before the Assembly, while "his winning eloquence was the wonder and delight of friend and foe," as one of his hearers said; he was able to do very little in that evil time which made the prospects of our nation look so gloomy at the close of the war. In less than a year he resigned and began to practise law in New York. Although his preparation had been small, he rose at once to first rank among the lawyers of the country. He was equal to Webster as a reasoner, far beyond him in creative power, and had both force and fire as an orator. He was always at work. There are no bare spots in his life, and even while he was busy with his own cases and clients, his interest went out and his labors were put forth toward all matters of national importance.

When the feeling of the people in New York went too far against the Tories, it was Hamilton—staunch an American as he was—who stood up against their being persecuted. As a member of the Anti-Slavery Society, of which Benjamin Franklin was President, he made the resolution that each member of it should set his own slaves free. A few years later he was leader in the movement toward a firm and durable union of the States, and a member of the convention to form a Federal Constitution, for the country was much divided, and a loss of credit and of trade was being seriously felt because of the want of strong and united government. Congress had become so weak that it was driven by the insults and menaces of a small body of unruly soldiers from the regular meeting-place in

Philadelphia, to Princeton. The polished and able statesman, Gouverneur Morris, said that Hamilton's chief speech before the convention was "the most able and impressive he ever heard," and when the plan of government was adopted, he signed the Constitution, and did all in his power to have it ratified by the people, although he had offered a different plan himself, which was not accepted. Not satisfied with speeches alone, he united with James Madison and John Jay in writing a series of papers, or essays upon the Constitution, which were printed in the New York *Gazette*, and were afterward made up into several volumes, called "The Federalist." As Hamilton wrote more than half of these wise and also brilliant essays, which all parties recognize as the best commentary ever written on the Constitution of the United States, "The Federalist" is deemed one of his two greatest services rendered our country. And although the Constitution was strongly opposed by a powerful party, it was at last accepted mainly through the influence of these essays, and Hamilton's name has been passed around the world as one of the men who have best known upon what principles and laws a great government should be built up.

But Hamilton's most important work of all was in the country's finances,—in the three great projects known as the assumption of the State debts, the Funding Act, and the National Bank. These changed the bankruptcy of the new nation into solvency and credit, and to him is due the credit of having solved the problem, of first importance at the time, and that which underlay every other matter to be met by the new government.

The experiment of Robert Morris's Bank of North America proved the value of an institution "which should make loans to the Government as well as to private individuals; which should take and place Government bonds as our 'syndicates' do now; and which should furnish the people with a secure paper currency to supplement the limited amount of coin in circulation. But Hamilton held that the Bank of North America had then become a State institution and that a National Bank should be organized. England had such a one, and France also. With a foresight which the experience of the country with greenbacks at a later day proved correct, he objected to the issue of paper money directly by the Government, saying that it is of a nature so liable to abuse, and it may even be affirmed, so certain of being abused, that the wisdom of the Government will be shown in never trusting itself in the use of so seducing and dangerous an expedient." All this he laid before Congress, recommending a Bank of the United States, and his plan was adopted and the bank incorporated in 1791. The North favored it and the South opposed it from the very first, but the plan was carried out with success, although there was such a strong feeling against it, that the charter was not renewed when it expired in 1811, but after the money panic and the war troubles of

1812, another was given, and the second Bank of the United States was chartered in 1816, which expired in twenty years and was never again renewed.

Hamilton's plans for the money matters of the country had not been long in use before public credit was restored and life and prosperity came back to trade and industry. He was warmly in favor of a protective tariff—that is, a tax on foreign goods brought into this country for sale—so as to encourage the people to take up trades and manufactures, and to supply the market with goods made in this country, rather than to import them from other lands.

He is often spoken of as the great Federalist, for he was for years the leader of the political party known as the Federalists, whose chief aim, when it was formed, was to unite the States into one government. Washington, Franklin, Adams, and a great many other of the ablest men of the times were the founders of the party, and it is due to them that we have one united Government binding all the States together, instead of a country made up of many independent, or almost independent, States, as was the desire of the Anti-Federalist party, of which Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry were the great leaders.

It could not be possible that a man of so many affairs, so attractive in looks and manners, and of such power, should be without faults or without enemies. But while Hamilton was often sharp, severe, and confident of himself, he had a very generous nature, and often set aside all personal feeling to support the measures of other men, when he thought them right. He was also courageous enough to bring his influence to bear squarely against those he thought unworthy. Twice this was the case with Aaron Burr, a brilliant and able man, but, in the opinion of Hamilton, one not to be trusted. After securing Jefferson's election as President against Burr, and defeating him also in the contest for Governor of New York, Burr insolently called for an explanation from Hamilton, and finally challenged him to fight a duel. Hamilton felt in honor bound to accept his enemy's challenge, but purposely shot in the air, while Burr's bullet made a mortal wound, and the brightest, ablest, and purest-minded statesman in America was killed.

Alexander Hamilton was born in the West Indian island of Nevis, January 11, 1757. He died in New York City July 12, 1804.

The first public act of **John Adams** was in the year 1765. The citizens of Braintree, Massachusetts, had called a meeting to talk over the new law requiring stamps to be put on all paper used in business, and on all newspapers that were bought. The stamps often cost a great deal, too—the price being set according to the business they were used in. There was a very strong feeling against the tax in all the Colonies, and Adams offered resolutions or instructions resisting it, to be sent by the town to the Legislature. They were accepted by Braintree and adopted by forty other towns in the Colony.

From this time forth John Adams was a public man. He moved to Boston, where his talents were already known, and soon became the chief lawyer for the patriots. Thus, through his profession, he grew to be one of the foremost leaders in the cause of American liberty. After the Stamp Act was repealed he wrote patriotic articles in the *Boston Gazette*, some of which were copied in a London journal and made a good deal of a stir. He was elected to the Legislature, and in a few years more, when the Boston Tea-party had roused the people into action against the mother country, John Adams was one of the five Massachusetts members in the first Congress. He was as ardent here as he had been in Boston, speaking earnestly for independence, and was chosen to work with Jefferson in preparing the Declaration of Independence, although it is now believed that the great member from Virginia drew up this noble paper entirely by himself.

But on the 28th of June it was the tall, stout, well-knit figure of Adams that, with the precious roll in hand, rose before Congress, in his grave and impressive manner, and it was the large head and expansive brow of the Massachusetts member upon which the assembly looked, while the eyes that so often beamed with fun now shone with earnestness and patriotism, as the voice so often heard pouring out strong and able arguments for rights and liberty broke forth into the stirring words, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve," etc.

Many members of the Congress were opposed to this paper, and there were strong debates on both sides; but, says Jefferson, "Adams was the ablest advocate and champion of independence on the floor of the house. He was the Colossus of that Congress. He came out with a power which moved his hearers from their seats."

In the storm of war which followed this thunder-clap, Adams did not buckle on the sword and turn soldier as well as statesman, but he still kept hard at work, for war requires as able men out of the fight as in it. He was chairman of twenty-five committees in Congress; he almost created and then looked after all the War Department we had, and also took charge of many important matters between this country and Europe, and visited France, England, and Holland on public business. After the war he went to Europe, and, with Franklin, Jay, Jefferson, and Laurens, settled the treaty of peace with England. A few years later he was the first regular Ambassador or Minister from the United States to England. He soon came back from this trip and was made Vice-President. He was very earnest in supporting Washington, and in the Senate gave about twenty casting votes—probably more, it is said, than all the Vice-Presidents since. Nearly all of these were to support Washington's policy or on some important new law.

After Washington had been President for eight years he refused to fill the office for another term, and the first party contest for electing a President was held. There were five important men in the field, but the largest number of votes were cast for Adams, and the next largest for Jefferson. So, as that was the way in which the President and Vice-President were elected at first, these two men, who had once been warm friends, but were now enemies through some differences of views, stood together once more as leaders of the people. But in the old



JOHN ADAMS.

Declaration days they were both on the same side; now the President was at the head of the old Federal party, while the Vice-President was leader of the new Republican party, which afterward changed its name and became better known as the Democratic party.

Mr. Adams was full of large and noble qualities; he was more affectionate and warm-hearted than he often showed by his manner; he loved his fellow-men, and delighted in society and conversation, but he had a violent temper, although it soon cooled. He was very energetic and honest himself, and he could not endure cant or hypocrisy. But there was one other fault which probably harmed his political influence more than any other—that is, the confidence in himself which

made him impatient and jealous of any opposition to his own settled views. This he could not bear, and often resented with his quick temper and sharp words.

As President, he pretty closely followed Washington's example, keeping the old Cabinet. He would not join with France in the war with England, partly brought on by France's part in the American Revolution. The nation was not then fit to get into another war; but the French Directory were displeased, and violated the rights of the United States at sea, and sent home her envoys. Then, without consulting his Cabinet, for he knew they would oppose it, President Adams took the responsibility of sending another Ambassador to France, who was received. This threw the Cabinet into confusion, and roused bad feeling in both parties; but it has passed into history as the most courageous act of his life, and one of the boldest strokes of American statesmanship, for it saved the country from a war at a time when the nation could not have endured it.

The President and the Federalists in Congress also lost favor with the people by passing what are called the Alien and Sedition Laws, the first of which allowed the President to arrest any alien, or foreigner, in the United States who might seem to be dangerous; while under the Sedition Law any one who should speak evil of the Government could be punished.

Meanwhile, the new party grew stronger every year, and at the close of Adams's term of office, Jefferson was elected in his place.

Mr. Adams felt very badly, and did not even wait to see the new President take the chair. He suddenly fell from a high place to almost nothing in the eyes of the people, and went quietly out of public life to the Massachusetts town where he was born, the name of which had been changed meanwhile from Braintree to Quincy. His own party, too, turned against him, and he seemed to receive nothing but spite from either. Settled in comfort and plenty upon his New England estates, he spent a great deal of time in writing, and these articles, which were published in the newspapers, gradually showed the people how great a mistake they had made in their treatment of the man who had tried to serve them faithfully for nearly forty years. The public grew to love and venerate him and to regret that they had allowed party feeling to blind them to the virtues of their great statesman. He was spoken of as "noble old John Adams," and finally he had the pleasure of seeing his son, John Quincy Adams, made President. But the most beautiful thing that came about after these sad latter days was that he and Jefferson grew to be friends again, and wrote letters to each other as long as they lived. The end, too, came for each on the same day. The hand that penned the Declaration of Independence—the greatest paper in American history—and the voice that, after calling for it among the loudest, presented it and plead for it,

were both stilled by death on the fiftieth anniversary of the day in which Congress adopted it.

John Adams was born in Braintree—now Quincy—Massachusetts, on the 19th of October, 1735, and died at the same place July 4, 1826.

In the times before the Revolution, John Adams's name was oftener linked with those of John Hancock, James Otis, and Samuel Adams, than with any others in that large and noble company of New England patriots. Of these, Samuel Adams was the leading man.

John Hancock was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, boldly standing up for liberty, about the time of the Stamp Act. He was one of the richest men in New England, led the best society in the Colony, and did a larger merchant business than almost any one else. About the first of the Boston outbreaks against the British was caused by the King's officers seizing his sloop *Liberty* and charging her with hiding forbidden goods. The people turned out in indignation and treated his majesty's officers so roughly that they had to race to the fort in the harbor for safety, and leave their burning boat to the Americans. In 1773, Hancock was one who helped along the Tea Riot, and soon after made the bold and eloquent oration upon the victims of the "Boston Massacre" of 1770, at which the royal government took such great offense, that the effort was made to seize Hancock and Samuel Adams, which caused the fight at Concord.

There were few men at that time whose courage and patriotism were as great as Hancock's. He was leader of the Republican party in New England, had been a member of the General Assembly, was made President of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and in 1774 was chosen to the high office of President of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. When the Declaration of Independence was made in July it contained only the signatures of Secretary Charles Thompson and President Hancock, who said, when he had finished writing his name in large, bold letters, "The British ministry can read that name without their spectacles. Let them double their reward." By this he meant the large reward that had been offered the year before for the arrest of himself and Samuel Adams, who were considered arch-rebels against King George, and were the only two men excepted in the pardon offered by General Gage after the fight in old King Street, now known as the "Boston Massacre."

Hancock had to leave Congress on account of his health, but he was soon called upon to help make his State's Constitution, and to become its first Governor. Excepting for a short time, when he declined the office, he was at the head of the Massachusetts commonwealth during the rest of his life.

John Hancock was born at Braintree—now Quincy—Massachusetts, January 12, 1737. He died in Boston October 8, 1793.

James Otis was, it is believed, the greatest of early New England orators, and one of its ablest men. He was a leading lawyer in Boston from the time he first settled there in 1748; but it was thirteen years after that when he broke forth with his finest burst of eloquence against the Writs of Assistance, before the General Courts of Massachusetts. These Writs of Assistance were general search-warrants, which allowed the officers of the king to break open any citizen's store or dwelling to search for contraband merchandise; and, as they opened the way to many abuses, the people were very much roused against them. When Otis rose to defend the rights of the people against this unjust measure, he was, says John Adams, "a flame of fire. . . . He hurried away all before him. American independence was then and there born." The orator soon became the foremost leader of the popular party in Massachusetts, and held a high place in the Legislature for his ability and his eloquence. It was upon his motion that a congress of representatives of the various Colonies should meet, that the celebrated "Stamp Act Congress" was held in New York in 1765.

For several years Mr. Otis held the office of Judge Advocate under the Crown, but as he saw the government making one effort after another to enslave the Colonies, he made up his mind that he would not even practice his profession under royal right, and gave up his paying office two years after the great meeting in New York. He was now, both as a speaker and a writer of political pamphlets, foremost among the patriots of the North.

When the news reached Boston that a body of armed Britishers were coming to keep the city in order, Otis was looked to as the counsellor of the people. He was chosen moderator of the town meeting that first gathered at Faneuil Hall, but being found too large for that room, adjourned to the Old South Church; and in the pulpit of that old house Otis poured forth his preachings upon the sacred rights of liberty—moderation first, but, if resistance was necessary, resistance to death.

But "all through the great struggle to which his eloquence had excited his countrymen, James Otis was like a blasted pine upon the mountains." A political enemy by a blow on the head had so wrecked his reason that after the autumn of 1769 he was never wholly in his right mind for any length of time, although he returned to the Legislature in 1771, and there were times when he could even practice his profession, but his usefulness was gone. A man named Robinson was sentenced to pay ten thousand dollars for this assault, but Mr. Otis forgave him the deed and had the fine remitted.

James Otis was born at Barnstable, Massachusetts, February 5, 1725. He was killed by lightning in Andover, Massachusetts, May 23, 1783.

John Penn John Hancock John Hart
 Wm Hoag Wm Paria
 Geo. Read Wm Hooper Saml Adams
 Steph Hopkins Thos Nelson Geo. Clymer
 Thos Mearns Charles Carroll of Carroll Thos Willbridge Gerry
 Roger Sherman Saml Huntington
 Wm Whipple Thos Lynch Junr
 Geo. Taylor Josiah Bartlett Benj Franklin
 Wm Williams Rich Stockton John Morton
 Oliver Wolcott Jas Witherspoon Le Gro. Ross
 Thos Stone Samuel Chase Robt Treat Paule
 George Wythe Matthew Thornton
 Fran Lewis W Jefferson Benj Harrison
 Lewis Morris Abra Clark Phil Livingston
 Arthur Middleton Jas Hopkinson
 Geo Walton Carter Braxton James Wilson
 Richard Henry Lee John Bay ward Junr
 Benjamin Rush John Adams Robt Morris
 Lyman Hall Joseph Hewes Button Guinness
 Francis Lightfoot Lee
 William Ellery Edward Rutledge Jas Smith

FACSIMILE OF THE SIGNATURES TO THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

It has been said that the title of the Father of America belongs more truly to **Samuel Adams** than to any other man, for it was he who awoke the Colonies into the independence and life which Washington led forth the armies to achieve. He was not a great orator—Hancock, Otis, and many whose names are now forgotten, were more eloquent than Adams—but he was a great, moving, independent spirit, who knew how and when to act, and who gave his life wholly to the service of his country from the time he was about thirty years old. He was a Harvard graduate, when it meant a great deal to have been to any college; he had learned all classes of people in the office of tax-gatherer; he had been a plain member and a clerk of the Massachusetts Assembly, and when there came to be a real party opposed to the British yoke, Samuel Adams was a bold and leading member of it.

In May, 1764, ten years before the Revolution broke out, it was he who first spoke forth, for Boston and all America, a protest against Lord Grenville's plan for taxing the Colonies. He was one of the most active members of the Colonial Legislature, and John Adams describes him, in his diary, as "zealous, ardent, and keen in the cause, always for softness, delicacy, and prudence when they will do, but stanch and stiff and strict and rigid and inflexible in the cause."

The next year he originated the idea of the Colonial Congress, and afterward advocated the Continental Congress. It was his boldness as spokesman of the committee that secured the removal of the troops after the "Boston Massacre;" and although at first, in the Philadelphia Congress, he counseled settling our troubles peaceably if we could, no one did more than he to bring about the separation from England. "Step by step, inch by inch, he fought the enemies of liberty during the dark hours before the Revolution," excited the people to throwing the tea in Boston Harbor and other acts resisting the tyranny of Great Britain; and counseled courage and perseverance in the hearts of those who feared the results. When some of the members of the Continental Congress doubted the success of the effort, Adams exclaimed: "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty, though it were revealed from Heaven that ninety-nine were to perish and only one of a thousand were to survive and retain his liberty! One such freeman must possess more virtue and enjoy more happiness than a thousand slaves, and his children may have what he has so nobly preserved."

He signed the Declaration and was one of the most useful members of the Continental Congress from the beginning to the close of the Revolution. Much of the success of the patriots is due to the industry and judgment of this hard-working member, who is now sometimes called the helmsman of the Revolution.

After the surrender at Yorktown, he left Congress, but on going back to Massachusetts, was not allowed to rest from public life. He was called to help in re-

organizing the Commonwealth, and, after the death of Hancock, was elected to the office of Governor year after year, until he was seventy-five years old and no longer able to carry its cares.

When Mr. Adams was an old man, his son died and left him enough to live on. Before that he was always poor, and in middle life, when his children were little, his first wife supported the family.

Samuel Adams was born in Boston, September 27, 1722, and died in the same city October 2, 1803.

The rich and most loyal commonwealth of Virginia was not so ready to resist the oppression of Great Britain as the leading Colonies of the North. The Legislature—or House of Burgesses—had almost reached the close of its session in 1765 without taking any decided measure upon the Stamp Act, when, one day, a tall and slender young man, unknown to many in that splendid assembly, arose to speak. It was **Patrick Henry**, a new member, and a lawyer from Louisa County.

The rich planters were amazed and indignant, that this raw lawyer, unpracticed in statesmanship, should be so bold as to address the house upon so important a subject. But Henry had something to say, and soon held the attention of every member. He offered a brief set of resolutions, setting forth that the Burgesses and the Governor had the exclusive right and power to lay taxes and imports on the people of this Colony, and that not only the Stamp Act, but all acts of Parliament affecting the rights of the Colonies, were not according to the Constitution and therefore void. This was entirely too bold for a large number of the members and raised a great storm, but Henry would not yield. The old walls rung with the powerful enthusiasm and mighty force of his words, and even the most patriotic were surprised when he blazed forth: "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"— "Treason! Treason!" broke in the presiding officer and the members, after which the orator finished in a calmer tone, "may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

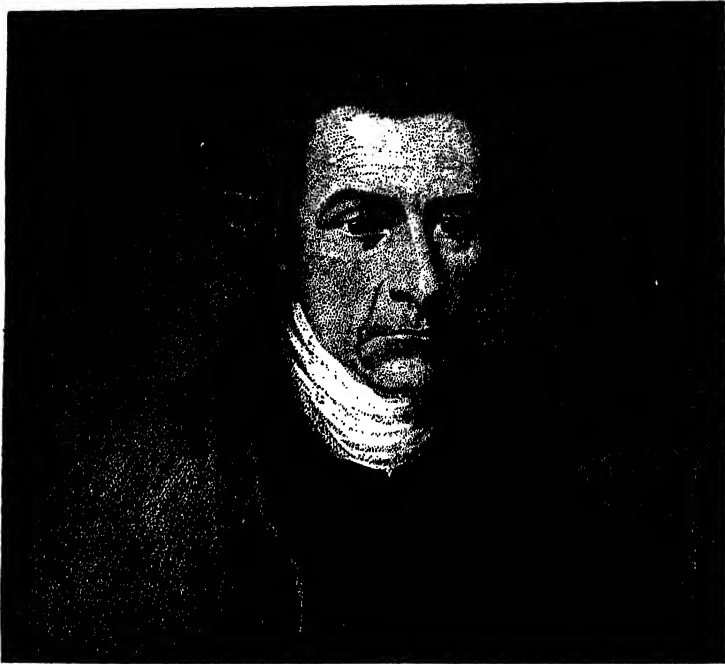
The resolutions were adopted, and from that time forth Patrick Henry has stood among the first and greatest of American orators. He was a zealous patriot, and became a power in the Colonies. He took a leading part among Virginians in all the important affairs that followed this stand against the King, keeping up his profession meanwhile with what would have been wonderful ability for a man far better educated than he; for Patrick Henry was not a scholar and a gentleman born and bred, as were many of his great companions. He was about thirty years old at this time, and, until two years before, had made a failure at everything he

ever tried to do, excepting at idling away his time, hunting and fishing, scraping a violin, playing on a flute, following the hounds, and telling stories. When he was about twenty-five years old, he made an effort toward becoming a lawyer, and although he was admitted to the bar, he had so little to do in his profession that he stayed at home mostly and helped about the tavern at Hanover Court-House, kept by his father-in-law, who also supported Henry's wife and family. But one day he was called to court to take a part in a case called the "Parson's Cause," which some more important lawyer had refused. His opponent was one of the prominent men of those times, and the plaintiffs smiled at their already assured success when this awkward, backward, ill-mannered man rose to speak for the other side. But suddenly his timidity and bashfulness passed away; he seemed to change completely before their eyes; his form swelled out; and his clear, forcible words astonished every hearer. The plaintiffs left their seats under the burning storm of his words, and the jury returned to them a verdict of one penny damages. The people grew so enthusiastic that they lifted the young man on their shoulders and carried him out of the Court-House in triumph. He was from that day an eminent man in his profession; plenty of business and money began to come to him now, and in a couple of years he was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses, where, in his first session, he made the great speech which "set the ball of the Revolution rolling."

Yet, all this was but a foreshadow of what he was to do. Now that he had once set himself to work in real earnest, the wonderful powers of his mind began to show themselves; friends and strangers were surprised with his wisdom and power of speech. At that time our country was sorely in need of men fearless and eloquent, with hearts full of the love of justice and liberty—men who had seen and studied people, who knew the records of history, and the laws that had made nations great or caused them to fall. It was just such a man that this rolling stone, this unsuccessful student, farmer, and merchant had been unknowingly preparing himself to be. He was as much surprised as any one at what had been hidden within him so long. But now that he knew, he labored with all his strength to make the most of lost time. The bad manners, slovenly dress, and the idle, careless habits that marred his youth were corrected. Always honorable, he now gained the reputation of being also prompt and faithful in all matters of business. He was a man who never drank liquor or used bad language. His companions loved and respected him. He was kind and hospitable to friends and strangers, generous to his neighbors, and although it is said that he was jealous of his rivals, there is no actual record of it; but there is record of his having spoken heartily in praise of them more than once.

The great man's face sometimes looked stern and severe, with its deep lines

and the grave, thoughtful expression upon the high forehead and about the resolute mouth and chin. His complexion was dark and his cheeks had no color in them. His nose was long and finely shaped, and the full eyebrows were very often drawn together, but when he smiled a bright sunshine seemed to spread over his countenance, lighting up the deep-set blue-gray eyes that seemed quite dark from the long, heavy lashes, and completely changing his mouth. Those



PATRICK HENRY.

who knew him well could almost tell whether he was pleased or displeased, and just how much, by the expression of his lips.

In 1773 he worked with Thomas Jefferson, Dabney Carr, and the two Lees upon the Committee of Correspondence, whose duty it was to spread intelligence among the Colonies; he met with the different Virginia Assemblies that were so often broken up by the Royal Governor and reorganized by the people; and was one of the delegates to the Congress at Philadelphia, which sent a petition to the King and an address to the people of the mother country.

But it was after his return to Virginia when the convention of March, 1775,

was held in Richmond that his greatest blaze of oratory came out. All now looked upon him as the leading spirit of the Assembly, but when he presented resolutions to organize military forces and take an open stand against Great Britain by putting the Colony in a state of defense, there was a strong opposition raised. William Wirt tells us that Henry answered these falterers in the stirring words: "There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are already forged. Their clanking may be heard in the plains of Boston. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring the clash of resounding arms. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

Without a vote against it, the resolution was adopted; and when, in less than a month, the news from the North told of the fights at Lexington and Concord, Virginia was ready to join in with the New England Colonies for freedom, liberty and right. Henry set about gathering military forces at once, and did some good work in command of them for a time, but resigned before very long and devoted his time and strength to the work in the Legislature, where he stayed all through the war. After peace was restored, as Governor and member of conventions, he spent an active and useful life, declining many of the higher offices offered him by both Presidents Washington and Adams. John Randolph, of Roanoke, said that Patrick Henry was Shakespeare and Garrick combined and brought into the real business of life. Never was there such a genius to put his thought into words as Shakespeare, and no one at that time could utter those words as David Garrick had done.

Patrick Henry was born at Studley, Virginia, May 29, 1736. He died in the same State, at his country-seat, Red Hill, in Charlotte County, June 6, 1799.

Very few men have left a deeper impression upon our nation and government than **Thomas Jefferson**. From the time when, as a brilliant young lawyer twenty-six years old, he was first elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses, till, at the age of sixty-six, he retired from the President's chair after two successful administrations, he was one of the foremost men in American politics.

When only seven years old, and attending a poor country school in Albemarle County, Virginia, he showed such signs of becoming a scholar that a tutor was soon after engaged to give him private lessons in French and the ancient languages. He entered an advanced class in William and Mary College when he was seventeen, and here he steadily fulfilled the promise he had given, and studied from twelve to fifteen hours a day, making the best of all that the young college could give the youth of Virginia in those old Colonial times. In two years he graduated and then began to study law as earnestly as he had devoted himself to

languages and mathematics, and when he was twenty-four he was admitted to the bar and immediately won a place among the foremost lawyers of his time.

He seemed to bound into success at once, and to be quickly rewarded for his hard work and diligent study in preparation. Before long, too, he was taking



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

active part in the Colony's politics. The tall, bony, well-developed figure of Jefferson soon became one of the common sights at the public assemblies. Being considerably over six feet tall, his square-looking features, ruddy skin, sandy or reddish hair could not fail to attract attention, and his quick, positive way, and disregard for formally polite usages, made him as marked in manners as he was in looks. He was a thorough republican, and could not even bear to be addressed

by so small a title as "Mr." He wanted society to acknowledge all men equal, and in regard to slavery, which was then common in the North as well as in the South, he said openly: "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, for this is politically and morally wrong." He made a vain effort in the House of Burgesses to give masters the right to free their slaves whenever they thought proper.

Although he never made a formal speech in his life, Jefferson was ranked as the ablest political leader of his time, being especially quick and prompt to act. A large part of his public work was done with his pen. In 1773 he united with Patrick Henry and other patriots on the famous Committee of Correspondence, and the next year, at the convention in Philadelphia, presented a paper called "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." This was a strong argument for the right to resist unjust taxes, and many parts of it are much like some portions of the Declaration. It was so able that Edmund Burke caused it to be printed in England, with a few changes. The convention would not adopt its radical measures, hoping still to make some peaceful half-way settlement with the mother country. But it was afterward adopted by the patriots of Virginia, where with such men as Patrick Henry, Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, and George Washington, aroused, the cause moved rapidly on. Military forces were mustered, and Jefferson placed commander-in-chief by Washington's appointment; and in the conventions and congresses that followed each other in those troubled and important years, Thomas Jefferson was one of the ablest, most active, and important of all the noble company drawn from every Colony. He made speeches, answered arguments, advised others, served on committees, and worked with untiring zeal upon the great and serious affairs of the day, crowning all by the noble Declaration of Independence, which is now ranked as one of the very ablest documents ever written, and stands as the most important paper in all modern political history. At the request of the other members of the committee, Jefferson, who was chairman and the youngest man among the five, prepared the Declaration entirely himself; and John Adams, who was a better speaker, read it to the assembly.

Jefferson left Congress to be in the Virginia Legislature, where he labored, almost without rest, in making over and improving old laws and proposing new ones. Virginia was settled by many proud old families, who strongly opposed everything that they feared would interfere with their privileges. Jefferson was of grand old stock, too, but with him the new era of equality and liberty had opened; he had its interests at heart, and untiringly used both voice and pen in their behalf. Among the most important of his reforms were the establishment of religious freedom and stopping the importation of slaves. Others were in regard to

the holding and inheritance of property, for to his mind the aristocratic old English customs and laws were out of place in a republican government. He also made up a complete plan for common school and higher education in Virginia.

During the whole of the war Jefferson was active and busy at the head of civil affairs in his native State. He followed Patrick Henry as Governor. He held this office during the most gloomy time in the conflict, but not with great credit, for he was not a military man, and several times the State and his own life were endangered by the enemy's forces. He saw this himself and refused the office a second term, and General Nelson, of Yorktown, was chosen in his place.

In 1783 he reported the settlement of the peace treaty to Congress, and announced that the world acknowledged the independence which the Americans had declared on the Fourth of July, seven years before. At the next session his bill for the Federal coinage was passed, and the pounds, shillings, and pence of England were displaced for the national currency of the United States; he also took a noted and active part in regard to the government of the Western territory and many other important matters; and, excepting that Congress would not agree to his measures for "the total abolition of slavery after the year 1800," his plans were adopted as he presented them.

The larger part of the next five years was spent by Jefferson in Government business with foreign countries, mostly as American Minister to Paris, in place of the honored Benjamin Franklin. This was a happy time to the great Virginian, whose life had been filled with many cares and sorrows beside the duties of public life. He published there his famous book, called "Notes on Virginia," which is the finest of his writings and attracted a great deal of attention and praise throughout all Europe.

In 1789 he asked to come home. He reached America soon after Washington was elected President, and accepted the second place in the nation by becoming Secretary of State. Up to this time there had been scarcely any party feeling in the country. But Jefferson had not been in office long before a pretty distinct division of party views was plain among the people. Alexander Hamilton, in favor of Federal government, was at the head of the old party, the Federalists, who, as opposed to the Royalists, had won the independence of the land. But now there was a new division. Jefferson believed in States' rights, opposed the Constitution, and taking a stand against many of Hamilton's views, became leader of the new Republican party, the same that was afterward called the Democratic party, and has been one of the great elements in the politics of the United States ever since. This party insisted upon each State being more important than the one government over them all, and thought that the Federal power ought to be as limited as possible. This brought out a good deal of strong

feeling and opposition, so that party feeling was far stronger than national feeling with many people on both sides.

After Washington, John Adams and Jefferson were about the most prominent men in the country, so, when the time for another election came round, and the great first President gave notice that he would not accept another term of office, these two received more votes than any others for the Presidency. According to the law then in force, Adams, having the most votes, was President, and Jefferson, with the next largest number, was Vice-President.

For these four years he led a quiet life, as is the usual custom with Vice-Presidents; but when the lively contest for the next election came he stepped forth once more, more prominent than ever, and for eight years was not only at the head of the nation, but the foremost of American statesmen. He began at once a great many reforms, especially against the stately and formal manners and the expensive public customs that had before existed. He rode to his inauguration alone and on horseback, where others before him had gone in a coach drawn by four horses. He sent a written message to Congress instead of going himself and delivering a formal speech, as the others did; and in many other things he carried his "Jeffersonian simplicity," as it is commonly spoken of, so far that we were ridiculed abroad as a careless-behaving and ill-bred people.

The only very important event in this President's first term—when the polished Aaron Burr was Vice-President—was the famous "Louisiana purchase." This was to buy the great territory that, adjoining the United States on the west, extended from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains. It was as large as the whole of the United States possessions, and was offered by Napoleon for fifteen millions of dollars. As Congress was not then in session, Jefferson took the responsibility of the great purchase upon himself, for he feared that even if Congress were called to a special session, it would oppose the plan; and he knew that there was no time to be lost, for if the United States did not buy the great tract, England was already almost prepared to make a desperate attempt to get it away from France. It was a bold deed, which many people strongly censured at the time, but which has proved—as Jefferson foresaw it would—one of the greatest benefits our nation could have received. George Clinton, who was a great and prominent man, the first Republican of New York and the father of our common schools, was Vice-President during Jefferson's second term; and this was a more stirring time than the first.

Among the most important events of this administration was the great trial of Aaron Burr, who, by his wild operations in Mexico, drew the Government into trouble with Spain and into other serious difficulties. A short time after this, Hamilton, the great Federalist leader, died also by the hand of Burr. Steps were

taken in other countries that ruined our foreign trade and caused great money troubles throughout the land; and, greatest concern of all, Great Britain issued a "right of search," by which she claimed—and took—the privilege of boarding our vessels when they were found on the high seas, to search for her own subjects, according to the doctrine that any one who had once been a British subject was so always. By this a great many of our sailors, in spite of their protests, were impressed into the British service, until finally it was done for the last time in June, 1807, when the English ship *Richard* fired into the American frigate *Chesapeake*, boarded her, and carried away four men who were declared to be British deserters. The whole country was roused. The President declared against any armed British vessels coming into American waters, and also issued the Embargo Act, which forbade all American vessels from leaving home ports. This poorly met the trouble, for it killed all foreign trade, and there was a strong feeling against it. The old Federal party woke up to new life to resist it, and only a few days before the third President's term closed, the act was repealed.

Jefferson's political life closed in 1809, and in his quiet home at Monticello, Virginia, he spent the remainder of his days, devoting a large amount of thought and money to establishing the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, to which he gave great care, and was proud of calling himself the father.

Thomas Jefferson was born at Shadwell, Virginia, April 2, 1743. He died at Monticello, a portion of the old family estate, July 4, 1826.

The year after Jefferson was admitted to the Virginia bar, **John Jay** became a lawyer in New York. The two men were about the same age—Jay a little the younger—and both very soon became distinguished, not only as lawyers, but also as earnest, able patriots. They were not old enough to take any part in the Stamp Act excitement, but they became so prominent in the affairs that soon followed, that they were both sent to the first Continental Congress in 1774. Jay was the leading man from New York, and was put upon the famous committee of three to prepare the address to the people of Great Britain, which was sent with an appeal to the King for the rights of the American Colonies. He drew up this paper alone, and Jefferson, not knowing who wrote it, said, "It is the production of the finest pen in America."

After this there were many important papers, and difficult errands of statesmanship which John Jay was called upon to fulfill, for his own Colony and for Congress, and he threw his whole strength and spirit into the work. Duties in the New York convention kept him away from Congress when the Declaration was adopted, but, warmly in favor of it, he supported it cordially and did a great deal to make the unwilling New Yorkers adopt it. Almost as soon as he returned to

Philadelphia he was elected President of Congress, and for nearly a year he presided over that body of great men, with great dignity and ability, while he was also Chief Justice of the Court of New York.

The next year he went to Europe, and was kept there by Government business during all the years of the war, and until some time after the treaty with England was signed at Paris in 1783. On coming home he found that Congress had made him Secretary of Foreign Affairs. As the Government was then in very unsettled and unpleasant relations to European nations, and without almost any power and dignity of its own, this was the most important office in the land. Jay cheerfully took up its many and difficult duties and attended to them ably and faithfully as long as the Government by Congress lasted.

In the eighth year of American independence the Government was reorganized under the new Federal Constitution, and when George Washington, at the head of the nation, was forming his Cabinet, he offered Mr. Jay the choice of the offices in his gift. He felt that no one was more deserving of this choice, nor better fitted to fill the duties of whatever post he might select, for at this time Jay was a man over forty years old, and had proved himself a thorough statesman in some of the most trying affairs of the nation. He selected the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and in him the bar of the nation had for its first chief one whose learning and ability, and prudence, mildness, and firmness were a worthy model for all who might follow.

He did not wish to undertake the errand to England to settle the differences between the two countries in 1794. He knew very well that it would be impossible at that time for any one to make a treaty with Great Britain that would meet with favor from all of the public, for the feeling of the people was much divided. However, he went, and the settlement famous in history as "Jay's Treaty" was agreed upon before the close of the year. There was great opposition to it in France and by the "French party," or people favorable to France in this country. So much excitement was raised about it that mobs gathered in the cities, lit bonfires, threatened many things, and they even burned an effigy of Jay in Boston. But Alexander Hamilton, Fisher Ames, and some of the strongest men in the country supported the treaty, and it was finally adopted, and remained in force for about ten years.

By the time the ambassador returned, the matter was quietly accepted in this country, and he found himself already elected Governor of New York. While he held this office, slavery was abolished in the State, for Jay had long been a strong advocate of anti-slavery in all parts of the country, and was President of one of its largest societies. He served as Governor for two terms, but declined a third, and also refused the offer of his old office of United States Chief Jus-

tice. He was then nearly sixty years old, and wished to spend the rest of his days out of politics and public life, excepting where he could be useful in helping along matters of national peace, temperance, religion, and liberty for slaves. He was a devout and earnest man, of upright moral character, deep piety, and lofty unselfishness and patriotism.

John Jay was born in New York City, December 12, 1745. He died at Bedford, New York, May 17, 1829.

Probably the ablest statesman that ever followed John Jay as Governor of New York was **De Witt Clinton**. Fresh from college and law studies, he began his political life as private secretary to his uncle, the honored George Clinton, who was Governor before Jay; and although he was then only twenty-one years old, he soon had an active part in the public affairs of the day. In the course of about twelve years, he rose from one office to another, and became the chief leader of the Democratic party in New York, although after the Democrats were united to the Tammany Society, he became a staunch Republican. He was legislator and Senator in the State, United States Senator, and in 1803 became Mayor of New York City. This was then a very important office, for the Mayor was also President of the Council, and Chief Judge of the Common Pleas and the Criminal Courts. "He was," says an American writer, "on all sides looked upon as the most rising man in the Union." Altogether he held the office of Mayor for eight years, and the Empire City prospered very much under his wise and able management.

The New York Historical Society, the old Academy of Arts, the first Orphan Asylum, and other institutions to encourage art, literature, science, and benevolence, were founded by him or through his influence. A large part of his life was devoted to establishing free schools, public libraries, and other aids to students who cannot obtain a costly education.

During the last years that he was Mayor, he was also Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and in 1817 he was almost unanimously elected Governor. His great object, during both his first and second terms as Governor, was to have the State carry out Jesse Hawley's plan for the Erie Canal. Through his efforts a bill authorizing the building of this canal was passed by the Legislature in the spring that he was elected Governor, and his chief object now was to see it completed. But people did not believe it possible, and the State would not provide money to continue the work.

Clinton's "big ditch" became a standing joke for all the wits and newspapers in the country. It was ridiculous—people said—to think of making a canal sixty-three miles long, and supposing that it could ever be used for boats to go from the

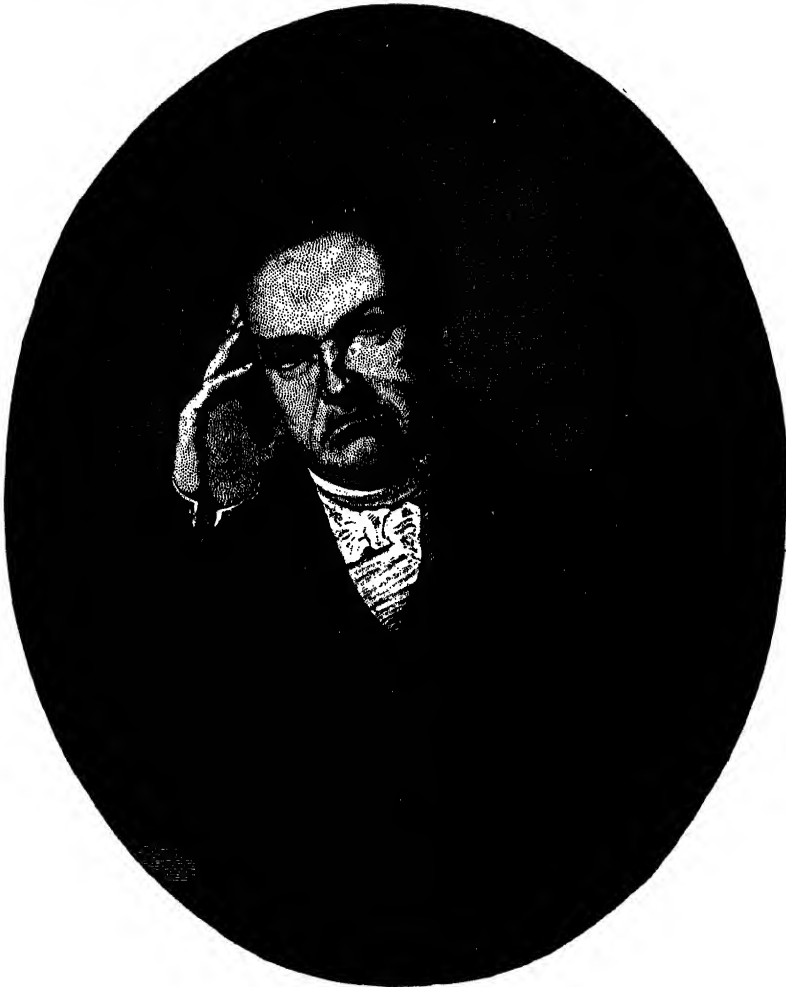
seaboard to the great lakes. While many merely made fun of it, a large party fought against it, as a scheme that would be a great loss to the State. Clinton declined to be Governor in 1822, and his enemies strengthened very much the opposition to his plans, and even removed him from the presidency of the Canal Commission. But this was so unjust that the people rallied around him, and elected him Governor again the next term by the largest majority a candidate for that office ever received.

Clinton and his friends, meanwhile, had been keeping steadily at work toward proving the value of their great plan; and in 1825 the "ditch" was finished, the sluices were opened, and the waters of Lake Erie made their way to the sea, forming a water-course that is worth millions of dollars to the State and the nation, every year. Those who had called Clinton insane before now praised him without measure. Bonfires and fire-works, speeches and processions were the order of the day, and Clinton was its hero. A great majority re-elected him as Governor. President John Quincy Adams offered him the place of Ambassador to England, but he declined that, as he still had work to do in his own State. This was a change in the Constitution so as to allow universal suffrage at elections, and has since been carried out, although Clinton did not live to see it, for he died suddenly at Albany, in the midst of his work and of the popularity which—outside of his party—was a long while in coming to him.

Few people have done so much for their country and so influenced their times as this tall, distinguished-looking man, whose rugged, sinewy frame and massive head bespoke the power as well as the haughty nature within. Although he sometimes lost sight of party as well as personal friends in his high ambition, especially in his "never unworthy, but always unwise" desire to reach the President's chair, and while his bravery was sometimes rashness, and by not controlling his temper he too often got into needless difficulties with others, he has been ranked as "without exception the greatest man of the period to which he belonged," and "one of the few who are not overshadowed by the greater merits and opportunities of those who came before him and have a Revolutionary renown."

The future and the present wants of his country, in its uncertain condition after the war, were clearly before his eyes, and he had the courage to labor for this with untiring zeal at a time when a large number of the men around him had few motives above personal renown or gains and party spite, and devoted themselves to abusing him, misrepresenting him, and openly attacking all that he did. One bitter defeat they secured, but he appeared again after a few years, stronger than ever, equal to every official responsibility, and with a strong hold on the mass of people, partly won by his ability as an orator, and partly on account of his good deeds of kindness. He always took up the rights of the weak against the strong,

and "there was not a poor man in New York but looked up to him as a friend and admired that stateliness of bearing which others called haughtiness." In spite of



DE WITT CLINTON.

all his ancient enemies—the Tammany party—could do against him, he held the people's love until the day of his death.

De Witt Clinton was born at Little Britain, New York, March 2, 1769. He died in the Governor's chair, at Albany, February 11, 1828.

LATER STATESMEN AND ORATORS.

ABOUT fifteen years after Patrick Henry's great genius first awoke in pleading against the famous "Parson's Cause," **Henry Clay**, the second of America's greatest orators, was born, in a low, swampy district called the "Slashes," only a few miles away from the very tavern where Henry had lived. He began his education at a log-cabin school-house in Hanover County. His father died when he was about five years old, leaving a large family and scarcely anything to support them, so it was Clay's duty to work, more than to study, even while he was very young. He did chores, helped on the farming, and carried grain to the mill. This is why, in after years, he was called the "Mill-boy of the Slashes."

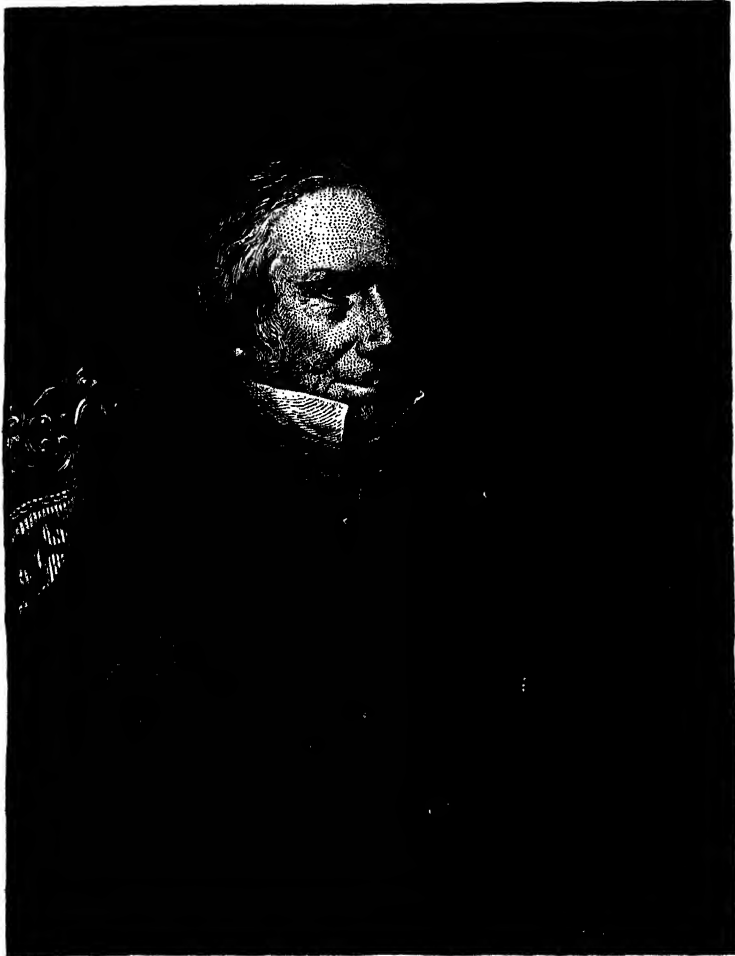
When fourteen years old he went into a store in Richmond, from which he was taken into the office of the Clerk of the Court of Chancery. He was an awkward boy then, and the other lads in the office made fun of him. But they found out, before long, that he was able to take his own part, and that it was better to have Henry Clay for a friend than an enemy.

His work was mostly dull copying, but he gathered from it all the knowledge and hints about law that he could, and so pleased the Chancellor that he asked him to become his private secretary. The Chancellor was a very industrious and painstaking man, not only in studying law, but in gathering general knowledge. His secretary was just the sort of an energetic, studious fellow he liked, so he talked with him and taught him a great deal, and always found him glad to learn.

In a little while Clay began to read law, and did it so earnestly and thoroughly that he was able to practice before he was twenty-one. Although he was bright and winning in his manners, he did not seek gay, lively young people for his companions; most of his time was given to work, but he had a few well-chosen young friends, and never lost a chance to be with good men and women from whom he could learn wisdom in knowledge and character.

The year in which Henry Clay was admitted to the bar, there were a great many people moving westward to settle the fertile valleys of Kentucky. The young lawyer thought this would be a good chance for him to build up a fine

practice, and so he became a citizen of Lexington. He was very poor at first, but whatever he undertook was so well done that he soon became widely known and



HENRY CLAY.

had plenty of business. • In a few years he married a Kentucky lady, and began to take an active part in politics on the side of the newly-formed Republican party, led by Thomas Jefferson, and opposed to the Federal party, led by Alexander Hamilton.

About this time, the people of Kentucky were making over their Constitution, and Clay worked so zealously to have slavery put out of the State that he lost a great deal of his popularity, for Kentucky had large interests in slave labor. But he came back into favor again after his noble opposition to the Alien and Sedition Laws, described in the sketch of John Adams; and in 1803 he was elected to the Kentucky Legislature by a large vote. He was now among the foremost men of his State, and was soon sent to the United States Senate to finish out the term of a man who had retired. In about three years more he was returned by regular election, and after that term was over he became a member of the House of Representatives in Washington, where he was elected Speaker after a few months.

These were in the early years of this century, when troubles were thickening between England and America for a second time. Clay's stand was decidedly in favor of letting the war come on. He is said to have done more than any one else toward the success of the war party, which was led by John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, then a new member, but a great power. Clay strongly denounced England's claim of right to search our vessels on the high seas and take away our sailors because they had once been British subjects, and he declared that we should hold to our rights as a nation at whatever cost. But he was not a lover of strife, as Calhoun seemed to be, and when Russia offered, as a friend to both countries, to help arrange some terms of peace, "Harry of the West," as Clay was called, was thought to be a wise person to put upon the committee for the United States. With four other commissioners, he went to Ghent, in Belgium, where a treaty was agreed upon the day before Christmas, 1814. This treaty ended the war, and by Clay's careful management was made favorable to the United States in many ways.

On coming back to America, he was at once re-elected to Congress and to the Speakership, which post he held thirteen years altogether. There was a powerful order and a charming dignity in the way in which he presided over the restless and excitable body of Representatives, whose sessions are so different from the calm and sedate meetings of the Senate; and during all the time not one of his decisions was reversed. In 1818 he made one of the most brilliant and successful speeches ever delivered in Congress. It was in favor of recognizing the Republics of South America, and besides the honest and generous sympathy extended through its influence by the United States to the struggling nations of the South, it raised our nation in the sight of others. This was soon followed by a great and successful effort to establish a national system of improvements in the interior of the country; and in the next year he entered upon the large and important work of arranging a plan of tariff rates, or taxes upon goods brought from other countries. This was done to protect American industries—that is, to prevent dealers from being able to import European goods and sell them here for lower prices than

American makers could afford to supply the market, being new to their business and not able to manufacture so cheaply as old established houses with experienced workmen. This was a great task, and it was a long time before it could be arranged so that American manufactures were profitable. In 1824 the duties were increased, for home trade was still very poor. But there was a good deal of strong feeling against this among those who were not interested in manufactures, and in this year the struggle opened between Protection—or high tariff—and Free Trade, which is a low revenue tariff, or none at all.

In about four years after the tariff was raised, a new rate of still higher duties was adopted; and the revenue thus brought in was set aside, by act of Congress, for building and improving roads, making canals, deepening rivers and harbors, and other works for the benefit of the country, which are all called by the one name of internal improvements. This use of the protective tariff revenues, for the much-needed internal improvements, was a new idea, and became known as the “American system.” Some people—mostly members of the old Republican party, now known as the Democratic party—did not approve of it; but John Quincy Adams, now President, and Henry Clay, who had become Secretary of State, were able supporters of it. In a few years it led, partially, to the formation of a new party, who called themselves the Whigs, and looked upon Clay as their leader. They supported the Bank, and in almost everything held the views opposite to those of General Jackson, a leader of the Democrats, whose services in the Mexican War had made him very popular. He ran for President against Adams and was elected in 1829. Then Clay left the Cabinet, and in a couple of years became United States Senator. He ran against Jackson for President, before the second election of popular “Old Hickory,” and in the same year drew up the Compromise Tariff between the Federal Government and the “nullifiers” of the South, which is known as “Clay’s worst compromise.”

Several years before this, when Clay was Speaker of the House and before John Quincy Adams was President, he was chief supporter of the famous Missouri Compromise. This was in 1821, when a long and bitter struggle took place between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties over the admission of Missouri into the Union. The Compromise admitted Missouri as a slave State, but prohibited it in the Territories, north of 36° 30′ North latitude, Mason and Dixon’s Line. The disputes that had been constantly wrangling between the North and South, and grown very hot of late, were settled by this measure for about twenty-five years.

After this Mr. Clay was out of politics for about three years, attending to his profession and earning money to cover some large private losses he had had. But in 1823 he returned and was elected Speaker once more by a large vote. It was during this session that Webster made his famous resolutions in behalf of

the Greeks suffering from the tyranny of the Turks, which Clay most heartily supported.

Southerner as he was, Henry Clay was also a firm Union man. In one of his speeches he said he owed his first and great duty to the whole Union, and under that and after it came the claims of his State. He was strongly in favor of gradually putting down slavery, but, as a celebrated writer has said, compromises can only be made upon measures, not with principles, and so the most that they could effect was to keep off the day of outbreak. Meanwhile the evil was going on, both parties were strengthening, and the opposition growing deeper and more bitter all the while.

From the time he ran against Jackson, his party was always wanting to make him President. Once he declined and twice he yielded, but he was never elected. In the campaign when the Democrats elected Polk, he was earnestly opposed to adding Texas to the United States, and declared that no earthly power should ever induce him to consent to the addition of one acre of slave territory to the United States. But the measure was carried by Calhoun, who took the office of Secretary of State long enough to accomplish it, and then returned to the Senate, where he was laboring zealously for the interests of the South.

Clay was now an old man, but his courteous manner and personal magnetism still won new friends as they kept the old ones, and his matchless voice, sweeping gestures, and splendid attitudes still held foremost place among the splendid talents of the younger men in both the House and the Senate.

The last great effort of his life was to secure the series of measures, known in history as the Compromise Act of 1850, and which postponed the conflict between freedom and slavery for ten years more.

Henry Clay was born in "The Slashes" of Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777. He died in the city of Washington, June 29, 1852.

After the death of Henry Clay, the ablest statesman and orator in America was acknowledged by all to be **Daniel Webster**. Many people thought him greater than Clay, and undoubtedly he was as a statesman and a jurist, although not perhaps as a speaker.

When he first took his seat in the House of Representatives at Washington, at the extra session of the Thirteenth Congress, he was about thirty years old, and was already noted as one of the soundest lawyers in New Hampshire. But at that time few people imagined the knowledge as a jurist, the profound ability as a statesman, and the mighty powers as an orator that lay hidden within this massive head, with its dark skin and deep-set eyes. Few people knew anything about the labors he had been putting himself to in the years before, and the story of his

early days, which young and old delight in now, was then deemed scarcely worth the telling. He was a poor boy, the son of a New Hampshire farmer who kept a tavern, and had begun to study and to make himself useful as long back as he could remember. The first twenty-five cents he ever earned was given to a peddler for a handkerchief, on which the Constitution of the United States was printed.



DANIEL WEBSTER.

He read this over and over until he could repeat every word from memory, and so his life-long study of the Constitution was begun. By the light of the log-fire at night he committed to memory hymns and verses from the Bible and read Addison's "Spectator." He would do almost anything for the loan of a book, which he would carry about in his pocket and study during odd minutes when he was on the farm, going on errands, or waiting for the logs to run through the mill.

One day when Daniel and his father were in the hayfield a man rode up and talked with the father for a few minutes. After he was gone, Squire Webster said,

"Dan, by a few votes, that man beat me in getting into Congress, because he had a better education. You shall have an education, and then you must work your way to Congress." But Daniel, delighted as he was with the prospect of going to school, would not go unless his brother Ezekiel could go too; so the farm was mortgaged and both went. But even this would not last long enough for both to finish their studies; so, after Daniel had got a start at Phillips Exeter Academy, he taught school for awhile and copied law-papers in the evening. Everything seems to turn to good account with him. From the dull work of copying he grew interested in law, and resolved to study it. Teaching part of the time to pay his expenses, he fitted for college, and entered Dartmouth in 1797. Ezekiel meanwhile had finished his studies and was becoming a brilliant lawyer.

Daniel gave no great promise in college; he was a good scholar, had a wonderful memory, and never shrank from the work or trouble of getting thoroughly informed on a subject. It was said that during all his school life he was never late, never out of place, and never had a poor recitation. But for all this, he was not distinguished, and did not make any show at graduation, though he left college with a perfectly clean record and high standing. Not one mark of disapproval had ever stood against his name.

Squire Webster, now a judge, obtained for Daniel a position as clerk in his court, with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. But the young man refused it, saying, "I propose to be an actor, and not a register of other men's acts." The old gentleman was disappointed. He said there were already more lawyers than the country needed, and Daniel replied, "There is room enough at the top." So, against the advice of his friends, and without help or encouragement, he set to work to study law. After he could learn no more from the country lawyers, he went to Boston. Step by step, with patience, judgment, and hard work, he made his way to the Boston bar and finally to Congress, where he went far beyond his father's fondest hope, and took rank at once among the greatest men of the nation.

This was a very important time with us, for war had just been declared against Great Britain on account of the impressment of American seamen and other annoyances from our old enemy. Congress was deep in the gravest of considerations, and Henry Clay, Speaker of the lower House, placed Mr. Webster on the very important Committee on Foreign Affairs. He took sides at once against the war measures and in favor of making a better Navy, and after his first speech he became acknowledged, both in and out of Congress, as the New England leader of the old Federal party. This was then in violent opposition to the Democrats and the war party, led by John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, and supported by Henry Clay.

From this time forth, whether representing the Granite State in Congress, following his profession in Boston, or during the long periods when he stood for Massachusetts, first as a Congressman and later as a Senator, or when he served under the Harrison-Tyler and the Fillmore administrations as Secretary of State—altogether a period of almost forty years—Mr. Webster devoted himself with zeal and wisdom to all the greatest public matters of his time, both in law and in politics. His influence in many important steps in our country's progress is felt to this day, and will always be felt as long as the nation exists.

He left Washington and politics in 1816, and making his home in Boston instead of New Hampshire, devoted himself to his business. In a very short time he became the leading lawyer in New England. His first great case was about Dartmouth College, and in arguing this before the Supreme Court of the United States, he not only won his cause and spread his fame over the whole country, but secured a decision upon which a point of law about college charters has firmly rested ever since. After that he was retained by the Government in nearly all the important cases that were argued before the Supreme Court at Washington.

He had a magnificent power of setting forth truth; his eloquent, forcible words; his profound knowledge; his deep, musical voice, and his commanding figure, carried the opinions of judges, juries, and spectators into the current of his own arguments.

Much of Mr. Webster's fame also rests upon the public orations which he made in honor of great national events. The first of these was delivered at Plymouth in 1820, on the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. Five years later he gave another, when the corner-stone for the Bunker Hill Monument was laid; which was followed by still another when the monument was finished in 1843. But the most brilliant of all, perhaps, was the eulogy on the two great patriots, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, who died the same day, just fifty years after the Declaration of Independence, which one wrote for Congress and the other read before it. This address was made in Faneuil Hall, in the summer of 1826, and as the vast audience looked on the noble, dignified presence before them and listened to the powerful voice pouring out eloquence and patriotism as he imagined John Adams had done fifty years before, they forgot the present. They were back in the old Colonial days, with British tyranny over them, the great struggle for independence, before them and the mettle of the new nation still untried. Webster had been back in Congress about four years by this time, and had already made his famous speech there in behalf of the Greeks under the Turkish oppression, in which he most powerfully denounced the principles of the Holy Alliance.

He remained in Congress for five years, taking an active part in some of the debates, and in the revising of the whole of the United States Criminal Law,

which is one of the most important of all his services to the nation. In 1828 he went from the House to the Senate, and voted for Clay's great tariff bill of that year. This was the chief cause of the new Whig party being formed, in which Clay and Webster were the foremost men. On his record as Senator everything else is cast in the shadow by his famous reply to Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, in what is always known as the Great Debate of the Senate. Never, before or after, did the genius of Daniel Webster rise to such wonderful power as in those two days, January 26 and 27, 1830, when, denying the right of any State to "nullify" the Federal laws, he defended the Union and the Constitution in the most remarkable speech ever delivered in either house of the United States Congress.

Like all his speeches, there was great literary merit in this argument. "It was intended," says an eminent American critic, "as a defense of his political position, as an exposition of the constitutional law, and a vindication of what he deemed to be the true policy of the country."

He had no thought of gaining literary fame by it, and yet the speech, even to those who take little interest in subjects like the tariff, nullification, and the public lands, will ever be interesting, from its profound knowledge, its clear arrangement, the broad stamp of nationality it bears, and the wit, sarcasm, and splendid, impassioned eloquence, which add brilliance to its wisdom and clearness to "the close and rapid march of its argument."

In debate upon the tariff he was the great opponent of Calhoun, and in politics he was one of the most popular leaders of the Whigs. Long ago, during his first session in the Legislature, the adoption of his resolution that all payments to the public Treasury should be made in specie, or money that stood for specie; greatly improved the currency of the country. In 1832 he made a very important address in favor of renewing the charter of the United States Bank, and again, five years later, he spoke strongly and ably against the Sub-Treasury.

He did a great deal to secure the election of General Harrison, who made him Secretary of State, and when all the other members retired from Tyler's Cabinet, he stood by the administration until the dispute about the Northeastern boundary of the United States was peaceably settled. This important treaty, which, being made between Webster and Lord Ashburton, is known as the Webster-Ashburton treaty, settled a long and serious difference which it was often feared would finally end in war.

Like Clay, he opposed adding Texas to the Union, on account of extending slavery; he was not in favor of pushing on with the Mexican War for the sake of getting territory to form new States for the Union; and although he wanted to see the country free from slavery, he believed, with Clay, that it must be done

gradually, and greatly disappointed many of his admirers, when he supported Clay's compromise measures of 1850. It was upon this and the Wilmot Proviso against slavery in new territory that he made his last speech in the Senate. Soon after, he became Secretary of State in President Fillmore's Cabinet, but he did not live to see the next election. As a statesman, a lawyer, a writer, and a speaker his place is very high.

"Our impression is," said an able English writer, "that excepting for Mirabeau, Chatham, Fox, and Brougham, no speaker entirely the match of Daniel Webster has trod the world-stage for full two centuries."

Among his own countrymen, too, he has received the highest praise. His speeches "take the highest rank among the best productions of the American intellect. They are thoroughly national in their spirit and tone, and are full of principles, arguments, and appeals, which come directly home to the hearts and understanding of the great body of the people. . . . They are storehouses of thought and knowledge, solid judgment, high sentiment, and broad and generous views of national policy."

He was every inch an American. "His whole life has been passed in the country of his birth, and his fame and honors are all closely connected with American feelings and institutions. His works all refer to the history, the policy, the laws, the government, the social life, and the destiny of his own land. . . . He was a man whose youth saw the foundation of our Government, and whose manhood was spent in exercising some of its highest offices, who was born on our soil, educated amid our people, exposed to all the good and the bad influences of our society; and who has acquired high station by no sacrifices of manliness, principle, or individuality, but by a straightforward force of character and vigor of intellect. A fame such as he has obtained is worthy of the noblest ambition; it reflects honor on the whole nation, not by no meanness, or fear, or subserviency; it is the result of a long life of intellectual labor, employed in making clear the spirit of our laws and government, in defending the principles of our institutions, in spreading enlarged views of patriotism and duty, and in ennobling, by the highest sentiments of freedom and religion, the heroic events of our national history."

When the great statesman was seventy years old, his birthday was celebrated in Boston by a grand ovation. In the speech he made thanking his friends for the honor they paid him, he told the secret of his success in the words, "Work has made me what I am. I never ate a bit of idle bread in my life."

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782. He died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, October, 24, 1852.

Robert Y. Hayne was an able opponent to Webster, and their great debate was, on both sides, one of the most remarkable which ever occurred in the Senate. It was begun by General Hayne, who, speaking upon some question that grew out of a resolution about the sale of the public lands, declared that the Eastern States had shown a mean policy toward the West, to which Mr. Webster answered, showing that New England had been unjustly accused, and the Government also. Then it was that Mr. Hayne began the real argument of the great debate, attacking Mr. Webster, Massachusetts, and the other Northern States, and finally the Constitution itself. He spoke with powerful, brilliant eloquence, and a great deal of force. He had chosen his own time, and carefully prepared himself for his undertaking. Facts from personal history, from the annals of New England, and from the long records of the Federal party had been faithfully gleaned and prepared for argument with a master hand. It was a strong speech and made a great impression upon the Senate.

Mr. Webster was just at that time the leading counsel in a very important cause, and would have liked to postpone his answer to so great an attack; but Mr. Hayne refused, so, with but a single night to make ready, he accepted the challenge. The next day and the next, he took up the arguments of his opponent, and answered them as no debater in America, however brilliant, has ever been answered before or since. The power of Mr. Webster's reply has forever cast in the shade the magnificent speech that called it out.

Mr. Hayne—or General Hayne, for he had won the title of major-general in the War of 1812, when he was less than twenty-five years old—was nine years younger than Webster. He had been an able and brilliant man in politics for many years. From the age of twenty-two as long as he lived he had a greater and more paying law practice than any other man in South Carolina. He was elected to the State Legislature the year after Webster first took his seat in the Legislature at Washington, and became distinguished at once for his eloquence and his firm support of the war measures in President Madison's administration. He was placed in the Senate just as soon as he was old enough—that is, as soon as he reached the age of thirty-two—and remained there for ten years, one of its most able members. Like many of the Southerners, he was always ready to defend and bring forward the principles of States' rights. He was one of the most important members of the Union and States' Rights Convention which Calhoun was the means of calling together at Charleston in 1832, and was chairman of the committee which drew up the resolutions against the tariff and alarmed the country with its "ordinance of nullification," and was so promptly met by President Jackson's proclamation: "The Union must and shall be preserved."

About a fortnight after this, Mr. Hayne was made Governor of his State, and

the defiance which he flung back to the President filled the country with a foreboding that a civil war was close at hand. But for the compromise of Henry Clay, Hayne in the Governor's chair at South Carolina, and Calhoun in the Senate—both



ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE.

of them powerful leaders in the South, and as honest and sincere in their views as their Northern opponents—would have carried their ordinance into effect and hastened the war by thirty years.

After this Mr. Hayne's life was devoted with energy to his duties as Governor

of his State, as Mayor of Charleston, and to improving the interior of the country. From 1837 until the time of his death he was the busy, active President of the Charleston, Louisville, and Cincinnati Railroad Company, and when he died, every honest American, of whatever politics, felt that one of the noblest, purest-minded men of his age had passed away.

Robert Young Hayne was born near Charleston, South Carolina, November 10, 1791; he died at Ashville, in the same State, September 24, 1840.

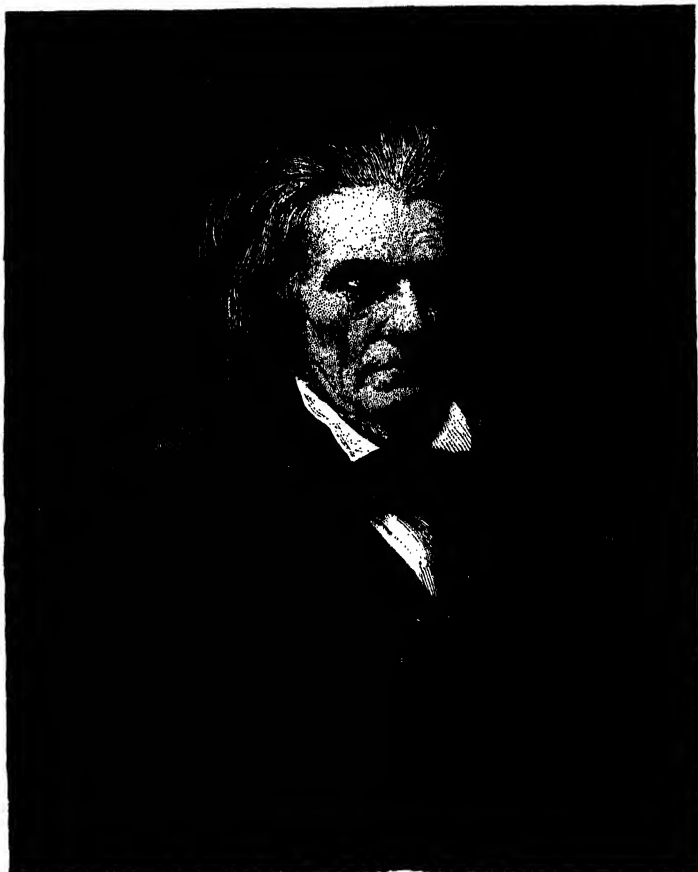
During the first part of this century, slavery was the one great question before the American nation, and upon the side in favor of this, far ahead of all other statesmen, stood **John Caldwell Calhoun**. He entered public life as a legislator in his native State, South Carolina, in 1807, fresh from law studies and only three years after his graduation from Yale College.

In a few years he was elected to Congress, in which he took his seat as a Democrat, and soon became the foremost member of the war party. He was a born leader and politician, and being made chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, from the first he held in the House the next important place to the Speakership. The report of this committee, on the 29th of November, 1811, was the bugle blast for the War of 1812. It was taken up by Clay and others, and was never allowed to sink out of sound until the good news came over the sea that the treaty was signed at Ghent, acknowledging America's rights at home and abroad.

Thus it was that when Calhoun was thirty years old—at the very beginning of manhood—he took up the cry of war, which, his biographer says, “was to be his destiny to the last day of his life; though it was in later years to be waged not against a foreign aggressor, but against enemies at home, against the peace of the Union, against the true welfare of his own section of the country.”

Less than a month after this report was delivered, he made his first set speech in Congress. It was so strong and earnest, so full of eloquence in his party's cause, and so forcible against the opponents of the war, that its fame spread through the country far and wide, and John Calhoun's place was rated at once among the leading statesmen of the day. When he spoke, he made his points by eloquence and reasoning, not by bullying and hectoring the other side. He remembered the rules of debate like a gentleman even in the warmest contests, and though he might be cutting his way with sharp and stinging weapons, or dealing heavy, stunning blows, he always attacked the argument of his opponent and not the man himself. “From the first,” says an able writer, “he entered the lists with the proud conviction of being fully the equal of any man, and he always spoke in the weighty tone of authority.” At this time he held no narrow views; he stood on the broadest national ground, and his only great error was overheat in

bringing on too swiftly another war with England before the country had recovered far enough from the Revolution to assert itself against that "peace that was like war." It was, to start with at least, "not a national war, but a party war, or rather a war of the party leaders."



JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

In this Calhoun was foremost, unwise but patriotic. In later years his views grew narrower and the slaveholders' interests were more to him than those of the nation. But that was some time after this period. He now held exactly the opposite ground to that which he afterward took on all the great questions which

disturbed the country so deeply during the first half century of its existence. He reported a bill to Congress on the United States Bank in 1816, and made a speech in favor of it. A few months afterward he delivered a long and carefully prepared argument in favor of protective tariff, which was stronger—it has been said—than “even Henry Clay and Horace Greeley have been able to put their favorite doctrine.”

The next year he became President Monroe’s Secretary of War, and in this office he did some of the best work of his life. He felt that one of the greatest aids toward getting the country into shape to be defended, if it were necessary, would be a thorough system of internal improvements, so he prepared a general outline of a vast plan of railroads and canals to be built throughout the country.

When he took charge of the Department of War it was in disorder and confusion; but he began at once to set it right, and soon brought the whole service into good shape. His system was so simple and so efficient, that, in the main, it has been followed by all who have come after him, even standing the test of the Civil War. He took a decided stand against the mean and cheap provisions and furnishings which many called a proper economy; and, holding his own with those who wanted to screw down the rations and the wages of privates and even of some of the officers, he finally succeeded in establishing the fact, that in the army as much as elsewhere the best is the cheapest.

Calhoun had many enemies as well as party opponents, and great slanders were raised about him when there was a prospect of his being elected President, but time has shown that he was not guilty of the abuses he was accused of. There was a good deal of reason for this jealousy, for he was very popular with his party, and was elected Vice-President with John Quincy Adams in 1824, and re-elected with General Jackson four years later. It was about this time that he changed his opinions on the tariff, and, along with many others, took up the side of free trade because it was more to the interests of the South. Mr. Calhoun had no doubt been sincere before, and was sincere now, only before he had felt a broad national interest, and now it was the welfare of the Southern part of the nation that lay closest to his heart. From this time, with no less skill and genius than before, he went in new ways. For the sake of defeating the tariff bill of 1828, he brought out the doctrine of the sovereignty of the States, which was the bottom principle of disunion. He wrote a paper called the “South Carolina Exposition,” setting forth that a State could nullify unconstitutional laws—that is, that any State Legislature could say: “According to our views, this law is not warranted by the Constitution, and so, to us, it is no law; we look upon it as a dead law, null and void, and will not obey it.”

He resigned from the Vice-Presidency several months before the close of the

term, and became a Senator. Now at this time the Southern States had steadily grown together and had entirely different interests and feelings from the North. This was chiefly because the cotton culture had grown so that it was the one great feature of life to them. The prosperity of the people and of the States hung upon it, and it hung upon slave-service. So, a protective tariff was exactly what the South did not want, although several years before they had thought it would be a good thing and were anxious for it. The reason was that the white people felt themselves too good to work with their hands, and so they did not set up any manufactures, but made their money chiefly through cotton and other products which could be raised by negro service. So, the wealth and industry of the South were in plantations, and the people had to go somewhere else to buy about all the articles that they had. The protective tariff made it necessary for them to buy inferior American goods at a higher price than the value of real European wares, or to pay extravagant prices for the foreign goods.

Thus it was that, in the interest of the South, Calhoun came to believe that free trade was the right principle. He swayed the opinions of a great mass of people, and in the latter part of 1832 was the means of a convention being held in South Carolina which "nullified" the tariff, and made warlike preparations to resist the collection of the revenue on foreign goods brought into that State, and to secede from the Government if any attempt was made to force them to obey the law. President Jackson was then working to have the tariff law repealed, but he was sworn to see it carried out so long as it was a law, and he let it be known that he was resolved to arrest Calhoun for treason on the first open act against the Union. This frightened the nullifiers, for they all knew that when he sent down the naval force to Charleston Harbor, and despatched General Scott with a body of militia, that he meant every word of his declaration when he said, "The Union must and shall be preserved!" So they "suspended" their "nullification," and accepted Henry Clay's "worst compromise" when it was offered the next year.

Calhoun was now strongly and openly opposed to President Jackson; he took sides against him about the removal of deposits from the United States Bank, and used the question of slavery as a means of uniting the South to vote for himself as the next President. From the year before the election of Van Buren to 1847, he made it his great aim to force the slavery issue on the North. He spoke in favor of slavery many times, affirming it to be a positive political and social good, and, knowing that it could only be gained by State sovereignty, he fought for that measure with all his might and power.

His desire to become President was greater than ever now. He was far ahead of his rival, Van Buren, in popular favor, but President Jackson was more popular than either, and as he favored Van Buren, Calhoun was not even nominated.

He had done everything in his power to get the nomination, and now turned bitterly against General Jackson and the Unionists, and bent all his energies to forcing the slavery question on the North as fast as possible. While Webster and Clay were laboring to put off the day of strife, Calhoun was doing his utmost to bring it on. He was already back in the Senate, but left it for a short time to take the office of Secretary of State in Tyler's Cabinet, just long enough to secure the annexation of Texas, after which he returned to the Senate. The next year he made a strong speech against the Mexican War, and also against the plan of David Wilmot, called the Wilmot Proviso. This was a resolution to buy the territory wanted from Mexico, provided that slavery should not be allowed in it; it was supported by Webster in his last speech before the Senate, but was strongly opposed by the slavery party. They were not in favor of the war for about the same reasons, for they knew that the Northern party would fight against slavery in the new territory, if it were acquired, and that instead of extending slavery in the new lands, the Southerners would, if they favored the war, be only defeating their own great object and giving more cause to the North. But the war went on, and the territory was gained without paying the two million dollars; the Oregon bill passed, shutting out slavery from that section, and, soon after, California, with an anti-slavery Constitution, was admitted to the Union. Meanwhile the feeling grew, till political parties, religion, and almost everything in the country was split into slavery and anti-slavery divisions.

There is scarcely anything known of the home-life and the private character of Mr. Calhoun. In history he is an eminent figure, as the leading Southern Representative of his time, as Secretary of War, Vice-President, and the great "nullifier;" but, among his family and friends, there is little told, except that he was a just and kind master to his slaves, a cultivated, honest, and pure-minded man. As a statesman, in the highest sense of the word, he stands in the foremost ranks.

His biographer says: "The part that he played in the great conflict, when the sentiment and feeling of two different ages came together at Mason and Dixon's line, is the only one that puts him into the very first rank of the men who have acted on the political stage of the United States, though he has done enough else to secure for his name a lasting place in the annals of his country."

He had great power over a large portion of the people in his day; his opinions influenced almost the whole of the South; his party held him in the highest esteem. He believed heartily that his views were right, and he carried them out with sincerity and ability. He had great foresight as a statesman, keen judgment, and wonderful caution in many things. Even the most eminent men of his time, who held views opposite to his, praised his splendid talents and ability.

John C. Calhoun was born in the Abbeville District, South Carolina, March 18 1782. He died in Washington, D. C., March 31, 1850.



EDWARD EVERETT.

There was no man of this period who had the qualities of a scholar, an orator, and a statesman so successfully combined as **Edward Everett**. He graduated

from Harvard with the highest honors in the class of 1811, which had a number of students who afterward became distinguished men.

When he was twenty-one, he was pastor of the famous old Brattle Street Unitarian Church in Boston. Soon the eloquence, learning, and logic of his preaching began to attract the attention of the most scholarly men of New England, and before long he was offered the position of Professor of Greek in Harvard College. He accepted the honorable post, but took four years to prepare himself for its duties. In 1819, fresh from study and travel in Europe, he came back to America and took his place in the college. In his classes, his writings, and by a series of brilliant lectures upon Greek Literature and Ancient Art, he awoke a greater interest in classical studies than had ever before been known in America, and which is even felt to this day.

Beside fitting himself for his college duties while abroad, he gained a great deal of knowledge upon the history and principles of law, and of the political systems of Europe. This enabled him to take broad and profound views on the politics of his own country, and he soon began to take an active interest in the great questions of the time. The first public speeches he made showed that he had both the knowledge and judgment in national affairs and the stirring eloquence in setting forth his opinions which make a statesman and orator of the first rank.

In 1825 he was sent to Congress, where he remained for ten years, taking an active part on the side of the National Republicans and in support of John Quincy Adams upon most of the great questions of that very eventful time. During the whole period, he was upon the Committee on Foreign Relations, and part of the time its chairman. He rarely served upon a standing or select committee that he was not chosen to draw up the report, for few people, if any, have ever presented to Congress such perfect papers as his. They are looked upon as models even now. His writings upon public affairs, in letters, reports, and magazine essays, are among the best of their kind in the world, and are still read a great deal in Europe as well as in America. His speeches and addresses, which are ranked as some of the best ever delivered by any American orator, are marked by a graceful and elegant style, and are treasuries of correct and valuable information.

After ten years of national service at Washington Mr. Everett became Governor of Massachusetts, and his term is one of the most noted for progress in the history of the State. The Board of Education was organized during that time, the normal schools—or schools for teaching and training teachers—were founded, and other important public affairs were set a-going or carried successfully on. He lost the re-election by only one vote, and was not in any public office again until after General Harrison became President, and then, chiefly by the influence of

Webster, who was Secretary of State, Mr. Everett was appointed Minister at the Court of St. James, in London.

This was in about the year 1841, when affairs were not in a very pleasant state between England and the United States, and any less able and judicious man than Mr. Everett might have ruffled instead of smoothed the troubles about the north-eastern boundary, and several other important matters then being agitated. But he was as good a diplomat as he was scholar, Representative, and Governor, and performed his duties at Court so that he reflected distinguished honor upon the administration which he represented, and the highest credit upon himself.

He was President of Harvard University for four years after he came back to this country, and in 1852 accepted President Fillmore's call to take the place of the Secretary of State, made vacant by the death of his great friend and fellow-worker, Daniel Webster. In a few months there was a new President, and having been already elected Senator, he left the Cabinet to represent Massachusetts in the Senate. Although in poor health, and forced to resign at last, he kept to his seat as long as possible, and took an active part in the exciting and important events that were thickly crowded into the last few years before the war.

It was his earnest hope that slavery might be put down without bloodshed, but when he saw that the conflict was sure to come, he gave all the energy and strength he possessed to supporting President Lincoln and the Federal Government. He was too old and his health was much too broken for him to undertake any action in the struggle, but he lived to see the victory of the Union side and the return of peace.

It is chiefly due to Mr. Everett that Mount Vernon is owned by the Government. By lectures, writings, and steady labors in many ways, he succeeded in having the sum of almost a hundred thousand dollars raised, with which the home and the burial-place of Washington were purchased of the great Commander's nephew, so that they might belong forever to the American people.

Edward Everett was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11, 1794. He died in Boston January 15, 1865.

Among all our statesmen **Henry Charles Carey** has been the only really great political economist. This is the name given to the science of making and managing laws for the welfare of the trade and industries of the Government, especially as they are influenced by the laws regarding foreign goods imported into the country and sold in the same markets with home products.

Mr. Carey was the son of an Irish gentleman, who, at the beginning of this century, had the best book business in America. By the time he was nine years old he had already learned from his father "a love of books and a keen, practical

outlook upon life," for Matthew Carey was not only a dealer but a publisher of books, and the old *American Museum*, which is now spoken of as the most important periodical that has ever been attempted in America, and was also the author of about sixty books or pamphlets. Many of these were on political economy, for old Mr. Carey was a firm believer in what is known as the Protective Policy. Having charged himself with the special care of his son's education, the boy not only grew up to the book business, but also as a thinker upon national affairs, and that spirit which his father infused in him grew and grew until Henry Charles Carey stood before the country as the foremost of her political economists, and finally became leader of the doctrine of Protection in the world.

But before that time, beginning with when he was twelve years old, he was in the book business, first in charge of his father's store in Baltimore, and then from the time he was twenty-one till he was forty-five he was himself a publisher.

In 1824 he started the system of Book Sales in place of the old Literary Fairs, at which the publishers used to meet once a year for a general interchange upon book matters. He published the works of Cooper and Washington Irving for many years, and was ahead of all other American houses in reprinting Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley Novels." His house was one of the first, if not the very first, to pay English authors for the privilege of reprinting their works in this country, and in prosperity and good reputation the firm had a foremost place among all American publishers. After awhile Mr. Carey himself became an author, and published a set of "Essays on the Rate of Wages." This, it has been said, struck the keynote of his whole work on political economy in the years that followed. By the logic of facts, he refuted the senseless arguments so long set forth by the English, who were the leaders of the "dismal science" of political economy, and by looking into and setting fairly forth the facts he formed his theories and aroused a world-wide interest in a branch of the art of government that is of greatest moment to every nation. In the three years after these *Essays* appeared, he published the three volumes of the "Principles of Political Economy," which drew to itself a great deal of attention in Europe and was translated into Italian and Swedish.

Mr. Carey had now retired from business with a fortune, and devoted the most of his time to study and writing. Along with the other papers, he also brought out a treatise on "The Credit System in France, Great Britain, and the United States," which has been called a work that set forth a masterly theory of the banking system; it certainly attracted a great deal of attention and exerted a strong influence upon law-making. This came out about the time of the great money troubles in this country, when people, public institutions, the State banks, and the nation itself suddenly found themselves covered with debts and without

money to meet them—a terrible state of affairs that made an epoch in our country's history and is forever linked with the time when Martin Van Buren sat in the President's chair.

Perhaps no man in America watched the nation's affairs of money and trade—that is, the political economy of the land—so closely as did Henry C. Carey. Suddenly the idea came to him, as with a flash of lightning, that the whole system of



HENRY CHARLES CAREY.

Ricardo and Malthusian, upon which about every government was managed, was an error, and that with it must fall the system of British free trade. He had felt that there was some error in this before, although he had believed that trade between foreign countries should be free, which was exactly the opposite of his father's views. He was lying in bed, but as he said himself, he "jumped out of bed, dressed, and was a Protectionist from that hour."

He then became the greatest advocate of protection in the world, and was so acknowledged in all countries. The protective system is to have a tariff, or tax

upon foreign goods large enough to protect home manufactures, and it holds that the real interests of classes are to help, and not to work against one another. "He followed up his convictions with all the earnestness and industry of his ardent nature, doing an immense amount of almost continuous work in newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and books from this time forward to the end of his life," a period of more than thirty years.

His new doctrines have now almost completely taken the place of the old ideas, especially in Germany, where his books have been most widely studied. His book, "The Past, Present, and Future," opened a new era for political economy in 1848, and presented the world with new ideas on the progress of agriculture, wages, and society, and contradicted the opinions of Malthus and Ricardo, the Englishmen, who had been looked upon as the only people who could really know anything about this deep and mysterious subject of political economy.

But it was not until ten years after this that Mr. Carey's greatest work, "The Principles of Social Science," began to come before the world. This, too, made a great impression. It shows that the great need of human beings is to be with others, and sets forth the necessity of different industries to keep life going among them.

Many of his works, which make up thirteen volumes of books and many thousand pages of pamphlets and newspaper and magazine articles, have been translated into the important languages of the Old World, and upon the principles they set forth are founded the views and works of many of the leading political economists of Europe and this country.

When the Crimean War broke out in 1854, as a constant writer for the *Tribune*, he not only placed that paper, but through it brought nearly all other leading newspapers in the North, to the side of Russia against England, whose policy he thoroughly hated (for good reasons); and this siding with Russia in 1854 resulted in Russia's siding with the United States Government—or the Union side—in the War of the Rebellion.

He helped to organize the Republican party in 1856, and during the war he was often in conference with President Lincoln and his Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase.

Many other national interests received his cordial interest and helping hand, and the influence which he exerted was the means of carrying or defeating several measures in law-making to the benefit of our nation. His private life was as noble and good as that in public. In all conditions he was one who loved his fellow-men.

He had a tall, heavy, and imposing figure, and a genial, beautiful face, that looked remarkably like the well-known portrait of his illustrious German acquaintance, Alexander von Humboldt.

In Philadelphia, where he lived most of the time, his interest, and aid both in person and money went out to all that makes men happier and better; societies, clubs, the drama, opera, and literary associations—all things started for worthy purposes had in him their friend and helper.

Henry Charles Carey was born December 15, 1793, and died in Philadelphia, the city of his birth, October 13, 1879.

Among all other political economists in this country there have been none equal to Mr. Carey, either among Protectionists or Free Traders. The most eminent of the Protectionists, useful and able as they are, are for the most part but followers of the principles he thought out and laid down, while the representatives of the other side have mostly been supporters of the English principles of trade. These were originated by Thomas R. Malthus and David Ricardo—both great and profound men—and have been most ably supported by John Stuart Mill, of England, and Frederic Bastiat, of France. In this country they have been taken up and approved by some of our most thoughtful literary people, and have been brought into politics by statesmen of the highest standing. John C. Calhoun, one of the ablest men of his times, was an ardent Free Trader for the sake of the South, and many others have long held that its principles were the right ones for the Government to adopt. Their general argument is that the people of a country will naturally produce the article on which they can make the most money. So, they say, if a government levies taxes to force manufactures which the people do not take up naturally, it makes part of them spend their time in a kind of employment that does not pay as well as others that they could have if trade were free; and, they say, that while this may be a good thing for employers and those who own the manufactories, it is against the interests of the workingmen, or largest class of people, of the country. Therefore Free Traders are in favor of no more tariff on imported goods than the Government needs for a revenue. Their principle is, no duties for protection, and the lowest possible rates for what income tax—or revenue tariff—is necessary. The arguments in favor of this are broad and many, and are advocated for various reasons by men whose interests often are widely different; and while no other man has shown genius for these matters equal to that of Henry Carey, his is not the only name famous among American political economists.

We have had a few writers on free trade whose works rank not far below those of the celebrated English and French authors. Of these three of the most noted bear the name of Walker. The first and probably the greatest among them was **Amasa Walker**. He was about the same age as Mr. Carey and lived during the same exciting times. But, unlike the famous Protectionist, a large part of

Mr. Walker's life was spent in public offices. With a common-school education and a beginning in the world as a Boston merchant, he only got into public life gradually, at first as an anti-slavery worker and a delegate to the great peace conventions held in Europe. Meanwhile he gave a great deal of study to matters of trade and finance. After a time he became known as one of the ablest thinkers upon that subject in the country, and was given the degree of Doctor of Laws. For seven years he was Professor of Political Economy in Oberlin College, Ohio, and his book, the "Science of Wealth: A Manual of Political Economy," has always been considered a standard work upon American Free Trade.

When Dr. Walker was about fifty years old, he began to take quite an important place in the State politics of Massachusetts, and in the course of three or four years was chosen as Secretary of State in the Cabinet of Millard Fillmore. He was then a member of the old Whig party, and of course resigned when Franklin Pierce, the Democrat, was elected President. After that he served only twice more in Government office, once in the Constitutional Convention of 1853, and later, during the Civil War, as a Representative from Massachusetts in the Thirty-seventh Congress. At this time he was also a lecturer at Amherst College, where he taught the young men—and influenced a large portion of the country—in the principles and arguments of what to him was the only true method of government in regard to trade and manufactures, and in all the other great questions of his deep and difficult science.

Dr. Walker's books were not many. "The Nature and Uses of Money and Mixed Currency" is an important work on finance; but beside that and the "Science of Wealth" his literary work was chiefly in the volumes recording the doings of the Massachusetts agricultural societies.

Amasa Walker was born at Woodstock, Connecticut, May 4, 1799. He died in North Brookfield, Massachusetts, October 29, 1875.

Of nearly the same age as the celebrated Amherst Professor of Political Economy was **Robert James Walker**. He was a Pennsylvanian, a graduate of the University of that State, and a lawyer. When twenty-five years old he moved away out to Natchez, Mississippi, where he soon gained a good practice and stepped forward into public life.

He went to Washington to sit in the Senate in the year 1835, and was marked at once as a zealous Democrat and supporter of Free Trade. He did a great deal toward the success of the party that was then trying to annex Texas to the United States. During the same month in which this was accomplished Mr. Polk became President and Mr. Walker was called to his Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. Throughout that stormy, warring, and eventful administration he was an active

and useful man. It was then that his views on Free Trade attracted the most attention and exerted the widest influence. The next President, Zachary Taylor, was a Whig, and the ardent Democratic Mississippian went back to private life the very month that the inauguration took place. Eight or ten years later, President Buchanan made him Governor of Kansas, but he did not keep the office for quite a year, because the policy of the National Government did not seem to him right. He was a staunch anti-slavery man, and his reason for resigning was because he felt "unwilling to aid in forcing slavery on Kansas by fraud and forgery"—a reason that tells a good deal for so few words, both about himself and about some of the affairs of our country during James Buchanan's administration. Although a Democrat, he was a loyal Unionist—such men were called War Democrats—and going to Europe, as a financial agent, he did a great deal of service to the United States by making large sales of our Government bonds. After that time he was not again in public life.

Robert J. Walker was born at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, July 19, 1801. He died in Washington, D. C., November 11, 1869.

The year before Dr. Walker began to lecture at Amherst, there graduated from the college a namesake of his, **Francis Amasa Walker**, who also became a noted Free Trader, and is now probably the most eminent of all living American political economists. Young Mr. Walker—who was then twenty years old—left his Alma Mater only a short time before the outbreak of the Rebellion. As soon as the war-cloud burst, he entered the Union Army, and by gallant service he came out at its close a brigadier-general. In the Bureau of Statistics, as Superintendent of the Census, and as Indian Commissioner the years of his life until he was past thirty were taken up in active work for the Government.

Meanwhile he had carried on a good deal of study, especially in the science of government, and in 1872 he became the Professor of Political Economy and History at Yale College, where he gained the reputation of being one of the ablest American scholars of that science, and perhaps the most influential of all living advocates of free trade. Five years ago he became President of the Massachusetts School of Technology in Boston.

His writings have been few, but of greatest importance in their way. Those which probably have caused him the greatest amount of painstaking labor are the Census reports of 1870 and 1880, but that which has brought him the most fame is the "Wages Question" and another comprehensive work on "Money." He has also written a book on the "Indian Question," and has made a "Statistical Atlas of the United States."

Another author of high authority on free trade is **Arthur Latham Perry**, a New Hampshire man. He is about ten years older than Professor Walker, and, after having passed some years in newspaper work and in the ministry, he is now Professor of Political Economy at Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts, where he was a student and a graduate about thirty-five years ago.

Mr. Perry was born in Lyme, New Hampshire, February 27, 1830.

The statesmen who had been most active in the affairs that led up to the Civil War were forced by age and death to pass the reins of government into new hands at the opening of the conflict. For the most part, those who took their places were young men, without experience and untried in the difficulties and cares of state, but they were none the less statesmen of power and wisdom. At the call of duty patriotism, self-sacrifice, and ambition rose within them at a single bound and placed them before the people, ready for immediate action.

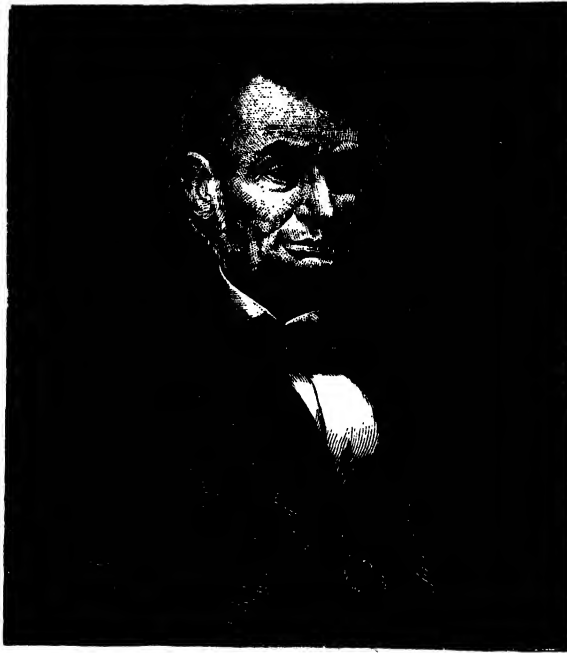
Foremost in their ranks was **Abraham Lincoln**. "He was a man," says Emerson, "who grew according to his need; his mind mastered the problem of the day; and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. . . . If ever a man was fairly tested, by resistance, by slander, and by ridicule, he was. But in four years of battle days, his endurance, his resources, his generosity and forgiveness were constantly being tried and were never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time; the pulse of twenty million people throbbed in his heart, and the thoughts of their minds were uttered by his tongue."

He was the greatest, the grandest man in the whole land, yet he belonged to the middle class of people, and had had as humble a beginning as the poorest of his countrymen. He was a thorough American, born in a Kentucky log-cabin, an emigrant to the West—first to Tennessee, and then to Indiana—in his boyhood, a hard-working lad, and a self-made man. His family was very poor, but they were all good people, and Mrs. Lincoln, "little Abe's" mother, was an earnest, noble woman. She encouraged him to read and to study all he could.

But the chances for getting an education were very small in that Western wilderness. All the schooling Abraham ever had was in less than one year; but he learned to read and write, and that was enough to start him. He practiced writing on the ground with a stick or by scratching upon the bark of trees. When it became known among the neighbors that Mr. Lincoln's boy could write, he was often called upon to send letters to their far-off friends. He was always willing to be their penman, for it gave him chances to improve his handwriting and helped him to learn to express his thoughts well. He was also very fond of reading.

His books were the Bible, *Æsop's Fables*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Weem's Life of Washington*, and the *Life of Henry Clay*. He not only read these again and again, but committed most of them to memory, for books were scarce in those days, especially in the West.

Mrs. Lincoln's frail body could not bear the rough frontier life, and when Abe was ten years old she died; but he was not too young to remember her. Her brave heart, her goodness and sacred teachings were never forgotten; they in-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

fluenced his whole character. In a couple of years there was another Mrs. Lincoln, also a kind and noble woman, who helped and encouraged her husband's ambitious little son in all that was good.

While the boy was fond of study and of reading all the books he could find, he was not a shirk on the farm; and very soon he began to be hired out by the day. In some way he had caught a few glimpses of a greater, broader life than this hard-working one in an Indiana clearing, which only gave them a cabin to live in, and sometimes not enough to eat. He longed to know more of this new world, and

after he was eighteen he had a couple of chances to go down the river with produce. Then he saw all he could, did his errands well, and came promptly back, for Abe Lincoln never thought of running away from his father and mother and his brothers and sisters because he believed himself made for something better than the hard life on the farm. But when he was twenty-one, the family made another move—this time to Illinois. After he had done his share, and a pretty large share, too, in getting the new cabin built and the farm fenced in and the corn planted, he told his father that as he had grown to be a man, and they were all well started again now, he thought he would set out to see what he could do for himself; and Mr. Lincoln agreed that it was right and fair that he should.

He went to a more thickly-settled part of the State, and whatever he found to do that was square and honest he did, and in the best way possible. He now began to study English grammar, and spent all his extra time in gaining knowledge. The people that he met respected him for his perfect honor; they loved him for his kindness, good temper, and wit; and the many men of that rough country who thought strength and muscle made manliness, looked upon "Honest Abe" as their king.

Mr. Lincoln's first office under the Government was the little New Salem post-office, which he kept in his hat, so that when people found him they found the post-master on duty. His second public office was in the Illinois Legislature, which he entered when twenty-five years old. He was re-elected three times, and for many years was the leading member of the Whig party in that State.

Meanwhile he had settled to live in Springfield, where he had become well known as a rising young surveyor and smart lawyer. He married a lady from Lexington, Kentucky, and soon built up an excellent law business, keeping active and full of interest in the State politics at the same time. In 1846 he was sent to Congress by a very spirited election, being the only Whig out of the whole of Illinois' seven representatives, who went to Washington in the midst of the bitter contest about slavery, when Clay, Webster, and Calhoun were the leading statesmen of the nation. Lincoln, who had long been an admirer of Henry Clay, was always in favor of the Federal Government, no slavery, and peaceful settlements. When the Missouri Compromise had to be repealed by the passage of the Nebraska Bill, in 1854, Lincoln took the deepest interest in the increased ardor of the times. He was nominated by the Illinois Republicans for the Senate against Judge Douglas, who was well known to be the ablest politician and the best debater among the Western Democrats. Challenging his opponent to a set of public discussions upon the views and policy of their parties, Lincoln fairly outshone the Judge in talents, although he lost the election, which was made by the Legislature. He showed in these debates so much depth of judgment and real political ability

that he was deemed the best candidate for the Republican party in the next Presidential election. The Republicans and all other parties knew that this contest was to be the most important the country ever had, for it would decide whether slavery should be allowed to grow with the Republic, or should be from that time forth confined to the limits then upon it. It was the sharpest, bitterest campaign ever held in this country, and when it was finally decided, there was one large rejoicing party, the Republicans; one bitterly disappointed party, the Southern Democrats; and two smaller sulky parties, the Northern Democrats and the American party, who wanted the slavery question dropped out of politics.

For many years the Southern leaders had been getting ready to separate their States, or secede, from the Union; and when it was announced that Lincoln had been elected President by the Republicans, and that their candidate, John C. Breckinridge, was defeated, they knew that their time had come; for the declared principles of the Republican party were that it was the right and duty of Congress to forbid slavery in the Territories; and Lincoln was a man to carry these principles out. He was opposed to extending slavery into the Territories, but he was never a strong Abolitionist; yet when the nation came to the plain question of slavery or no slavery, or rather Union or no Union, he did not stop a moment over the answer—Union and *no* slavery.

Seven States had done all in their power to break away from the Union while Buchanan was still President, but the Southerners and their friends now centered their displeasure on Mr. Lincoln. Several attempts were made to take his life, while he was on the way from Springfield to Washington; but all of them were broken up, and in spite of many threats that he should never become President, he was duly inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1861. His inaugural address was firm, mild, and liberal, but it was for the welfare of the whole nation. He said that no State or combination of States had a right to secede from the Government, and this the Southerners caught up as a declaration of war. They began at once to make preparations for a conflict; and in a little over a month the first shot against the Union was fired upon Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, which was commanded by United States troops. So, from the very first, Lincoln was plunged into the deepest cares and anxieties, while he was yet a stranger to the public and the public to him, and with a Cabinet new to himself and the nation. It is a long, long chapter, the greatest in our history, that records the management of the Government during this war; there was everything to do, nothing done; but the wisdom, the judgment, and the unselfish devotion of the new President and his chief officers never failed. We owe to him, more than to any one else, that the North and South are still the United States, and that our country is a peaceful and prosperous one, where all men have the same rights. The people

gladly chose him for another term, for there was not his equal, or the near approach to it, in all the land. He lived to see the fighting over, the good cause won, and peace restored; but in the midst of the rejoicing, forty days after his re-election, he was shot and killed by Wilkes Booth, who thought by this act to serve the conquered party of the South, and to win praise and fame for himself, in both of which he failed.

Abraham Lincoln was born on the 12th of February, 1809, in a portion of Hardin County, Kentucky, that is now a part of Larue County. He died in Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865.

Next to Mr. Lincoln, the most important, responsible, and influential person in this country during the Rebellion was **Edwin M. Stanton**, Secretary of War. After that of the President, his office was then the most serious in the nation, and it is believed that there was no one in the land who could have better fulfilled its duties. He was able to lay plans, organize troops, give orders to the officers, and see that all these directions and many more were properly carried out. He was a fearless, energetic, resolute, powerful, and patriotic citizen, and it is due to his judgment and wisdom and to his unceasing labors in the War Department, and as the President's helper and adviser, that some of the most critical periods in the conflict resulted in victory for the nation. He took his place in 1862, before people had forgotten his fearless and useful speech as Attorney-General under Buchanan, when he had denounced the plans of those who would break up the Union, and asserted the rights of the nation.

The President had never seen him, and Mr. Stanton had no idea of his appointment until he received it, but Mr. Lincoln, a good judge of men, soon came to love him and to trust his judgment. The President once said to an officer, "When you have Mr. Stanton's sanction in any matter, you have mine, for, so great is my confidence in his judgment and patriotism, that I never wish to take an important step myself without first consulting him."

When General McClellan would have left the Capital without enough forces to protect it against a sharp attack, and Secretary Stanton, in carrying out the President's orders, retained General McDowell's division from following the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, there was a great deal of bitter indignation against "the way the Secretary was using poor McClellan;" but Mr. Stanton made no effort to defend himself, and even his old personal friends felt that he was acting very strangely and unlike himself. One man who had been intimate with him from boyhood wrote him about it, and to him Mr. Stanton explained the whole situation, but enjoined that the matter could not be made public, "for," he said, "General McClellan is at the head of our chief army, he must have every

confidence and support, and I am willing that the whole world shall revile me rather than to diminish one grain of strength needed to conquer the rebels. In a struggle like this justice or credit to individuals is but dust in the balance."



EDWIN M. STANTON.

After Lee's surrender, when the Secretary handed his resignation to the President, saying that the work for freedom, for whose sake he had taken this office, was now done, Mr. Lincoln was deeply moved. He tore the paper into pieces, and.

throwing his arms around the Secretary, he said: "Stanton, you have been a good friend and a faithful public servant, and it is not for you to say when you will no longer be needed here." The President was shot soon after this, and the Secretary continued in his office, fulfilling its duties and carrying all its vast, troublous, and responsible cares, that none but he himself could even name. The Tenure of Office Bill was passed to prevent him and others from being removed on account of party principles, when it was to the welfare of the nation that they should remain.

Stanton did not take part in the quarrel between Congress and Andrew Johnson, the next President after Lincoln; but he suddenly became a figure in the unpleasant affair. The Tenure of Office Act was passed by Congress over the President's veto—that is, after he had expressed his objection to its being a law by refusing to sign it. Then, being angry with Congress, and believing that it had no right to pass such an act, according to the Constitution, he determined to disobey it. So he ordered Secretary Stanton—against whom there was a strong feeling in Johnson's party—to leave the War Department; and, when the Senate refused its consent, he paid no attention to it, but ordered a newly-appointed Secretary to take the place. Then Congress accused the President of disobeying the laws, and being unfit for his office. A long trial for what is called impeachment took place before the Senate. Mr. Stanton, meanwhile, kept his post until the 26th of May, 1868, after it was decided that the President was not guilty of disobeying the laws.

The next year he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, but he died in the same month that the appointment was made.

His career before entering President Lincoln's Cabinet had begun by practicing law in his native town of Steubenville, Ohio. At a little more than thirty years of age he was the leading lawyer of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Gradually, as his ability came to be known, he was employed in the Supreme Court at Washington, and moved to the capital to live. The year before the war broke out he was made the United States Attorney-General. He was a Democrat, with strong, vigorous views after those of Andrew Jackson, but he was a thorough Unionist, and so belonged to what were called the War Democrats.

He retired from the Attorney-Generalship after about a year, and the next year accepted the call to take charge of the War Department. So, his public life, like President Lincoln's, was a short one, but their names will always stand among those who have rendered the most important, if not the longest, services to their country.

Edwin M. Stanton was born in Steubenville, Ohio, December 19, 1814. He died in Washington, D. C., December 24, 1869.

The financier of the Rebellion was **Salmon Portland Chase**. He became Secretary of the Treasury the day that Abraham Lincoln became President, and all through the war he managed the money matters of the nation with the greatest ability, energy, and courage. The times were gloomy and doubtful; business and trade were all upset; new industries were springing into importance and old ones were dying out; changes were taking place that not only affected money matters at home, but were altering our financial arrangements with other countries, and "shook the civilized world like an earthquake." The nation was poor



SALMON PORTLAND CHASE.

and coin was scarce, yet there was the largest need of money the Government had ever known. A thousand miles of frontier were to be guarded, fleets were to be made, and large armies were to be formed, fitted out, and kept up; for although the war had been a long time in coming, when it finally broke out the country was not prepared for it; the War Department was in poor condition; the public credit was low, and the revenues of the Government were scarcely large enough to have supported it if the country had been in peace and prosperity.

This was the gloomy state of affairs that Secretary Chase had to meet when he took his seat in Lincoln's Cabinet; knowing that a costly conflict was before

them, and that it would rest chiefly upon him whether the country's credit should be redeemed and her needs met through this crisis—which might last for many years—or whether the nation should become bankrupt, the armies fail for want of support, and the cause of Union and Liberty be lost to America forever. But he had the courage to meet his duty and the ability to fulfill it. He was now in the prime of life, and for ten years he had been an active worker in public affairs; he was sound, loyal, and undaunted, shrewd, cautious, and full of self-command.

He first set to work to raise the needed money by borrowing or raising loans from wealthy people and institutions in this country. But the expenses soon grew so heavy that there was not specie enough in the United States to meet them. Some foreign loans lent us great aid, but Mr. Chase felt that the bulk of the funds should be raised at home; so he formed a plan by which paper money, instead of coin, should be the legal tender—that is, acknowledged by the Government to be lawful money, and good to pay all debts. This paper money was issued in bills called “greenbacks,” because the backs of them were printed with green ink. It was soon issued, and from the second year of the war until about twelve years after it was over, it was used by the Government to pay its expenses. But banks were not allowed to get out this currency unless they deposited a little larger amount of bonds at Washington. Bonds are the certificates given for money received as loans; so, by this plan, all the banks that wanted to issue paper currency had to take part in loaning money to the Government. A National banking system was also established to help along the sale of bonds, and in this way a large part of the expenses of the conflict were met, and Mr. Chase had the whole banking capital of the United States placed in a position where it must live or die with the country. It carried our nation through the terrible struggle, kept us from being overcome with debts to foreign nations—if any would have trusted our poor credit enough to lend us the sums needed—and gradually the time has come when coin is once more the national currency, bonds have been recalled, interests paid upon loans, and millions taken off of the debt to foreign powers.

After the war, Mr. Chase resigned, and in the fall of the same year, upon the death of Roger B. Taney, President Lincoln appointed the tried and honored Secretary of his first administration as Chief Justice in his second. Mr. Chase had great ability and fame as a jurist. He had been a student under the honored scholar, William Wirt, after graduating from Dartmouth College, and was admitted to the Ohio bar when he was twenty-two years old, and began to practice in Cincinnati.

One of his first cases was in the cause of a poor black woman, claimed as a

fugitive slave. Now, although Cincinnati was in a free State, it was only separated by the Ohio River from the slavery territory, and most of the people were not in favor of abolition, because the largest interests of the city were connected with those of the slave States. It received most of its wealth and power from these human goods. The good society and best families into which Mr. Chase had made his way and been cordially received on account of his fine looks and manners and his energy, talent, and good scholarship, looked upon slavery and despised the negro about the same as the people further South, although, of course, they had no slaves themselves. So it was an unpopular thing for him to take the part of this poor colored woman. Yet he did it, and so placed himself openly on the side of the slaves. People said he had "ruined himself" as a lawyer. He lost his case, of course; he expected that; but he brought forth a defense that had never been heard of before, and which was afterward recognized by the United States slave law of 1850. It was that "the phrase in the Constitution which demanded the giving up of fugitives to service on demand of masters, did not impose on the magistrates of the free States the responsibility of catching and returning slaves." Congress—he said—had no right to impose any such duties on State magistrates, or to use the resources of the State in any way for this purpose.

Before long he had another slave case to defend, and in it he asserted, what Charles Sumner afterward affirmed in Congress, that when a master took his slaves into a free State he no longer had the right to hold them. This caused great excitement; the decision went against him, for it was too much the custom for masters to go back and forth with their slaves from Kentucky into Cincinnati and other parts of the Ohio border for such a principle as that to be adopted.

In 1846 came on his great case of the Kentuckian, John Van Zandt, who, convinced that slavery was wrong, had freed his own slaves, and, settling on a farm near Cincinnati, gave food and shelter to any runaways that came to him, for which he was at last sued by the slave-owners. In this William H. Seward was associated with Mr. Chase, and their noble pleas, which were as much in behalf of liberty for white people as for the blacks, had a great influence on public opinion. Mr. Chase made a very full argument before the United States Court, which was so able that the Judge did not make any effort to answer it, and without even referring to it, decided over it and against the cause for which it plead.

This is the way in which the great lawyer began; no practice at all at first, and then one decision after another going against him. Yet he did not lose faith in himself or the cause which he had now fairly taken up in law and in politics. He became one of the chief leaders of the Free-Soil party, which was made up in 1848 of Abolitionists and former Democrats and Whigs who believed in the Wilmot

Proviso, when the Democrats and Whigs split upon the question of slavery in the Territories.

In the same year Mr. Chase was made Governor of Ohio, and two years later his State sent him to the United States Senate. It has been said that his presence "was hailed as a tower of strength to the hard-fighting anti-slavery party at Washington." They braced themselves to fight the Kansas and Nebraska battle, for they quickly saw that this bill was intended to "seize for slavery all the unoccupied land of the United States and turn the balance of power and numbers forever into the slaveholders' hands."

The six years that lay between this time and the call to the Treasury were filled with public work and cares, chiefly as Governor of Ohio, and as an important member of the Republican party, which came very near nominating him, instead of Lincoln, for President.

Salmon P. Chase was born in Cornish, New Hampshire, January 13, 1808. He died in New York City May 7, 1873.

Probably no statesman of his time was more deeply in earnest against the spread of slavery than **William Henry Seward**, President Lincoln's Secretary of State. He first took an open stand against it in about 1838, when he was Governor of New York. The Governor of Virginia claimed that New York State should give up three colored seamen who were charged with having aided a Virginia slave to escape from his master. Governor Seward refused, saying that it was not lawful for any State to call upon another to punish or give up to punishment any one who has done an act that was only criminal according to its own laws, when, according to justice and humanity, it was a praiseworthy deed.

Not long after this the Governor succeeded in having the New York Legislature take another step against slavery. This was to repeal the law which allowed a slaveholder traveling with his slaves to hold them for nine months in New York State. Governor Seward was the first Whig who had ever been elected to this office, and he made his administration one of importance both to the State and to his party. He favored building roads and all internal improvements, helping along trade and all industries, reform in the law courts and chancery, and improving the public schools and other means of education. He had a great deal of influence and power over public opinion.

He had become famous some years before as a leader against the Free Masons, and, being very strongly opposed to that society, he did a great deal to keep up the excitement against it, which, centering in New York, spread throughout the country.

From about this time, when Mr. Seward was between thirty-five and forty

years old, until 1854, he was the senior member of what Horace Greeley called the firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley. This broke down the "Albany Regency" in 1839, and for fifteen years—until Mr. Greeley withdrew—controlled New York State politics. Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley were both powerful men, and, united with Seward, they led the most influential party in the State, enacted the



WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD.

laws, and forwarded the causes they favored, gave offices where they saw fit, and earned for New York the title of the "Empire State," by swaying the election of at least two Presidents of the nation.

After two terms as Governor, he refused to take the chair again, and for about seven years gave most of his time to his profession. But he still took part in politics, speaking in favor of Henry Clay for President, opposing the annexation of Texas, and when the next election came round, doing all in his power for the election of President Taylor. A few months after this was decided, Mr. Seward

was sent by the New York Legislature to the United States Senate, where he declared himself most openly opposed to the spread of slavery. He had been at Washington about a year when the debate about admitting California into the Union was held ; he made a famous speech, in which he said : "The Constitution devotes the national domain to the Union, to justice, to defense, to welfare, and to liberty. But there is a higher law than the Constitution, which regulates our authority over the domain, and devotes it to the same noble purposes."

The speech was talked about and repeated far and wide, and Senator Seward's "higher law" doctrine became one of the influences of the times, and a phrase in common use.

In the same year he made another long and eloquent address against the Compromise Bill of 1850, speaking so warmly in favor of liberty and freedom that many bitter things were said against him by his opponents.

He was one of the chief organizers of the Republican party, which was formed about the same time as the Native American or Know Nothing party, and took a firm stand against the spread of slavery. He, too, was considered as a candidate for President in the election of 1861, and probably would have been nominated but for the opposition of Horace Greeley, who was in favor of Lincoln.

Just before the close of Buchanan's term, Seward made a very able speech in the Senate against disunion, and when President Lincoln took his office, he saw in the great New York Senator a man of his own views, and offered him the first place in his Cabinet. As Secretary of State, Mr. Seward performed the greatest work of his life, with wisdom and skill, patience and untiring industry, guiding the diplomacy of the Federal Government successfully through all the dangers of the Civil War.

One of the greatest acts in the record of his statesmanship was his management of what is called the *Trent* imbroglio, or quarrel. The United States war-vessel, the *San Jacinto*, stopped the English mail-steamer, the *Trent*, and took out of her two American passengers, who were Confederate Commissioners to Europe. This was doing just what we had declared that England had no right to do in 1812, and had made a war about. Now Great Britain was angry, and it seemed as if the tables would be turned on us. England sent troops and war-vessels to Canada and harshly demanded the Commissioners. Mr. Seward managed the matter with a great deal of tact, declaring that a wrong had been committed and that the United States did not claim any right of search. The men were given up, and so the peace was kept.

The two other most important acts of the great Secretary were his dignified and yet resolute action when the French invaded Mexico ; and his purchase of Alaska, the value of which we are but just beginning to find out now.

When General Grant was elected President, Mr. Seward resigned his office, and nearly all the remainder of his life was spent in traveling in the Old World. Of these journeys we have a full account in his own pleasant style—for which he was as famous in public speeches as in literary work—in the volume of “*William H. Seward’s Travels Around the World*,” edited by his adopted daughter. His speeches and orations were published in five volumes, and he was also the author of a *Life of John Quincy Adams*, and a *Life of De Witt Clinton*.

The marble monument above Mr. Seward’s grave records the epitaph

“HE WAS FAITHFUL.”

This tells the character-history of his life. One who knew him well, both in public office and in private acquaintance, has said that he never forsook a cause that he once took up. The most remarkable trait in his noble nature was the faithful and consistent way in which he held to principle. In a long political career, he was guided by his own ideal of the “*Higher Law*,” which meant to him truth, justice, and love of man; and from this course no excitement, no desire for fame or position or any other influence could draw him. For many years he was in the midst of the most stirring events this nation has ever seen; great claims were upon him, bitter enemies were in opposition to him, and intense excitement surged about him on all sides. Through it all he was calm, watchful, and earnest, never forgetting that his duty to his country was above any personal feeling, and never even in zealous debate becoming abusive or unmanly. He was so thorough a gentleman, that even an insult did not unseat his dignity nor bring from him a retort of its own kind—though this was often violently provoked.

As a private citizen, among his townsmen at Auburn, he was held in great respect and confidence. His place was always in the best society; but his courtesy and interest were extended to people of every class. Merit, not position or wealth, won his friendship and sympathy. His aid and support were always ready to help along all plans for doing good, either to the unfortunate or the forsaken; and if any man, woman, or child—black or white, high or low—was suffering from wrongs that he could make right, time, talents, and money were earnestly devoted to their service.

William Henry Seward was born in the town of Florida, New York, May 16, 1801. He died at Auburn, New York, October 10, 1872.

L A W Y E R S .

THERE have been many great members of the American bar, who have also taken up duties in other professions, where they have risen to greater fame than they gained in the practice of law. Many of our foremost statesmen, orators, and soldiers were also lawyers; yet they rose to a higher rank out of the court than in it, and as men they belong first of all to the calling wherein they did their greatest work. For that reason many of our ablest lawyers are mentioned first of all among our statesmen, for the study and the practice of some branches of the law are the best means of fitting men for political life. A few, like Alexander Hamilton, Daniel Webster, and Robert Y. Hayne, were almost equally eminent in both the public service and the professional practice; a few have become grand statesmen who were not particularly good lawyers; very few have remained entirely out of public life; but some have shone forth more eminent in the legal profession than in any other.

Such a man was **John Marshall**. His name stands out so boldly on the pages of American history as a great Chief Justice, that many people do not know that he was also a soldier, a law-maker, an envoy, an historian, and a statesman, and that he filled these offices so well that his fame would rest securely in them if he had not served one other calling still more ably.

He was born in a time of great chances in America, and became of age about two months after the Declaration of Independence was made. Even at that age, he was already a bold and spirited lieutenant, leading the volunteer troops of his own county, Fauquier, Virginia. Upon the first general sound to arms that rang through the Colonies, he had offered himself to the army and been a leader in forming a company, which was part of the first regiment of Minute-men raised in Virginia. Captain Marshall he became in 1777, and his record shows a list of bold and gallant services in many campaigns. He led his command through the battles of Iron Hill, Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, and during all the sufferings of the dreadful winter at Valley Forge he made life easier for all about him by his example of uncomplaining patience, good temper, and lively,

story-telling humors. He was with General Anthony Wayne at the assault on Stony Point, and afterward with the detachment to cover the retreat of Major Lee after his surprise of the enemy's post at Powles's Hook on July 19th. Thus



JOHN MARSHALL.

his name is connected with two of the most brilliant actions that took place in the campaign of 1779.

Soon after that the term of his company's enlistment ended, and he was without a command for some time. While waiting for the General Assembly to give him another he used the time profitably by attending some lectures on law and

on philosophy, given by the faculty of the William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Virginia. He had never been to college, but had been taught by his father, who was, he said, "an abler man than any of his sons." He had a fine mind and many of the natural gifts necessary to make a good lawyer, especially a talent for wise judgment and justice. When disputes arose between the men of his regiment, he was always called upon to settle them, for the disputers would agree on one point—that Marshall would be a fair judge between them.

In the summer after the lectures he was admitted to the bar, and was able to get a license to practice. But he still felt that he owed a duty to his country as a soldier, and, returning to military life, he remained in the army until there were more officers than troops to command. Then he felt free to leave.

After the surrender of Cornwallis in the autumn of 1781, law business began to revive in Virginia, and Mr. Marshall soon found something to do. In a short time he became well known as a very promising young barrister, and after about a year of real business he stood among the leading members of the Virginia bar. His success was quick and sure, and was gained without the long and patient toil usually the road to eminence.

In the spring of 1782, he was called to his State Legislature, where his extraordinary abilities soon made a strong impression. He took an active part in the work of reorganizing the condition of the State after the war; but this was mostly very quiet, though useful work, for Mr. Marshall had a modest nature that shunned making much of itself before the public. He came in contact with Patrick Henry, and many other great men of the day, winning distinction among them by the great qualities of his mind. But in appearance and manners he was far from commanding. His tall, thin figure was erect and manly, but often posed in very awkward attitudes. The swarthy face, with its low forehead, black hair, and twinkling eyes, was kindly, but not handsome; and the hard, dry voice spoke plain, forcible words, in which there was no bold oratory or polished elegance. Sometimes his talk was even a little embarrassed. In 1788 he made some powerful speeches in favor of Virginia adopting the Constitution. These were not orations, but talks of such great force of argument and reason that few could listen and go away with a view that differed from his.

Next to James Madison, John Marshall did more than any one else to induce Virginia to adopt the Federal Constitution. He was a loyal member of the Federal party, which was founded by Washington, Franklin, and John Adams—with their hearts set upon the Union of the States—and which was led by Alexander Hamilton, of New York; and as that able lawyer and statesman of the North supported John Jay's treaty with Great Britain before Congress, Marshall also made a grand speech in favor of it before the Virginia Assembly in 1794. The in-

fluence of this spread far beyond the borders of the State. All America and Europe read it and were swayed by it, and when, in the next year, Mr. Marshall was sent with two others by the Government on a special errand to France, the people received the distinguished statesman with honor and consideration.

He now proved that he had great ability for public service. He was elected to several offices of trust, and declined many more than he filled. But at the special request of General Washington he ran for Congress and was elected in 1799. John Adams was then President, and one of Marshall's first and greatest speeches was defending the President for giving up Thomas Nash, also called Robbins, to the British, who claimed he had run away from justice. The speech not only carried its point with those who heard it or read it, but it settled forever the question whether such cases should be decided by the President or the courts. It has been said that it was an argument which deserves to be ranked among the most dignified displays of human intellect.

After one year in Congress, he became Secretary of State, and again served his country as a talented diplomat, especially in the famous letters of instruction to Rufus King, the American Minister to England, during the annoyances of "the peace that was like war."

In the first month of the following year, on the 31st of January, 1801, Mr. Marshall was appointed to the office wherein he made his greatest fame, and did his noblest service to the nation. For thirty years, he remained the wise, able, and greatly respected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He interpreted the Constitution on just and liberal principles, and performed the heavy duties of his position with profound wisdom based upon a great natural sense of right, upon learning, moral courage, and a high-minded virtue that won respect and confidence from all who knew him.

His rulings and arguments were of the greatest value to the courts of the nation, for the machinery of the new Government had not yet been adjusted to smooth-running order, and the Constitution was but little understood by the lawyers of the country. Mr. Marshall's understanding of it was profound and just, and although he had never before been a judge of any court, his appointment was a great national benefit, for which the wisdom of President John Adams will ever be remembered. Judge Story says, that if all his other judicial arguments were taken away from us, his clear judgments in expounding the Constitutional law, would have been enough to make his name live forever.

Some of the famous cases that came up before him and upon which the decision established the meaning of hitherto unopened passages of the law, were in the trial known as *Peck against Fletcher*, when an Act of the State of Georgia was declared void; and in the celebrated case of *McCulloch against the State of Maryland*,

when the Court decided that Congress has the power to charter a national bank with its branches in any of the States, and that such banks cannot be taxed by State authority. The trial of Aaron Burr for high treason was also made before him, and in that there were many points where the Chief Justice stood against the leaders of the day, but time has proved that he was perfectly fair, and that his decisions were "a sound, even-handed administration of the law." The wisest of lawyers revered him, but only those who understood his deep mind and his great judgments could fully appreciate him, and—as it has been said—the just praise which comes from their lips seems to others extravagant talk. Most of what he wrote was in connection with the law, but he also made an excellent "Life of George Washington," in five volumes.

John Marshall was born in Germantown (now Midland), Virginia, September 24, 1755. He died in Philadelphia, July 6, 1835.

The great diplomatic affairs between England and the United States that needed such careful attention after the Revolution will always be associated in history with the name of **William Pinkney**, one of the leading American lawyers of his day.

He was about ten years old when the Revolution began and belonged to a staunch Royalist family of Maryland, but as he grew up to be a young man he became earnestly attached to the side of the patriots. He had very little education when he was a boy, but made up for it by studying hard when he grew older, so that after a time he not only made himself equal in knowledge and culture to his companions, but took first rank among many young men who had had far better opportunities.

He was admitted to the Maryland bar when he was twenty-two years old, and began to practice in Hartford County. His learning and brilliant talents soon raised him into note and brought him into public life. At first he was elected to the State Council and then to the Legislature. In 1796, after one year among the law-makers, he was chosen by President Washington to act as one of the commissioners to England named in Jay's treaty. For eight years he stayed in London, faithfully performing all the many and laborious duties of his office with such great ability and success that he had only been home a year—during which he was Attorney General of Maryland—when he was sent back. This time it was to treat about English sailors boarding our vessels and taking British-born seamen out of the American service, and other annoying practices which even the wise diplomacy of Mr. Pinkney could not break up nor heal over with a lasting satisfaction. Treaties could not establish our rights, but several years after, the War of 1812 did. Still the affairs were settled for the time, and Mr. Pinkney was re-

quested to stay on in London as our regular Minister, which he did for about five years. Upon his return, in 1811, he was elected to the Maryland Senate, but soon resigned to accept the office of Attorney-General of the United States, offered by



WILLIAM PINKNEY.

President Madison, whose administration he ardently supported. He commanded a troop of Maryland volunteers in the war, which broke out in the next year, and fought the British bravely at Bladensburg, where he was very badly wounded.

After the war he again became a foreign Minister, and for three or four years

represented the United States at the Court of St. Petersburg. Upon his return, in 1819, he was at once sent to the United States Senate, and for the rest of his life he labored intensely in that body and in the Supreme Court of the United States, until suddenly his health broke down, and death followed the next year.

William Pinkney was born at Annapolis, Maryland, March 17, 1764. He died on the 25th of February, 1822.

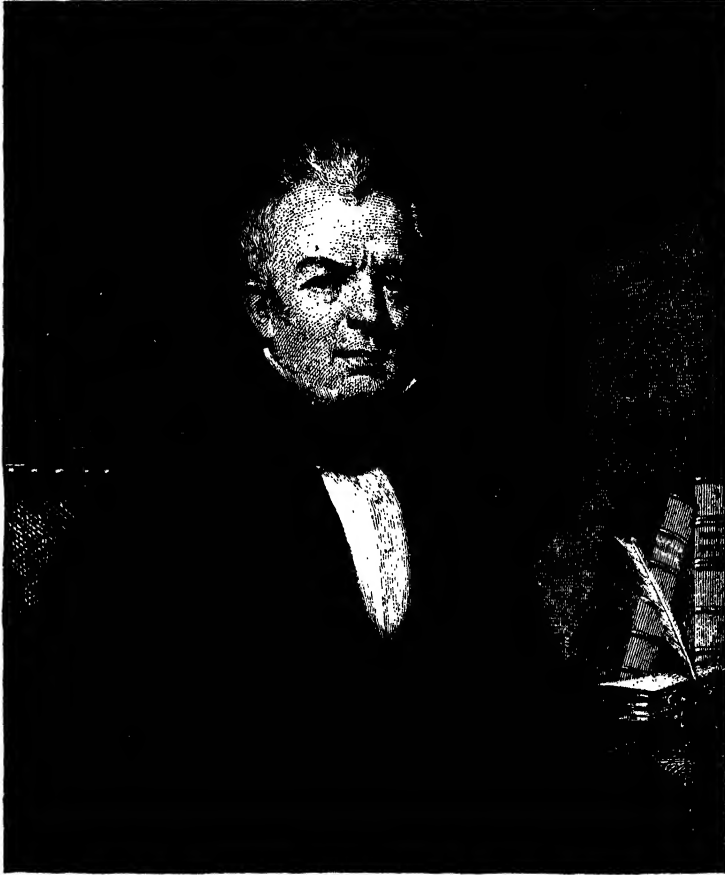
There was a feeling in England that began in the time of the Colonies—it has not yet entirely passed away—that nothing very great could come out of America. Inventors, statesmen, orators, and soldiers were the first to be acknowledged; but for fully half a century after some of these were accepted, Britons declared that no sound, well-taught scholars and professional men could be found throughout the whole land. However, in 1852, the *Edinburgh Review*, which always had a kind and encouraging word for America, said that at last the English lawyers had come to learn that their American brethren were not a set of unlearned men, as they supposed, for **James Kent** and Joseph Story could hold a place with any jurists of their age.

Mr. Kent was a New York man, but he was educated at Yale College, and graduated with high honor in the summer of the year that Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. He had not begun with the expectation of being a lawyer, but he found and read Blackstone's famous Commentaries on English Law soon after he entered college, and this decided him to study for the bar. After graduating, he read law with the Attorney-General of New York State, and after four years' preparation, he became attorney in the New York Supreme Court, and began to practice in the town of Poughkeepsie. Meanwhile he kept up his studies, following a regular plan which was of great value to him. The day was divided into six portions. The first was two hours from dawn until eight o'clock, which he used for studying Latin. The two hours after that were given to Greek, and the remainder of the time before dinner, to law. In the afternoons he read French and English writings and the evening he passed with Mrs. Kent—then a bride—their friends, and in other recreations. Studious and hard-working as he was, he had also a great love of people and enjoyed entertainments very much.

By such careful study and by the ability he showed in his public and private business, he soon became well known as one of the most learned and successful lawyers of his time. Wishing also to take part in politics and public life, he moved to New York in 1793, and at the age of thirty-three took his place among the leading jurists in the country. He was a Federalist, and the friend of Alexander Hamilton, who was only six years his senior.

The public offices which Mr. Kent held were confined to his own State, where

he was Judge of the Supreme Court, Master in Chancery, and Recorder of the City of New York. With Judge Radcliffe he revised the legal code of New York, in a way that was highly praised by the best jurists in the country ; and in 1804



JAMES KENT.

he was appointed Chief Justice of the State. All these duties he fulfilled with a profound wisdom and fine judgment, that raised him far above the men around him, and placed him upon a level with the greatest lawyers in the world.

Meanwhile Columbia College was proud to have him for its Law Professor and then its Chancellor.

He began these lectures about as soon as he removed to New York, and continued them with some intermissions as long as he lived. For nine years he filled the high office of Chancellor with so much dignity and such perfect ability in every way that it was deeply regretted when his sixtieth year closed, for, according to the Constitution, no Chancellor could hold his position after he was sixty years old. When the time to retire came, he finished his labors by hearing and deciding every case that had been brought before him. But he was not permitted to leave the college. He was still full of strength and power, and if Columbia could no longer have him for Chancellor, it would welcome him back to his old professorship. So he returned to lecturing and taught class after class of young men the deep and broad meanings of the law.

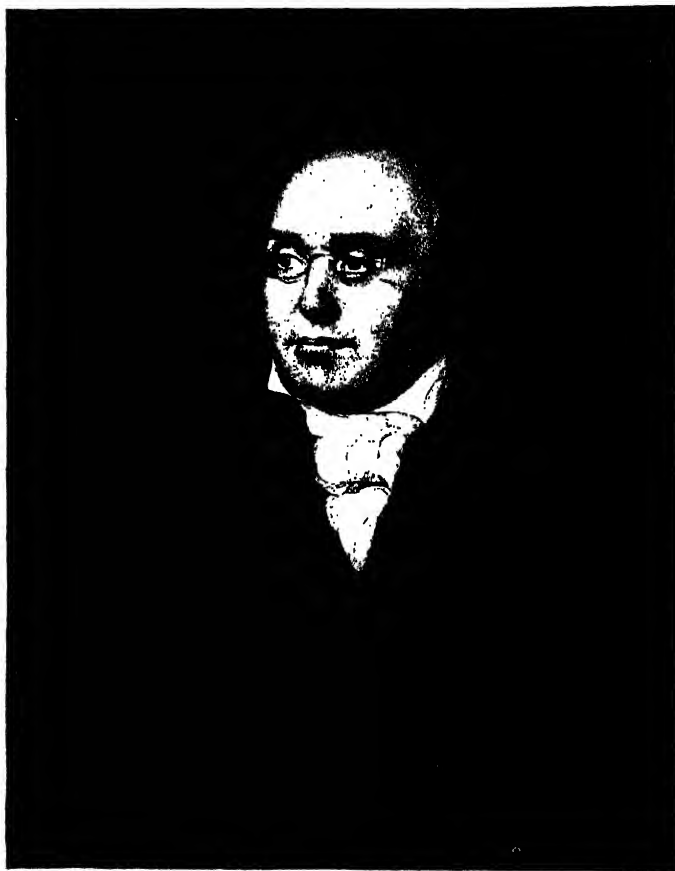
He revised his lectures, added new ones, and finally published them in four volumes of "Commentaries on American Law," from which the best judges in Europe and this country united in pronouncing Mr. Kent one of the greatest law-writers of the age. "They are," said a great judge, "eloquent and attractive in their style, and full and accurate in their learning." The fame of the great Chancellor rests chiefly upon these essays, and, like the written works of his younger brother-jurist, Joseph Story, they are a classic to the American bar, of inestimable value to every one who is under the ruling of the law, and a great and good gift to his profession.

The private life of this honored man was as noble as his public virtues. He was industrious, temperate, fond of people, and a good friend to all who knew him.

James Kent was born in what is now Putnam County, New York, July 31, 1763. He died in New York City, December 12, 1847.

Few jurists have lived in any age or any country who have a higher rank in the annals of law and patriotism than **Joseph Story**. He was a New Englander by birth, a graduate of Harvard College in the class with the great clergyman, William E. Channing, a student of law under Samuel Sewall and Judge Putnam—both honored men in the Massachusetts bar—and became a practicing lawyer in Salem by the time he was twenty-two. He was something of a poet then, too, but soon gave up verse-writing and devoted himself most industriously to legal science, in which he became very wise and learned. After four years he entered public life as a Democrat member of the State Legislature, from which he went to Congress at Washington. His genius for debate was very marked, and his name was soon known throughout the country as the great speaker against the Embargo Act. This was an Act of Congress issued by President Jefferson in about the middle of his second term. It forbade the departure of any vessels from the

United States for a foreign port, and was intended to put a stop to American commerce long enough to injure England's trade, if possible, and in that way bring her to reason about taking the men out of our sea service because they were



JOSEPH STORY.

once British subjects. It followed closely upon the stopping of the United States frigate *Chesapeake* by the British frigate *Leopard*, when our vessel was forced to give up four sailors or enter into very unequal fight, for it was in no trim for battle. But, an act that cut off our own commerce was a very poor way of meeting the trouble, although Jefferson and some of his party were strongly in favor of

it, while many other leading statesmen were opposed. Story, though a Democrat in Jefferson's party, was the leader of the opposition, and did a great deal toward having it repealed two years later.

In 1811, when Madison had taken Jefferson's place as President, he called Mr. Story to become Chief Justice of the United States. He had left Congress in the meantime and was then Speaker in the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

This appointment was a peculiarly great honor to Mr. Story, for he was then only thirty-two years old, and no one as young as that had ever been appointed to so high judicial position either in America or England. But he was in every way able to fill his eminent place, and remained in it for thirty-four years.

Meanwhile he had many other important positions and numerous duties calling into use his profound knowledge and ability in law. He helped to revise the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1820, and after he had been Justice almost twenty years he became Professor of Law at Harvard College. The lectures which he delivered in Cambridge before the Harvard students covered a very wide range of knowledge, and were so able and interesting that Dane Hall—though but newly built especially for the Law School—had to be enlarged to make room for all the students that gathered to hear them. They were upon the law of nature, the laws of nations, laws of the sea and of commerce, federal equity, and the constitutional law of the United States. Upon this he held similar doctrines to those of Chief Justice Marshall and the Federalists. He also published several books upon different departments of law, which were read on both sides of the Atlantic and were so able that their author became almost as famous in Europe as in America.

A celebrated American jurist and writer says that the treatises written by Story are the most perfect of their kind that can be found in any language, and that for learning, industry, and talent he was the most extraordinary jurist of the age. An equally great Englishman said that Joseph Story's reputation and his authority as a commentator and expounder of law stands high wherever law is known or honored, and that as a man he was one of the most generous and single-hearted gentlemen that ever lived.

His written works, which make up over sixty volumes, are more than have ever been left by any very eminent lawyer of any age or country; and their value is not only in the vast amount of information they contain, but in a clear and beautiful style of language which is equal to that of some of the best prose writers of America.

Joseph Story was born in Marblehead, Massachusetts, September 18, 1779. He died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, September 10, 1845.

Rufus Choate was a lawyer, an orator, and a statesman. But in his splendid ability as an advocate he was beyond any other man that has ever lived in New England. It is even said by many people that his equal has never been known in the whole country.

He was always remarkable. When a boy, he was quicker, more vigorous, and more elastic than any of his fellows, beside being a wonderful reader. He read everything in the village library, even its heaviest works, before he was ten years old; and at sixteen he passed the examination for entering Dartmouth College.

Although younger than his companions he was a leader and a favorite among them. There was scarcely a man in his class that had not a strong regard for tall, handsome, generous young Choate of Ipswich; and although he soon worked himself above the ablest and the most studious of them, they all admired his brilliant power without envying him. He had the company of large-minded, noble men from the outset.

From the Cambridge Law School he went into the office of Judge Cummins, of Salem, and then into that of the scholarly Mr. Wirt, who was at that time Attorney-General of the United States at Washington. He saw John Marshall on the bench of the Chief Justice, and he heard the eloquent William Pinkney in the Senate and in the Court.

When he reached the age of twenty-five he began his own law practice in Massachusetts, being first settled at Danvers, then at Salem, and then in Boston, where he soon gained the highest position as a powerful advocate.

He had a tall and commanding figure, a large and finely shaped head, and, although his severe labors turned his once clear and handsome complexion to a peculiar yellowish color, his face still had uncommon power of expression. His varied and forcible gestures gave added weight to his exact arguments, brilliant sallies, and wonderfully persuasive words, which were poured out in a rich, musical voice, that was so sympathetic that it could express almost every sort of feeling.

It has been said that whether he addressed a jury of twelve men or a crowded audience, he seemed to bend their minds at his own will, for few men had a quicker insight into the character of the people he was talking to, or a better knowledge of the way to work upon the minds of others. His mind was large, keen, and vigorous; he thought straight at a subject, and saw it as it was without any set notions of his own in the way; he had studied and read so much that it held vast stores of knowledge and culture upon many subjects, and it was so versatile that it could change from one thing to another with the greatest ease and tact. He could be cool and severe when necessary, or he could grow warm and vehement and sweep along the opinions of his audience with his own, by the

reasonable, logical force of his fire-tipped words. All the while he would be able to keep himself under perfect control and be sensitive to every little influence about him, so that he could wield the power of his eloquence to suit the temper of his hearers.

His public life as a statesman was short. The year after he began to practice in Danvers he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature, and after that to the Senate. The energy and wisdom he showed in the debates held the attention of the representatives, and spread the fame of Mr. Choate throughout the Bay State, so that he was soon sent to Congress. He stayed in Washington during the whole of one term and part of a second, after which he settled in Boston, refusing to be re-elected, because he wished to use his time in his profession.

But after seven years, when Daniel Webster accepted the office of Secretary of State and took his seat at the head of President Harrison's Cabinet, Mr. Choate consented to take his place in the Senate. His quick and active mind took an interest in all that was then moving on the stage of American politics, and most of the important questions that came before the Senators were helped or hindered in their progress by the free and powerful speeches of the gentleman from Massachusetts.

He had a high and unselfish patriotism. He deeply loved the Union, and although, like many others, he felt that a great strain would soon be put upon our Federal Government, he had a firm faith in the future greatness of the nation, provided that reason and law should rule over passion. He hoped that the differences between the opposing parties might be overcome by argument and conciliations until the love of the Union should be so strong that nothing could come up between them that would tempt them to destroy it.

His addresses upon the McLeod case, the Fiscal Bank Bill, Oregon, the Tariff, and the Smithsonian Institution will ever remain prominent in the history of the Senate's proceedings and fix the name of their author among the greatest of our Senators, although he only served one term.

Deep as his interest was in the nation, and much as he gave his attention to the questions affecting the country, and especially the welfare of the Union, he never again accepted any public office, although he was often earnestly asked to do so. His law business was very large and his work was always thorough and far-reaching. He was looked up to with respect, reverence, and love by the members of the profession, especially by those in Massachusetts, who knew him best; but also by people far and wide, who only knew him by reputation.

Mr. Choate had such gracious and winning manners and such an affectionate temper that almost everybody was drawn to him; while his large and sound learning, his great imagination, the attractiveness of his speech, which was like mag-

netism, and his fertile and prodigious resources, made him, in business and in social life, the equal of the greatest people of his time. Much of his leisure was spent in reading. He delighted in all departments of literature.

It is believed that if he had felt it right for him to keep in public life, and if he had lived until the trouble between the North and South called forth the labors of every able patriot in the land, that his place as an orator and statesman would have been with the greatest—perhaps the greatest—in American history.

Rufus Choate was born October 1, 1799, in the Massachusetts town of Ipswich, which is now called Essex. He died at Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 13, 1858.

While Judge Story was a teacher in the Harvard Law School, a young man of twenty years, named **Charles Sumner**, entered his class, as a graduate from the college. He was one of the finest young fellows the Judge had ever met, a good student, with a thoughtful, kind nature, and not a single bad habit. The good Judge admired him so much that they became intimate and life-long friends.

Sumner's education had been gained chiefly by his own efforts at first. His father was a lawyer of much learning, but he was not rich, and had wished to shape the studies of his oldest son in a practical way, so that he could begin early to earn his living and help the family. So Charles began to study the common branches taught in the Boston public school, and not Latin and Greek. But he saved some coppers and bought, second-hand, a Latin grammar and a "*liber primus*" for himself. He studied these books out of school, and surprised his father one day by reciting to him from them. After that he was allowed to take the classical studies in his school. By the time he was eleven years old he entered the Latin School, where both the teachers and scholars admired him very much for his ability and his good disposition. Many of the boys could get above him in class; but none had so much general information as he. He was quick and wide-awake and very fond of reading. History was his favorite study. He used to sit on a low seat, with maps spread out before him, reading with deep and earnest attention. When he grew to be the Honorable Charles Sumner and was doing a large share in the making of his country's history, he had much use for the stores his mind held of the lessons taught by earlier times; which, if he had read in an easy, careless way, he might have forgotten long before. He used to write out, in his own words, what he read, and would often copy many extracts from books that particularly pleased him. In his desire for knowledge he not only read a great deal, but learned by talking with older people, especially those who had traveled or were unusually intelligent. The only one of the boys' sports that he entered into was swimming.

During the fifth and last year at the Latin School, Mr. Sumner became

Sheriff of Suffolk County, Massachusetts. This made him able to send his son to college instead of having to put him to work.

So, in September, when Charles Sumner was sixteen years old, he became a member of the Freshman class at Harvard College. He studied well and excelled in history and all the language branches, but his progress was slow in mathematics, and so he neglected them. Still he was a good student and wasted no time. It is said that he would never take any pleasures that he could not also make profitable.

In the Law School he was the same man—studious, refined, and gentlemanly. He was so industrious and studied so well, even beyond the requirements of the course, that after a little practice in a Boston law office, he was admitted to the bar by the time he was twenty-three years old. Not satisfied with what he could learn at home, three years later he went to Europe. Judge Story gave him letters to some famous lawyers abroad, introducing him “as a young lawyer, giving promise of the most eminent distinction in his profession, with truly extraordinary attainments, literary and judicial; and a gentleman of the highest purity and propriety of character.”

After spending three years of earnest study in Europe Mr. Sumner came back and took up his practice in Boston. He was then twenty-nine years old, and had name enough already to build up an excellent business. Before he went away he had been reporter of the United States Circuit Court, editor of the *American Jurist*, and author of three volumes of law-books, called “Sumner’s Reports.” From time to time he had also taken the place of Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf in giving lectures to the Harvard students. Now he became one of the regular teachers in the Law School.

This was a time of important events in public affairs. Martin Van Buren was President, and the country was becoming bitterly divided on the subject of slavery. Webster was in the Senate, from which Hayne had retired but with Calhoun was keeping the flame of war or States’ rights alive in South Carolina. Garrison and Wendell Phillips in New England, Gerrit Smith and the Tappan brothers in New York, and Salmon P. Chase in the West, were, with a host of others all through the Northern States, working hard to increase and strengthen the feeling against slavery. It was almost impossible for an active, earnest man of public spirit not to take sides for or against the cause. Sumner’s feeling was with the Abolitionists, and before long he became well known in politics. On Fourth of July in 1845, he made an oration in Boston on “The True Grandeur of Nations,” which was not only listened to with great attention by hundreds of patriotic citizens of New England, but was published and read far and wide. Its able arguments for peace as true national welfare and its forcible and finished language even

attracted a great deal of attention in Europe. He also spoke at other times against the annexing of Texas, because it would be spreading slavery ; and made many orations and addresses upon different subjects. At first he was a Whig, like Henry Clay and Webster, but he separated from that party when a new di-



CHARLES SUMNER.

vision, called the Free Soilers, led by Salmon P. Chase, formed itself from both the Whigs and the Democrats who were not in favor of measures against slavery. In Massachusetts this party, uniting with the Democrats in 1851, sent Mr. Sumner to the Senate to take the place of Daniel Webster, who had become Secretary of State in President Fillmore's Cabinet. He held this office with honor and ability for twenty years. During the first year he opposed the Fugitive Slave Bill, which

made it lawful for United States officers to arrest runaway slaves found in the Northern States, and was one of the leading debaters on the famous Kansas-Nebraska Bill.

It was after his splendid speech of the 19th and 20th of May, in 1856, in favor of admitting Kansas into the Union and upon the growing power of slavery, that he was beaten and almost killed by Preston S. Brooks. Brooks was an ardent Southerner, representing South Carolina in Congress. He had read the speech, become angry at some things in it, and deliberately planned to disgrace the Senator. He entered the chamber after a session, and, finding Mr. Sumner sitting alone and very busy at his desk, went up without any warning and struck him again and again upon the bare head with a heavy walking-stick. Mr. Sumner fell over, stunned, at the first blow, and Brooks kept up his angry strokes until two men rushed in from an ante-room and stopped him. The Senator was carried home almost insensible and was in danger of dying for several days. Even after he grew better, he had to go abroad for treatment, and it was a number of years before he could go back to public work.

Near the close of Buchanan's term as President, he was able to return to Washington, and take his old place as leader of the Senate; before the new administration began, he made a powerful speech that had a wide influence throughout the country against the laws and customs of slavery as they were in force throughout the South. It was published under the title of the "Barbarism of Slavery."

Mr. Sumner worked to have Lincoln elected after Buchanan, and, although they did not agree on the slavery question, they were always warm friends. The President held Mr. Sumner as his favorite counselor, and so respected his judgment and wisdom that he was said to be like a Minister of State outside the Cabinet. At the close of the war, the President said there was no one with whom he had advised more throughout his administration.

His work during the conflict and the last ten years of his public life was chiefly upon affairs between the United States and foreign countries. Meanwhile he was also one of the most influential of all our statesmen in having the Southern States again established in the Union upon fair and impartial principles. He also secured the new department in the Government, called the Freedman's Bureau, which was to see after the rights and needs of the thousands of poor and ignorant negroes whom the war had freed from slavery.

In April, 1869, he made a great speech upon what is known as the *Alabama Claims*—that is, the claims of the United States upon Great Britain for the damages done by the *Alabama* and other Confederate privateers which they allowed to escape to sea when they were on friendly terms with the Union.

Mr. Sumner and General Grant were opponents when the hero of the Civil War

came into politics at Washington. The Senator was not in favor of Grant's idea about making the republic of San Domingo in Hayti a part of the United States; he spoke very powerfully against it in 1871, and carried a great deal of the popular feeling with him. He worked against Grant's second term, and in favor of Horace Greeley instead. On the other hand, Grant removed Sumner's friend, John Lothrop Motley—the great historian—from the Court of St. James's in London, where he represented the United States, and at last forced the Senator himself out of the chair of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which he had held for ten years.

Mr. Sumner was a man of great force and will. There was scarcely another man in the Senate, during all the twenty years that he was there, who had so strong an influence upon the American people. No hope of favor or popularity had any weight with him against what seemed right, but he often took up the unpopular side of a question and succeeded in laying it before the people so that he created a favorable feeling about it. This was very plainly the case in regard to the Confederates, Mason and Slidell, who were taken off the British vessel during the war; in regard to the act of freeing the slaves which he urged Lincoln to make after the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862; and upon the San Domingo question.

His last important act was to press his bill for Civil Rights, by which the law of justice was made the same for colored people as for white, in every State in the Union.

Mr. Sumner was never quite free from the effects of the terrible assault in the Senate, and before the close of President Grant's second term, the old trouble returned with some illness in the chest, from which he never got well.

Charles Sumner was born in Boston, January 6, 1811. He died in the city of Washington, March 11, 1874.

Charles O'Connor, of New York, was one of the few great lawyers who was not a politician. He shrank from accepting all public offices, excepting that of District Attorney, which he held for about a year under President Pierce. He even refused the nomination for President when it was offered him. His name is upon the records of famous Americans only as a lawyer, where it stands among the greatest of the past or the present.

From early boyhood he was a scholar, working hard for his education, and beginning to study law when he was sixteen years of age. Four years later he was admitted to the New York bar, where, among a number of illustrious men, he soon worked his way to the top. In a few years he was connected with some of the most famous cases in the courts. He was poor then, but was so upright

and honest, and so firm and true to what he thought right, that he was as proud and manly as a king, although extremely modest. He took the greatest care in his work and spared no pains in making it perfect. After awhile he became rich and famous, and everywhere the nobility of his character was as well known as his vast knowledge and legal power.

He was a very able business man. When he put his mind upon a piece of work, nothing could take him from it unless he thought best; but when he was through, he laid away his papers, freed his mind from cares, and took a good rest and "play spell." Added to this faculty of doing one thing at a time, he had a very fine memory and kept a clear conscience. He never lacked the courage to face a very popular wrong with a despised right, and although he often had many a hard struggle, he usually established the right in the end. He took the part of the slave Jack in a case that was of national interest in 1835, and was also counsel against the "ring" of New York City officials in 1873.

Before many of the boys and girls that are now going to school were born, there were a number of men in New York who held offices which they used to their own advantage instead of for the public good, and stole vast amounts of money from the public treasury.

Finally, these "ring frauds," as they were called, were discovered and brought into court. Mr. O'Connor took the side of the city against the officials. He left nothing undone to expose them and helped a great deal to arouse the people against them, and to secure their punishment.

As a man, Mr. O'Connor was so quiet about his deeds that most people were much surprised when he died, a few years ago, to find out how generous and kind-hearted he had been. His long life of successful practice had yielded him a good fortune, much of which he had shared with people less happy than himself. He had always taken care to conceal his good deeds as much as possible, but many of them came out after his death, and his will directed that a great deal of his large estates should be given to churches and charities.

Charles O'Connor was born January 21, 1804, in New York City, where he died on the 12th of May, 1884.

Probably most people would agree that the greatest living lawyer in America is **William Maxwell Evarts**. His father, Jeremiah Evarts, was a prominent man and an able writer on the questions of his day; but now the son has become more famous than the father. William M. Evarts received his college education at Yale. After that, he studied law in the Harvard Law School, and when he was twenty-three years old, he began to practice in New York City, where he has lived and worked ever since. Ten years later he became Federal

District Attorney, and from that time his place has been in the front rank of his profession.

When President Johnson was impeached, Mr. Evarts was his principal lawyer, and, soon after that great question was settled, he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States.

In about four years more he was again connected with a noted case. This was in the affair known as the *Alabama Claims*, which, though it came up during



CHARLES O'CONOR.

the Civil War, was not adjusted until toward the close of Grant's first term as President. It was rather a serious matter, large damages being claimed of Great Britain which that government did not feel inclined to pay. When, at last, a convention to make a settlement was agreed to, Mr. Evarts acted as the chief agent for the United States; and his conduct in the whole matter was so full of wisdom and showed so much power as an attorney that our cause was won with credit to the republic and to himself.

This occurred at Geneva, in Switzerland, in 1872, and a few years later he was one of the counsel in the Presidential Election dispute. The contest was so close for the President that should follow General Grant that almost the whole country was in doubt whether Mr. Tilden or Mr. Hayes had received the greatest number of ballots. To decide the matter, a number of gentlemen formed what was called an Electoral Commission, and met to listen to the claims of both candidates. That



WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS.

of Mr. Hayes was argued by Evarts, who outshone all the other counsel and secured a decision in favor of his client and the Republican party.

Now—as for the last twenty years, or more—whenever a very important matter, requiring a lawyer of great skill and learning, is brought before the courts, the long, thin figure, and strong, intellectual, and refined face of Mr. Evarts is almost sure to be seen. As a speaker he is very powerful and impressive, and although his opponents have often been the greatest advocates that could be secured, he has scarcely ever lost an important case.

Mr. Evarts was born in Boston, Massachusetts, February 6, 1818.

EARLY MILITARY AND NAVAL COMMANDERS.

“**T**HROUGHOUT all Europe, the talents and great action of General **George Washington** have won for him the truly sublime title of the liberator of America,” wrote the French commander, Count D’Estaing, in the midst



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

of the Revolutionary War. “He is,” said Lord Brougham, of England, “the greatest man of our own or any age;” and such praise from a son of Great Britain, Washington’s vast enemy; and a French commander, his co-worker, must have been most fair and honest.

To all Americans, the life of George Washington is the noblest, the grandest, and the most influential in all our history, and ranks beside the most illustrious characters that have ever lived.

His ancestors, who came from noble English families, emigrated to America in the time of Cromwell; and, in that old and honored State, George Washington was born over forty years before the Declaration of Independence. His father died when he was twelve years old. A large property was left to the mother and five children, but Mrs. Washington was a wise and prudent woman, and trained her family to be industrious and economical, setting them the example herself.

The Southern schools at that time were very poor, but George succeeded in gaining from one and another a fair knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, and land surveying. This last was at that time a very important addition to a young man's education. He grew tall and well-proportioned, had great strength, and was fond of military and athletic exercises. He was high-principled and most careful about his accounts and his manners; he even wrote out over a hundred maxims of civility and good behavior to be kept in mind and practiced.

When he was sixteen years old, he undertook a survey of the wild country about his home in Westmoreland County, camping out for months in the lonely forest, inhabited only by Indians and squatters, who were neither safe nor desirable companions. This work occupied him more than three years, and, beside the excellent pay he received for it, it was the means of making him thoroughly acquainted with the country which Braddock's army had to pass through on the march against Fort Duquesne, a few years later, in the French and Indian War. This life was probably the best training that the young man could have had for the hardships he soon had to endure.

At the beginning of the Seven Years' War, or the French and Indian War, in 1754, when Washington was nineteen years old, he was made an officer in the British Army, and at twenty-two he commanded a regiment against the French.

It was in this conflict that he made his first success as a soldier, when he went on an errand for his commander from Williamsburg to the French settlements along the Ohio. His journey was five hundred and sixty miles long, and lay through a wild, wooded, and mountainous country, where there were neither roads to guide nor houses to shelter any travelers. It was one of the most courageous acts ever undertaken by any American officer. He not only brought back accounts of the French that were of greatest importance to General Dinwiddie and the British Army, but he also kept a diary of his journey and the interviews with the French, which was sent to London and published, informing the people of England about the country and the power of the French in America. It showed what the French intended to do and how well prepared they were for carrying it

out. As soon as he received it, General Dinwiddie set about preparing to force the French to leave the ground that the English claimed as theirs. Two companies were raised and put under Washington's command, with orders to "drive away, kill, and destroy, or seize as prisoners all persons, not the subjects of Great Britain, who should attempt to take possession of the lands on the Ohio River, or any of its tributaries."

This expedition failed in carrying out its purpose. The forces were far too few and too poor to succeed. They were not half paid, and in one of his reports Washington says: "The chief part are almost naked, and scarcely a man has either shoes, stockings, or a hat. There is not a man that has a blanket to secure him from cold and wet." Yet, in spite of all, they did some good fighting, and Colonel Washington gained a good deal of honor for his wise actions and bravery. But not with Dinwiddie, who placed other colonels over him, when more forces were raised, and treated him so disrespectfully that Washington resigned. But he was soon invited to become an aid to General Braddock, who was, about this time, appointed by the King to take charge of all the forces then in the field.

When they set out toward Fort Duquesne with three thousand men—British regulars and Colonial troops—General Braddock expected to find the French and Indians drawn up in regular lines in an open field, and he thought that he would only need to make a bold attack and they would all run. Washington told him that Indians fought by hiding behind trees and lying in wait in unexpected places, and he cautioned the English general to send out scouts in advance of the troops. But Braddock would not listen; he knew more about fighting than this young Colonial captain could tell him—until the Indians did fall upon his ranks unexpectedly, just as Washington had foretold, sending bullets thick and fast into them, while the amazed Britishers saw nothing but trees at which to return fire. Many of the officers fell; Braddock himself was wounded, and Washington had to take command. He knew how to meet the foe with their own weapons; he scattered his men among the trees; he rode here and there giving orders; two horses were shot from under him, and four bullets passed through his coat, but he was not harmed. He checked the advance of the French and Indians, but not until nearly half of the English troops had been killed.

This affair showed the British Government what Washington could do, and, when a new force was raised, he was placed in command of two thousand men. He had little part in the jealousy and mean actions between the British and the Colonial officers that so delayed success in driving out the French, and felt so deeply repulsed by the condition of the army that he resigned after the capture of Fort Duquesne in November, 1758.

The next year he married a beautiful and accomplished widow named Mrs. Martha Custis, whom, with her two children, he took to his family mansion, Mount Vernon. He took no part in military life now; he had large estates, and a great fortune, part of which had belonged to his wife when she married him.

Thus, at twenty-seven, Washington was a country gentleman, proprietor of a plantation upon which wheat and tobacco were raised and fisheries and brick-yards carried on. He had at that time about a hundred and twenty-five slaves. But he was a good master, and directed in his will that all his slaves should have their freedom so that the people of the two estates, who had intermarried, should not be separated. About the time of his marriage, Washington also became a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, where he seldom took any active part. When he spoke at all, it was briefly, but Patrick Henry said that he was, "for solid information and sound judgment, unquestionably the greatest man in the Assembly." He took no part in forming the nation. He was opposed to the idea of independence, and in favor of a close union of the Colonies with the British Government. But when the crisis came, he was ready to take up his arms for America's rights.

In June, 1775, two months after the battle of Lexington, he was chosen by the Continental Congress, of which he was a member, to take command of the newly formed army of the Colonies. His first undertaking was laying siege to Boston. The soldiers were poorly fitted out for their work, and not very well pleased at the way they were treated by Congress and the country. But Washington kept them at work, and in eight months the British Army marched out of Boston and left it to the Colonial troops.

The people were greatly encouraged by this first victory, but soon disheartened again by a terrible defeat at Long Island. Five thousand poorly furnished, untrained men, with no cavalry, were no match for fifteen thousand veterans, well provided with artillery. But it was only a defeat, not utter destruction, as it might have been if Washington had not taken advantage of a dense fog which came up the next day, and so skillfully moved his army across the East River to New York, that although the two armies were so near together that their sentries could hear each other speak, the British never suspected what the Americans were doing until after Washington had left the ferry with the last boat-load of his men. Even this was not safe, so the army was moved to the rocky heights above the island, further away from danger. But while they escaped capture, they had to give up New York to the British, and retire still further through New Jersey to the west bank of the Delaware. Meanwhile Howe gave the patriots another great loss by taking Fort Mifflin, with its garrison of three thousand men and all its stores.

But Washington's turn for success soon followed. After crossing the Delaware in open boats, one bleak December night, he captured the town of Trenton, in New Jersey, and took nearly a thousand prisoners, and, marching on to Princeton, gained another victory, eight days later. These successes cheered soldiers, officers, and Congress, and roused General Howe and his British soldiers from the lazy assurance they felt over the events of the summer.

During the year 1777, but two more battles were fought. The first was at Brandywine Creek, where the brave young French officer, Lafayette, was wounded. There was a loss of nine hundred men to the Americans, but they would not give up till they had another trial, which resulted in a second defeat at Germantown, near Philadelphia.

At this time Washington had to contend with other enemies than those in the field. General Charles Lee, a Welshman by birth, who stood next to him in the army, was all the time trying to influence Congress against him. Instead of helping and obeying Washington, he dallied and thwarted his plans, hoping to make Congress so dissatisfied with the way the army was managed that it would remove the commander and give the office to him.

This was to Washington the gloomiest period of the whole war. The country heard of nothing but losses and retreats, or battles that ended in neither victory nor defeat. Still Congress kept him at the head of the army, and while his forces were too poor and distressed to do battle, he skillfully managed to keep the army together. He compelled all the inhabitants of New Jersey either to join the United States Government or to go for protection within the British lines. He would not have any people around who pretended to be neither friend nor foe, but who would carry news of all his proceedings to the British.

Three days after the sorry battle of Germantown, a second battle was fought at Stillwater, in New York State, and the good news spread far and wide that General Gates had won a victory over General Burgoyne of the British forces. A couple of weeks later six thousand men were surrendered to the Americans at Saratoga. These victories inspired the people, put new courage in the hearts of the poor fellows in Washington's army, which lay in New Jersey; and decided the French Government to openly ally itself with the United States.

Still troops and supplies were withheld from the Commander-in-Chief. Alexander Hamilton was sent to Gates for part of his army, and appeals were made to Congress; but a bitter winter was passed at Valley Forge before the help arrived.

Mrs. Washington spent the winter at the camp and made all the garments she could for the men; but they were in most wretched condition. They had not clothes enough to cover them, to say nothing of keeping them warm; many had

no shoes, and there was hardly food enough to keep them from starving. Washington wrote again and again, begging Congress to do something to relieve the men who had patiently endured so much, who had fought when half-starved, half-naked, and ready to drop with fatigue, and whose shoeless feet had marked the ice and snow with blood as they marched. But secret enemies kept sending in complaints of him to Congress, not in open charges, but by underhanded and unsigned letters, for Lee was not the only general who coveted the honorable post of Commander-in-Chief. These did not influence Congress far enough to remove him, but they delayed it in aiding him when his distress was so great that neglect was almost wicked.

If Washington had been serving himself or Congress, or had had any less noble purpose than pure patriotism, he would never have patiently made the best of this winter and rallied his men as soon as General Sir Henry Clinton—who now commanded the British in place of Howe—left Philadelphia, following him as he moved his forces through New Jersey, and giving battle to him at Monmouth. It was a gain for neither side, but it was a masterly piece of generalship, and convinced Congress that Washington was the right man for his place. It is said that then—for the only time in his life—he actually swore when he found that Lee had begun a retreat instead of making a vigorous attack as he had been ordered. The angered general rose in his stirrups and charged upon the cowardly Welshman such a volley of just rebuke that he turned around and led into the fight. Washington himself led charge after charge. One horse sank beneath him and died on the spot from fatigue; a shot from the British artillery once plowed up the ground a few paces in front of him; but no harm came to him. Some of his men repeated the words of the old Indian, who, after watching him during Braddock's defeat in the French and Indian war, breathed out, "The Great Spirit protects him; he cannot die in battle."

Congress was so well pleased with this engagement that it passed a vote of thanks to General Washington for his bravery and ability; and Count D'Estaing, the commander of the newly arrived fleet from France, wrote, "Accept, sir, the homage which every man, especially every military man, owes you."

Toward the close of the fall Washington encamped his forces in a good place near Peekskill, where he could keep watch of the British and head them off whichever way they should try to go. After this, little happened, until he left these winter quarters to prevent the British from getting up the Hudson. They had already started, but were forced to stop at Stony Point, where Washington sent General Wayne—brave, daring "Mad Anthony"—to secure them. This charge was so well made that the Englishmen were taken without firing a shot. The forces surrendered upon an advance which was made with bayonets.

During the next year about all the fighting was done in the South. A French fleet of six thousand soldiers arrived at Newport, and Washington went there to plan with them for future action, leaving Benedict Arnold in charge of the fortress at West Point. While he was gone Arnold's plot to betray the place to the British came very near being carried out.

Another winter of distress followed at Morristown. The soldiers, driven to madness by their long-continued privations, broke out in open mutiny and started for Philadelphia to demand of Congress a settlement of their wrongs. It was necessary to turn the loyal soldiers upon their mutinous comrades before order could be restored. Washington persuaded them to state their grievances in a petition to Congress and bound himself to make new efforts to see that something was done for them. His personal influence and a knowledge of his sympathy had much to do in bringing back good order.

The next summer all of the forces, French, American, and British, began to gather in the South, where Nathaniel Greene had been fighting for nearly a year, and where Lafayette had been sent in January. Washington set out to join them in August, taking care that Clinton at New York should not know of his course until he was well on the way. So, the united French and American forces shut Cornwallis up in Yorktown and compelled him to surrender before Clinton could reach him.

This was the end of the great war, and among all the brave men who gave their lives to its cause, Washington was the chief hero. By his bravery, wisdom, fortitude, and manliness in every particular, great and small, he had led the weak and wavering soldiers, and directed their officers in the paths that led to victory. All the civilized world united in praising his wisdom, his courage, and all his great qualities as a military commander; but at home, while people loved him deeply for these virtues, he was still more esteemed for his justice, kindness, and generosity. He had no enemy whom he did not treat as a man; no private was too humble for kindness and courtesy; a sick prisoner was as carefully considered as his own aids; and no hope of dashing glory could ever make him forget that his ranks were made up of his fellow-men.

Now another test came; but the soldier could also be a statesman. First in war, he was also first in peace. He became the leader in establishing the new nation, and fostered the peace of the country as devotedly as he had guided its warfare. He took deep and active interest in the government by Congress, presiding over the meetings of the new convention which arranged a government more suited to the new conditions of the country than the old form, and finally adopted the Federal Constitution; and when it came time to choose some one who should stand at the head of the new republic, Washington was the choice of the people.

It was the most important and eventful period of any time of peace in our history, but throughout all of two terms he was the faithful, wise, and skillful President. His Cabinet was made up of the best men in the country, and in all the work of planning out and forming a new government, of settling the policy of the republic in matters of both home and foreign affairs, and meeting all the unexpected difficulties which kept constantly rising both for the present and the future, Washington was always equal to his post, prudent, active, careful, just, and never losing sight of the one great bond of the nation, federal union. After an administration of eight years, in which the nation had become quite firmly established and prosperous, he refused another term, and went to live quietly at the family seat of Mount Vernon.

He was as upright and noble in appearance as in mind. He was six feet, two inches tall, with brown hair, blue eyes, a large head, and strong arms. He was a bold and graceful rider and hunter, and whether at home or in the field, he was always careful of his personal appearance. His manners were gentle and gracious, though dignified, and at times cold and reserved. His house at Washington was like a court, where the customs were as formal and stately as those of a prince's palace, and the President's wife was spoken of as "Lady" Washington.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732. He died at Mount Vernon, Virginia, December 14, 1799.

General Washington said that if any accident should befall him so that he would be unable to lead the American army, the one general whom he would name to take his place would be **Nathaniel Greene**.

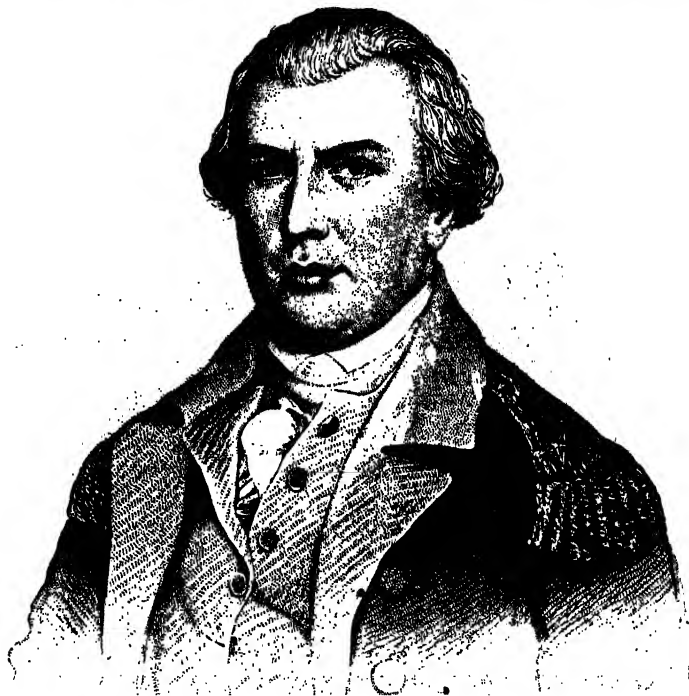
When the news of the battle of Lexington reached Warwick County, Rhode Island, he was a member of the Kentish Guards of Coventry, and with them he started at once for Boston; and when the Tory Governor ordered them back Greene was one of the four who, refusing to obey, mounted the first horses they could find and galloped on to Boston.

At this time he was the foremost man in Coventry, and general in his State militia. He had been expelled from the Society of Friends, or Quakers, into which he had been born, because he not only loved military life, but was also determined to fight against the armies of Great Britain.

He had begun life by working on his father's farm and at his iron forge, and after working long over-hours to earn money to buy books, he had sat up late at night to study them, until he had succeeded in getting a pretty good education. His knowledge and good sense gained for him the respect of all the leading men in and about his town, and he had been a member of the Rhode Island Colonial Assembly for five years before the battle of Lexington was fought and the Kentish

Guards started for the seat of war. The Assembly of Rhode Island soon after raised a force of sixteen hundred men, and Greene was by common consent appointed major-general. This was in May, 1775, and from that time until the army was disbanded at the close of the war in 1783, he never left the service even on a day's furlough.

The good effects of hard study in his earlier days now began to be seen. He



NATHANIEL GREENE.

soon mastered military tactics, and drilled his raw troops so thoroughly that two months later, when Washington took command of the Colonial forces, he pronounced Greene's troops "the best disciplined in the whole army."

Washington and Greene became fast friends from their first meeting. The great commander saw at once that he could place confidence in this young Rhode Islander, and he did.

But during the next battle—that of Long Island—Greene lay helpless with an

attack of fever within sound of the firing, but scarcely able to raise his head from the pillow. This was a greater trial than any he ever had on the field. He had made himself thoroughly familiar with all the points along the shore. He knew just where the most dangerous places were, just where the strongest blows could be struck better than any one else, and now he must lie still and wait for the result. He actually cried when told of the Americans' defeat and the great havoc made in his own favorite regiment. Just as soon as he dared leave his bed, he mounted his horse and again took his command.

When Washington withdrew to White Plains he sent Greene to watch Staten Island, and a little later he was put in charge of the troops in New Jersey. When the brilliant dash at Trenton was made Greene was Washington's best man, and his assistance at Princeton had much to do with that victory.

While the army was encamped at Morristown, New Jersey, during the second winter of the war, Greene was sent by Washington to Congress to set before it the condition of the army and the need of more troops, what dangers it would have to meet, and what was needed to prepare for them. Only a part of the needed assistance was gained, and the spring opened with poor prospects for the patriots.

In the battle of Brandywine, the first in the campaign of 1777, Greene distinguished himself during the retreat of the defeated Americans by his coolness and firmness in holding the British back from their hot pursuit until the disordered ranks could reform. Finding a favorable spot in a narrow pass through a thicket, he made a stand and held the pass until nightfall.

It is said that if his advice had been taken, both the defeat at Brandywine and that at Germantown, immediately after, might have been avoided. He was asked to select places for the army each time, and chose strong ones where they could have held their ground against attack, but his advice was overruled by the other generals, who were anxious to fight in the open field, and defeat was the result.

When the army went into camp at Valley Forge, during the third winter of the war, Greene was made quartermaster-general.

The battle of Monmouth was their first engagement after breaking camp. It was here that Lee, disobeying Washington's order, began the retreat, which but for Greene would have been carried out with great loss to the Americans. Greene promptly came up with his force, and, seeing that Lee's action prevented him from carrying out his own orders, he resolved to act quickly, without direction, and take a good stand where he could stop the course of the enemy, which was moving upon Washington's troops in great force. In this he drew a large part of them away from their attack on Washington toward himself, but his men met their

furious charge with the same steady nerves and cool determination showed by their commander. They held their ground and poured volley after volley into the British ranks until they were glad to draw back. That night the Americans slept upon the ground with their arms at their sides as they had fought; the next morning, when the daylight appeared, the British were nowhere to be seen.

Greene's next active service was at Newport, where he was sent to assist Sullivan in an attack upon the British. Here he again held his ground against the British regulars until they were forced to retire. Then the American force marched to a place of safety before the British were ready to make another attack. This, too, was under very unfavorable circumstances, for there had been a disagreement between General Sullivan and the French commander, D'Estaing, and the Frenchman had left the Americans in such danger that they were very angry. Sullivan prepared a sharp letter to send to Congress, and Washington ordered Greene to go to Congress and try to make peace between Sullivan and D'Estaing. Greene arrived on the same morning that Sullivan's letter came. In the gallery sat D'Estaing, the French Minister, and some other distinguished Frenchmen. As the Clerk was opening the letter, Greene, who sat near the President, hastily wrote to him on a slip of paper, "Don't let that letter be read until you have looked it over." The President whispered to the Clerk not to read it, other business came up, and the offensive letter was not read. If it had been, probably the French would have refused at once to help the Americans any more. A few words in time had saved to the nation its greatest ally, and Greene returned to camp.

During the months that followed, very little fighting was done by any of the forces, and the idle hands found mischief, as they always do. Envy and jealousy broke out among the officers. Greene, as well as Washington, had some very active enemies. He was accused of using his office of quartermaster for his own profit. Congress took the matter up, and Greene was asked to give an account of all his property. He easily proved that these statements were false, but he deeply resented them and soon resigned the office of quartermaster. In less than six months his slanderers had reason to wish they had kept still and let his management alone.

In the early part of 1780 Washington left Greene to guard Springfield, New Jersey, while he moved north to protect West Point, which the British seemed to be threatening. As soon as Washington was well on his way the British suddenly turned and marched toward Springfield five thousand strong. Greene had but two brigades and a small body of militia—thirteen hundred in all. But he placed these in such good position, and roused them to such a firm spirit of resistance, that the British were obliged to return to Elizabethtown.

Then there came another period of rest. Washington went to Hartford to consult with the French generals and left Greene to take charge of the army and to keep him informed of all that went on. With a way of learning about everything that went on at the British headquarters at New York, Greene soon discovered that something was going to happen. He wrote to Washington about it, but said that the success of the plan seemed to depend on keeping it a secret. Two days later the secret was out. It was Benedict Arnold's plot to let the British into West Point. André was captured; Greene presided over the court that tried him and signed the death-warrant, although he would have gladly made the sentence lighter if he had thought it right.

He was then put in charge of West Point. Soon after this the seat of war was changed to the South, and there Greene was sent before long to take the place of Gates, the victor of Saratoga, after his sorry defeat at Camden in the midsummer of 1780.

Greene found his command in a miserable condition. The term of most of the men had expired, so there was really no army and no supplies, and Congress was out of money with which to provide any of these. But gradually a small force, mostly raw militia, was collected, and with these Greene did some of the most brilliant fighting of the war. He gained no great victories—his forces were too weak for that—but by watchfulness and activity he turned even his defeats to good account; he took advantage of every mistake; he hung over all the enemy's movements, ready to strike an unexpected blow; he chased them here and there, and at last compelled them to leave the whole country—Georgia and the Carolinas—and to shut themselves up in Charleston. The battle of Eutaw Springs, from which the retreat into Charleston was made, was one of the severest battles of the whole war. It was hard to say which side gained the victory; the British claimed it, but they were glad to leave the field as soon as possible after it was over. They retreated to Charleston, and at last their power in the South was broken. Thus, "by sheer caution, activity, and perseverance, and without winning a single victory, Greene had almost cleared the South of the enemy."

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, which occurred about two months after this, brought an end to the war in the North, but there was still trouble in the South. For more than a year longer Greene was obliged to be constantly on the watch for sallies from the British garrisons; his own army was in the greatest distress much of the time; they had no food and were forbidden by the Legislature of South Carolina to supply themselves by foraging; they had hardly rags enough to cover them; sickness broke out and finally mutiny. A second act of treason was found out just in time to save the loyal soldiers from a combined attack by the British and the rebelling Americans.

Finally, the Southern Army saw the last of the English Army depart from Charleston. It entered the city amidst great rejoicing, while the praises of General Greene resounded through the country and even across the Atlantic. As a soldier and a man, he is ranked above every other officer in the Revolution, excepting the great Commander-in-Chief. But there was still another long delay before the needy army was disbanded and Greene was free to return to his home. Even then it was not to settle down to the comfort that he had justly earned.

When the Legislatures of Georgia and the Carolinas first met, after the battle of Eutaw Springs had made it safe for them to do so, they showed how much they valued General Greene's services by voting him large sums of money and lands. These he had pledged to secure food and clothing for his army, but the greater part was swept away by the false-dealing of one in whom he had trusted. With the little that was left he settled with his family in Georgia in the spring of 1785. The next year, while walking out in the rice-field, he had a sun-stroke which caused his death within a week.

Nathaniel Greene was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, May 27, 1742. He died on his estates near Savannah, Georgia, June 19, 1786.

The greatest naval hero of the Revolution was **John Paul Jones**, a Scotchman, who first came to America when he was an apprentice-boy, on an errand for his master, a great English tobacco merchant. He was only John Paul then, for the Jones was added to his name in later years.

At the age of twelve he had been sent to Whitehaven, in England, which is just across the Solway Firth or bay from his native place. There he was apprenticed to a merchant who had a large trade with America. He was a bright and studious boy, and one that could be trusted, so the next year, when the merchant sent a ship to Virginia for a cargo of tobacco, John Paul went along, for he had a brother in that State. He was much pleased with the new country, but still more so with his voyage. Life at sea seemed so delightful to him that he began to study navigation at once; and when, soon after his return to England, his master's business failed, he was glad to be released from his apprenticeship so that he could become a sailor. His studies had fitted him to take a good place in the merchant service, and he soon had an offer to ship in the slave trade, which was one of the most flourishing branches of English commerce in the last half of the last century. So arrangements were made, and the day came when the *King George* set sail from Whitehaven with John Paul for third mate. The ship went to Africa and returned, and when Paul next went to sea—which was very soon—it was as chief mate of the *Two Friends*. He was now nineteen years old, and carried his cargo of human beings safely to the island of Jamaica, where the vessel belonged. But

as soon as his duty was fulfilled he gave up the ship. He declared he would never again have anything to do with the slave trade, and took passage for home in the first ship bound for Great Britain. Yellow fever broke out during the voyage. Captain, mate, and all the chief officers died, leaving the brig in the middle of the Atlantic without a man of the crew able to guide its course. The young passenger took command, and the men soon saw that, though he was but twenty years of age, he was a thorough sailor, and all obeyed and respected him as their regular chief. He brought the vessel safely to her port, which was near his own home, and the company rewarded him by making him her captain.

During his first regular voyage in this brig, a false report was raised that he killed the carpenter, whom he had had to flog for neglecting his duty, but who died of a fever some time after landing at the West Indies. This was so much talked about, and so great a time made over Captain Paul's "cruelties," that he left Scotland for good in 1771. After serving in England's West India trade for awhile, he came to Virginia, where his brother had left him heir to a goodly estate. The country which had distrusted and slandered him he would claim no longer. Hereafter he would be an American. He would not even bear the old name, but would be John Paul Jones in future.

In a couple of years the Revolutionary War broke out, and the first of the first lieutenants appointed in the new navy was John Paul Jones. He was placed on board of the frigate *Alfred*, the first vessel, it is said, over which the American flag ever floated. It was Lieutenant Jones himself who first hoisted the yellow sheet when the commodore came to the fleet, and displayed to Commander Hopkins the coiled rattlesnake and the motto "*Don't tread on me.*"

After his first voyage, in which he made the attack on Providence Island, Jones was promoted to commander of the *Providence*. In this, during a cruise of six weeks, he captured sixteen prizes. He was then made one of the regular captains in the young navy of the United States, and ordered to start out on board the *Ranger* for a two or three months' cruise against the craft of England. At that time our whole navy numbered only a few vessels, while England had over a thousand. It needed a great deal of skill to keep out of the way of their heavy men-of-war, and still more to watch them and make unexpected attacks on them at just the right moment. But Jones was as keen and alert as an enemy as he was able as a seaman. He took many English merchant and trading vessels, and even drove some fishing-vessels away from their grounds at Cape Breton.

After this the English concluded that the *Ranger* needed looking after, so they fitted out and sent off the *Drake*, a larger vessel than Jones's, with almost twice as many guns. Her orders were to capture the *Ranger*. The two vessels

met just off the southeastern coast of Scotland, in April of 1778, and after an hour of quick, sharp, and spirited fighting, the *Drake*, instead of the *Ranger*, was the captured craft. Captain Jones carried his prize to the coast of France and sent the *Ranger* home to America.

The news of this victory was a surprise to every one and a very unpleasant one to England. They had before felt nothing but disdain for the weak little



JOHN PAUL JONES.

navy of the "American Colonies," but now they learned that it was not as harmless as it was young and small.

For five months after the capture of the *Drake*, Jones was kept waiting in France for a vessel. While people were talking over and praising his naval skill he was without money or employment in a foreign country. Congress was too poor to fit out another vessel, or even to send him the money he needed to keep himself and crew from want. About this time Benjamin Franklin succeeded in getting the French Government to openly become our ally, and Jones looked to them for a vessel and supplies.

While he was watching and waiting for a reply to some of the numerous letters he had written to the court, he one day came across a copy of "Poor Richard's Almanac," in which he found one of Franklin's wise sayings that applied ex-

actly to his own case. It was, "If you want your business well done, go and do it yourself." Jones resolved to act on this stray bit of advice, and went at once to the king. His honor and fame from the *Ranger's* exploits were enough to admit him to the court, where he could command respect and attention by his presence as well as his renown. He had made himself well educated and cultivated by adding industry to his genius, and although his figure was neither large, robust, nor more than medium tall, it was active and vigorous. His weather-beaten face had keen black eyes that lightened a certain melancholy grace which softened his compact and determined-looking features. He soon interested the king in his desire to raise a fleet and again meet America's enemies on the sea. Arrangements that had already been begun were now soon completed, and a squadron of French and American vessels was placed under the command of Jones, who named the old Indiaman, which fell to his lot, the *Bon Homme Richard*. That meant the Good Man Richard, in English, and was in honor of Benjamin Franklin, the almanac-maker and distinguished American Minister to France.

When at last the squadron was ready, the *Bon Homme Richard* and her four companion vessels set sail from France in the middle of August, 1779, the fourth year of the war. It was a poor fleet, manned with a motley crew of more foreigners than Americans and some under-officers that were not fit for their posts. But it seemed as if no disadvantages could cause Commander Jones to fail. After a month's cruising he had captured and destroyed twenty-six of the enemy's vessels.

One day in the latter part of September, near the end of his course around the British Isles, the *Bon Homme Richard*, the *Pallas*, and the *Alliance* suddenly fell in with the Baltic fleet, off Flamborough Head. The fleet was protected by two British cruisers, the *Countess of Scarborough* and the *Serapis*. The last was a fine new frigate, carrying forty-four guns and manned by a picked crew. She was larger and far stancher than any of Jones's vessels, but the commander was not daunted and prepared the *Bon Homme* to give her battle.

The engagement took place on a smooth sea and in the calm moonlight of the night of September 23d, a date that will always be remembered, for this was one of the most remarkable naval battles ever fought. In everything except the valor and genius of her commander, the *Serapis* had the advantage, for although Captain Pearson was a brave and able man, he had his superior in John Paul Jones. The *Bon Homme* had two guns burst at the outset, killing a number of men, and in the thick of the fight, for some unknown reason, her own comrade, the *Alliance*, under the zealous Frenchman Laidais, fired upon her again and again, while the *Serapis* was pouring volley upon volley into her rotten timbers from the other

side. After awhile Captain Pearson called out, "Has your ship struck?" to which Jones flung back the answer, "I have not yet begun to fight." Then he helped to lash the jib-stay of the *Serapis* to the mizzen-mast of the *Richard*, and the deadly firing was thicker than ever, hand to hand and muzzle to muzzle.

The *Serapis* had a full battery against three guns on the *Richard's* deck, but the *Richard's* tops were filled with sailors who, armed with muskets and hand-grenades, swept the Englishman's boards, and finally set fire to a quantity of cartridges which exploded with as much damage to the *Serapis* as the *Richard* received when her guns burst at the beginning of the battle. Then there came a cry that the *Richard's* hull had been broken in and the vessel was sinking. A hundred English prisoners rushed up from below, but before they had a chance to leap upon the deck of the *Serapis*, Jones, cool and commanding, ordered them to the pumps. They were prisoners of war, honor-bound to obey him, and so they saved the vessel from sinking till the *Serapis* struck her colors—both vessels then on fire. Unseaworthy to start with, the *Bon Homme* could not be saved; she was left the next morning and soon sank to the bottom. Meanwhile the *Pallas*, which had a better officer than the *Alliance*, captured the *Countess of Scarborough*, so the American victory was complete.

Honors and praises were awarded to Jones and his officers in all lands. Louis XVI. presented him with a sword and the cross of military merit, receptions were given, speeches made, and great distinction was paid him on all sides. On returning to Philadelphia, soon after, he received from Congress a gold medal, and both by public honors and individual tokens the people showed him how much they appreciated his services to his adopted country.

This was in the early part of 1781, and Jones's next command was to be the *America*, a large vessel carrying seventy-four guns, then being finished at Portsmouth. But before the good ship was ready for the sea, Cornwallis surrendered to Washington and there were no more battles to be fought. Then it was decided to give her to France in return for a French vessel that had been destroyed in Boston Harbor, and Jones joined the French squadron to take part in King Louis's war with England, which the alliance with the United States had brought about. But the news of the general peace reached them at the West Indies, and he returned to Philadelphia.

While on a visit to France about five years later, he received an invitation to join the Russian Navy with the rank of a rear admiral. He accepted this upon condition that he should still remain an American citizen and should never be asked to fight against France.

He was now forty years of age and a famous hero. The Russian officers felt jealous of his great name and the favor he had in their service, and finally suc-

ceeded in carrying false reports of him to the Czarina—the great Queen Catharine—and getting him retired. When he left the service he was promised a handsome pension, which was never received; and the man who had commanded the attention and admiration of the world died in poverty and neglect at Paris, while a commission from the United States to make a treaty with the Dey of Algiers was on its way to him.

John Paul Jones was born at Arbigland, Scotland, on the 6th of July, 1747. He died in Paris, France, July 18, 1792.

The War of the Revolution had not swept far into the Carolinas before it reached the Waxhaw Settlement and the home of **Andrew Jackson**. He was “little Andy” then, an active, daring lad of thirteen, the most mischievous boy in the neighborhood, always “up to” some prank and always getting into trouble. He had first attended an “old field school,” which was a log hut in one of the pine forests that spring up in the South on old fields which have been used for raising cotton until they will grow no more.

Andy’s father had died before he was born, and his mother was poor, but she succeeded in having him go away to school, where he was studying for college. But he had time to learn little more than reading, writing, and arithmetic before the war closed the school-houses of the South and filled the minds of young and old with other thoughts than of study. Andy’s daring spirit was roused by the stirring reports that reached him. He was lively, fond of jumping, foot-racing, and wrestling—a regular little soldier even as a school-boy. He was slender, and more active than strong, so very often he was thrown. One of his playfellows used to say, “I could throw him three times out of four, but he never would stay *throwed*. He was dead game even then, and never would give up.” He was rather hard to get along with among boys of his own age, but there was nothing he would not do to defend the younger boys, who accepted him as their leader.

When the sweep of war reached their district, Andrew and his two larger brothers were wild with eagerness to join in “for Congress” and against the British. So the three boys—Andy only thirteen years old—mounted their horses and went out with the little parties that scoured the country, breaking up the small posts of the enemy and doing what deeds of service they could.

After the surrender of Cornwallis the Waxhaw people went back to their homes, from which they had been driven by fear and the enemy; but Andrew, unsettled for study, too young and not prepared for work, remained in the city. One year, to his own shame, he wasted in trying to have a good time, and two others were of little account to him, but suddenly making up his mind that he would have to go to work at something if he would succeed in life, he left his gay friends

and went back to the country. He taught school for awhile, and in the winter of 1785 began to study law at Salisbury. There was at this time a fine opportunity for young men to work their way up in the world through the profession of law. The Tory barristers, who beforetimes had had the largest share in this business, were now shut out, and the many changes in the country called loudly for others



ANDREW JACKSON.

in the profession to take their places, for old Whig lawyers had more than they could do. After two or three years of faithful study, Andrew was licensed to practice, and before long he was appointed Solicitor for the Western District of South Carolina, which is now Tennessee.

He was then a fine-looking young man about twenty-one years old, tall, straight and slender, dignified and active. He was a good rider, a capital shot, and a leader among his friends in all kinds of out-door sport. He was gay and spirited,

brave but not rash, prudent but no coward—just the man for a frontier settlement harassed by Indians. His red neighbors soon found out his nature, and while they feared him they also admired him, and called him the “Pointed Knife” and the “Sharp Arrow.” Every time there was an outbreak, Jackson took the lead against them, always showing so much courage and judgment, both in meeting the Indians and in quieting them, that his name became quite famous throughout the vicinity, and he was made major-general of the new State of Tennessee, which was formed about eight years after he moved out there.

He also did a great deal in organizing this State, helping to plan the Constitution, representing it in Washington at different times, both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate, and after that, he held the office of Judge of the Supreme Court.

When the second war with Great Britain was declared, he easily raised a force of twenty-five hundred volunteers, and offered their services and his own to the Government, in June of 1812. Although his troops were accepted, they were not given anything much to do until the next fall, when they were sent out against the Creek Indians, whom they completely routed, ending entirely this Indian outbreak, sometimes called the Creek War, and breaking forever the Indian power in North America. It was during this campaign that once, when the food gave out, Jackson set his men the example of eating hickory-nuts to keep from starving, and gained by it the name of “Old Hickory.” Because of the skill and energy shown in this hard and dangerous undertaking, Jackson was appointed a major-general of the regular army. He was then forty-seven years old, hardy, active, and energetic; one of the most popular men in the country.

He was not now kept back, as when he first entered the war. In the fall, when an invasion of the British was expected in the South, he was ordered to the Gulf of Mexico to oppose them. In the first place, he seized Pensacola, which belonged to Spain, but was used by the British, and then he moved his army to New Orleans, for although that was a gateway for invasion, it was so poorly defended that the English might almost have taken it without any effort. In about two weeks after he arrived in the “Crescent City” the invasion began, but Jackson not only succeeded in keeping the enemy out until the defenses were finished, and repulsed their attack on New Year’s Day, but also met their veteran troops, which far outnumbered his own, in the great assault on the 8th of January, and defeated them with great loss to the British from the deadly fire of his artillery and the unerring aim of his Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen. To the British—says Jackson’s biographer—there was a loss of two generals and seven hundred men killed, fourteen hundred wounded, and five hundred prisoners—the result of twenty-five minutes’ work, in which Jackson’s loss was eight killed and thirteen

wounded. This deed gave "Old Hickory" an everlasting popularity among his countrymen. It was one of the most brilliant and decisive victories ever gained in America, and raised Jackson's rank to that of about the greatest general in the country. It was the last conflict of the war. The treaty had already been signed at Ghent, and the news of peace would have reached America before the engagement if there had then been the means of quick communication across the Atlantic that there now are.

Those were troublous times in our country. Peace was scarcely settled on one hand before there was war on another. Before long it was the Seminole Indians of Florida—then owned by Spain—who raised an outbreak among the Indians of Georgia. General Jackson marched down upon them. He settled their outbreak with sharp, quick measures, but aroused the Spanish Government by going into their territory and hanging two Englishmen whom he believed to have been the cause of the whole affair. This almost brought on a war with Spain. But the matter was settled by John Quincy Adams, who wrote letters and despatches to both England and Spain, and finally succeeded in clearing Jackson from blame. But in America, while Adams and Calhoun upheld him, Clay and Crawford censured him, and as each of these led a considerable number of others, there was a small war at home, in Congress, for a time. But it was more out of jealousy about who should gain favor toward the next Presidency than because Jackson had hung two men whom he thought guilty of stirring up strife in Florida.

After Spain had ceded Florida to the United States, General Jackson was made Governor of the Territory. Later, he was United States Senator from Tennessee for a second time, and became a candidate for President in the campaign in which John Quincy Adams was elected. But in the next canvass he ran again and succeeded; four years later he was re-elected, more popular than ever; and at the end of his second term he had so much influence that, because of his support, Van Buren became the next President, although Calhoun, the other candidate, was far more popular in himself.

He showed great firmness and judgment as President, and held to what he thought right against any amount of opposition. After a long struggle he succeeded in destroying the Bank of the United States, and took the first steps toward having for our country an independent Treasury and a specie currency.

The six Presidents before him had believed that the Government offices should be held by men worthy of their positions without considering their politics, but Jackson believed that the offices should be given to the members of the party in power. The party that had elected him was the one now beginning to be known as the Democrats, and so he set the custom called "rotation in office" by dis-

charging officers belonging to other parties—even when there was no other reason for their leaving—and put the Democrats in their places. While this has always been strongly opposed by many citizens and statesmen, it has remained in force ever since, although a beginning was made against it a few years ago by passing the laws of Civil Service Reform.

The greatest event of Jackson's second term was his prompt action in putting down the "nullification" measures in South Carolina after the convention led by Calhoun, Hayne, and others, to declare the tariff law null and void. His motto as a statesman was: "Our Federal Union: it must be preserved."

If this had not been his principle and he had not known how to meet and crush the first efforts of South Carolina to secede from the Union, the division between North and South would probably have been carried, the United States would have been broken up, and the great Republic of the West would have been lost in a group of petty, selfish States in constant jealousy—and perhaps strife—against each other; for there was not then enough strength of feeling among the Unionists to do what they did thirty years after.

When Jackson left the White House, it was as a completely successful man. One of our historians says: "He had won all his political battles. He had kept his oath that he would put down nullification and maintain the Union. He had driven Calhoun and his friends out of the Democratic party. He had driven the Bank of the United States almost out of existence. He had succeeded in making Van Buren, who had supported him in all his struggles, President. He had succeeded in making Roger B. Taney, who had supported him in his struggle with the Bank, Chief Justice. At the end of his second term, having beaten all his enemies, and rewarded all his friends, Jackson retired from public life to his home in Tennessee," leaving upon the nation an impression that will outlast his century and perhaps remain in its very warp and woof forever.

Andrew Jackson was born March 15, 1767, in what was called the Waxhaw settlement, either in North or South Carolina, it is not known which, although he believed himself a native of the southern State. He died at his country-seat, the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tennessee, June 8, 1845.

In the second conflict with England, which is often called the War of 1812, **Winfield Scott** was the hero of the North, and in the war with Mexico, thirty-five years later, he became the most distinguished general in the United States service.

He belonged to a race of soldiers. His grandfather was one of the brave band of Scottish Highlanders who joined Prince Charles and fought in vain to place the Stuarts again on the English throne. His father came from Scotland

to Virginia, and was a lawyer in Pittsburg at the time Winfield was born. But the father died when the boy was five years old, and twelve years after, his



WINFIELD SCOTT.

mother died. He was sent to school in Richmond, and then went to William and Mary's College and heard law lectures for a year. At the age of twenty he was admitted to the bar, but three years for preparatory studies, college, and law course was not time enough to make a lawyer, and Scott did not succeed very

well when he began to practice. Before he had settled the difficulty of getting started in this profession, the troubles about American seamen began with England. He saw that it must end in war, and so turned from law to join the army. He was placed in General Wilkinson's division, which was sent to protect the frontier of the new Territory of Louisiana from any possible attacks by the British. With many others, Scott suspected General Wilkinson of being connected with Aaron Burr's conspiracy to separate the Western from the Atlantic States, but he spoke too freely about it, and—although it was afterward proved true—he was suspended from the army for a year, for disrespect toward his superior officer.

This was a marked disgrace for the young soldier, and he felt it, too. He knew it was not an undeserved punishment, and he resolved to make the best of it. After getting back to Virginia, he looked about for some profitable way to spend the time. Some one advised him to devote it to the study of his profession, especially military tactics. His biographer says :

“The knowledge of military art he gained during this period of his disgrace, the caution and skill it taught him to mingle with his chivalrous feelings and boiling courage, laid the foundation of his after brilliant career.”

At the end of the year he was very glad to take his place again. The war-cloud that had been hanging over the country so long now burst. Scott was appointed lieutenant-colonel and sent to the Canadian frontier, where the long and honorable record of his warrior life began. His first battle, at Queenstown Heights, in Canada, was a failure. But that was no fault of Scott. The next year he was again promoted. In May, after a most terrible battle, he captured Fort George. This was almost over when a bursting magazine sent a piece of timber that hurled the gallant colonel off his horse ; but, jumping up, he urged on his men to final victory, and was the first to enter the gates of the enemy's fort. He was scarcely twenty-seven years old at this time, and in the next year he was appointed brigadier-general and given charge of what is called a “camp of instruction” in Buffalo. Here he introduced the modern French system of tactics, which had never before been used in America, translating from the French the first book on the subject ever brought out in this country. The thorough drilling which for three months he gave the soldiers under his charge was of the greatest importance in the successes of the later campaigns.

Early in July the army crossed the Niagara River and took Fort Erie. Two days afterward the famous Chippewa engagement took place, after which General Riall and his British forces were driven beyond the Chippewa River. Twenty days passed after this struggle before the armies met again, but on the 25th of July—it was in the year 1813—they came together at Lundy's Lane, and fought the celebrated “Battle of Niagara.” The story of this is well known ; it was one of the

most stirring events in American history, and Scott was its hero. Although he lost one-quarter of his brigade, he refused to yield a bit of ground, leading almost every charge himself, and showing such gay spirits and unflinching courage through the deadliest fire that the troops caught the infection and fought with all their might. Every man that day was a hero. Help finally came and the victory was won. The English officers were brave men, too; and they were stung to the quick that they should have been so determinedly opposed and beaten at last. They renewed the attack again and again, thinking each one must be the last that the ragged ranks of the Americans could stand. But the Americans had the same order every time, "*Charge again!*" As Scott, apparently dying, was borne to the rear, every regimental officer in the brigade killed or wounded, he shouted, "*CHARGE AGAIN!*" After eleven o'clock at night the firing ceased, leaving the Americans with the field.

It cannot be said that the battle of Niagara added territory or prisoners to our country's possessions, but it was, next to Bunker Hill, the most important contest we ever had. England learned a second time what kind of men she had to fight over here. Scott did not recover from his wounds for several months, and, the treaty being made at the close of the year, he had no further part in the war. But the fame of his valor and great services at Lundy's Lane spread far and wide. He was made a major-general, and received a vote of thanks from Congress, which also requested the President—James Madison—to present him with a gold medal, "for his distinguished services," it said, and for his "uniform gallantry and good conduct in keeping up the reputation of the arms of the United States." He received the medal some time later from President Monroe.

After the treaty was made the famous general was offered the position of Secretary of War in President Madison's Cabinet, but he declined because he was too young. He was then asked to take it until Mr. Crawford should come back from Paris, but he again refused out of respect to General Brown and General Jackson, who were older than he, and whose longer service made them more deserving of the post; for under the President the Secretary of War has the control of the whole United States Army.

Then he was sent on a mission to Europe to attend to some diplomatic service and some military matters, and after doing both well he returned, married, and, for a time, led a quiet military life.

In 1832 he was sent out to the Northwestern frontier during the outbreak of the Sac Indians, but this trouble—often called the Black Hawk War, from the name of the chief of the tribe—was settled before he reached the field. So he had no need to show his valor. But when the cholera broke out among his troops on the way, he showed another side of his nature that was more beautiful than all the

dash and gallantry at Niagara. He not only made all the provision for his sick men, securing comfort to those who were down and guarding against the spread of the disease, but he was head nurse himself. Every day he visited and comforted the sufferers, cheered and encouraged the others, and by his words and example inspired the well men with hope and courage while the scourge kept on sweeping through the ranks.

In that same year, after he had brought his command safely back to Washington, President Jackson sent him to Charleston with the difficult and delicate task of keeping order and maintaining the power of the Government against the nullifiers of South Carolina. This he did with so much tact, prudence, and firmness that his errand was perfectly successful.

In June, 1841, General Macomb died and General Scott became Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. Five years after, the war with Mexico began. In the second year Scott took command of the field in the South himself, and in all the difficult campaigns with the crafty enemy, his skill in strategy was equal to his gallantry in open battle. He forced the surrender of Vera Cruz and the stout castle of San Juan d' Ulloa, attacked Cerro Gordo in the next month, and took that great mountain stronghold from its fifteen thousand men commanded by the great Santa Anna himself. Then, during August and September, he worked his way toward the capital, fighting and winning the battles of Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, and on the morning of September 14th, triumphantly leading his army into the great fortress of the country, the city of Mexico, garrisoned as it was by a large force, and surrounded by walls and broad lakes.

He had not reached the city by the regular roads—too many forts had been built upon them—but he had his men cut out a new road for themselves so that they went around the enemy, and came into the valley where the city lay, at a point where it was not defended. After their march down the mountain-side the first fighting began about ten miles from the city, and during that great day, the 20th of August, the American general won five victories, one after another, and chased almost the whole of the Mexican force—three times as large as that of the Americans—inside the walls of the capital. Santa Anna sent out proposals for peace, and Scott agreed, but after three weeks had passed and they were not yet brought to a close, he found that his enemies were only using the time to put the city under better defenses, so he broke off the peace arrangements and renewed the war. First Chapultepec, a strong castle upon the top of a very steep hill, was taken in spite of the most determined resistance, and then the whole of the American Army moved around to a side of the city where no attack had been expected. Two of the gates were taken before night, and the next morning Scott with his

army, now much reduced, marched through the main street and at seven o'clock the American flag was floating over the National Palace. During the night Santa Anna and his men had fled, so this ended the regular fighting of the Mexican War; and after all the difficulties of the treaty were settled and the papers were signed, on the 2d of February, 1848, the American forces left the capital and returned to the United States.

Scott was covered with glory. Many people would have had him President at the next election, but the Whig party was not powerful then, and Franklin Pierce, the Democrat, received the larger vote. He had already been honored and promoted to the highest degree, so now a new office, that of lieutenant-general, was created and bestowed upon him, and limited to last no longer than his life.

But Scott was a peacemaker as well as a soldier. Four times he made peace upon the United States borders, and when his native State and many of his old friends and comrades were doing all in their power to bring on the Civil War, he threw the whole weight of his influence in favor of maintaining the Union. He saw that Washington was well garrisoned and Lincoln was protected on his going to the city for his inauguration; but when the war opened, he asked to be placed on the retired list, for he was now seventy-five years old.

He left the service with full pay, and as the most honored soldier in the country, who, though valiant in battle, was a lover of peace, though bold as a lion in the fray, was yet a gentleman to his enemies and as tender as a father of his men. In war, he would never lead a reckless charge and put a single man uselessly in danger. He called that murder. He always shared the hardships of his men, and set them the example of being unselfish as well as daring. Yet he was very severe in army discipline. He had learned, himself, that a good soldier must be careful, obedient, and unflinching, and he required that all his men should be true to their calling.

No man who ever did a mean thing to General Scott found him returning the evil. He was open-hearted forgiving, frank and manly with all. Beside his high moral virtues he was a religious man and an earnest advocate of temperance.

After his retirement, feeling that his long life of hard work was now over, he started for Europe to seek rest and change. But he had scarcely landed when the news reached him of the boarding of the British vessel *Trent* by the officers of the American war-vessel *San Jacinto* and the capture of the Confederate messengers, Mason and Slidell. This affair seemed likely to bring on another war with England; so General Scott returned at once to America, to be here in case his counsel or services should be needed. Fortunately the wise management of Secretary Seward checked the anger of England, and the "affair of the *Trent*," as it is called, had no bad results.

The rest of his life the venerable general passed quietly with his family and friends.

Winfield Scott was born at Petersburg, Virginia, June 13, 1786. He died at West Point, New York, May 29, 1866.

Stephen Decatur became a famous naval hero in our little Tripolitan war. At the beginning of this century there were many American vessels upon the seas, carrying goods to all parts of the world; and they had to share the fate of the ships of other nations from the pirates of the Mediterranean Sea. For several of the Mohammedan States upon the northern shore of Africa—Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco—made a business of robbing all the passing merchant vessels they could catch—unless they were well paid for letting them alone.

After the Americans had made peace with England they began to think about the *right* of paying robbers to let them alone. So, in 1803, when Tripoli asked for a larger sum than usual, it was refused. Of course the angry little State began at once to capture our vessels, thinking to bring us to terms. But still President Jefferson refused, and, instead of the money, he sent out the little American navy of gunboats. Among the other officers was Stephen Decatur, then first lieutenant on board the *Argus*. He was only about twenty-three years old, but he had been in the navy four years and had already become known as a brave and skillful officer, with a talent for managing men as well as ships.

After the little squadron had been in the Mediterranean for some time, the *Philadelphia*, in some way, got aground in the harbor of Tripoli, and was captured. Decatur asked permission of the commander, Commodore Preble, to try to get her back. This, the chief said, could not be done, but after awhile he told Decatur that he might go and burn the frigate so that the Tripolitans could never use her. The lieutenant set about his task at once.

The *Intrepid*, a small boat, was made ready, twenty men were picked out of the squadron's crew; and, one calm, dark night, under Decatur's command, the party set out on their perilous errand.

The *Philadelphia* was a good-sized frigate, carrying forty guns, and now she was surrounded with other gunboats and batteries, ready to fire on the Americans at any moment. Decatur managed to enter the harbor and get alongside of the *Philadelphia* before the Tripolitans knew that the peaceable-looking little vessel was manned by the hated "Americanoes." Then they raised a great cry and rushed on deck, but it was too late. Decatur and his men were on board, with drawn swords. The frightened men of Tripoli were in too great a panic to fight, so in five minutes the deck was cleared, and before they regained their senses the ship was in flames from stem to stern and the *Intrepid* was gliding safely out of the harbor.

For this gallant deed, Decatur was made a captain and presented with a sword by Congress. More decided measures were soon taken against the power of



STEPHEN DECATUR.

the Mediterranean pirates. A land expedition attacked them on the easterly side, while the town was also bombarded from the harbor, and Decatur, with three

American gunboats, had a desperate fight with nine of the enemy's vessels. He succeeded in capturing two of them, by a close and sharp conflict. Just after the first one was taken, he heard that his brother, James Decatur, had boarded another ship whose commander had pretended to surrender, and had been treacherously slain by the enemy. Calling to his men to follow, he rushed on board of the murderer's vessel, seized the treacherous commander and killed him in a deadly hand-to-hand struggle. Decatur's men, following close upon him, had surrounded him in the fight and beaten back the Tripolitans that tried to force their way to the relief of their chief. One, more successful than the others in eluding the Americans' swords, was just aiming a fatal blow at Decatur, when one of his followers, who had lost the use of both arms, rushed up and received the blow intended for Decatur on his own head.

Several attacks were now made upon Tripoli by Commodore Preble, in each of which Decatur took an active part. His name, it is said, became a terror all along the Barbary coast, and helped to frighten the Bey or chief of the State into making peace the next year, when he heard that he was coming to attack him again as one of the leading commanders of a still larger force than Preble's.

During the seven years of peace that followed the Tripolitan War, Decatur was put in command of a squadron in Chesapeake Bay and a little later of the frigate *Chesapeake*; and now, although he was only twenty-eight years old, he received the rank and title of commander in the navy.

When the War of 1812 broke out, he was already guarding the entrance to the Chesapeake Bay. In this squadron were the celebrated frigates the *Congress*, the *Wasp*, the *Nautilus*, and the *United States*, his own flag-ship.

His first act after the outbreak was to capture the English frigate, the *Macedonia*, for which Congress voted him a gold medal. The vessel, with the *United States*, her captor, was taken to New York and fitted up for an expedition in the open sea, for which Decatur started when both were ready. He intended to get to sea through the Narrows, past Staten Island, but finding the way blockaded by the British cruisers, he ran through Long Island Sound, only to find that also blockaded at the opening to the sea. Thus hemmed in, he was obliged to wait for over a year.

At last he gave up all hopes of getting out with such large vessels as the *United States* and the *Macedonia*, so he fitted up a light, swift-sailing vessel, the *President*, and started out of New York Bay, hoping in the darkness of the night to run past the British cruisers without being seen. But his pilot ran the vessel on the bar, where it was pounded by the waves for about two hours and so badly strained that when he did get off he could only turn around and start back for repairs. But she did not get back. A big British cruiser spied the little *Presi-*

dent and poured its fire into her. She could not get away, and the commodore feared she had but poor chances in firing back. But the gunners aimed well and the British cruiser was so badly damaged that she was obliged to move away. Three others, however, came up, and Decatur was obliged to pull down his flag. The captured *President* was taken over to Bermuda, but in about a month peace was declared and Decatur returned to New York.

While our Government was busy with England, the Dey of Algiers—seeming not to think of how affairs between America and his neighbors of Tunis and Tripoli had ended—employed some of his ships in seizing our merchant vessels and holding Americans in slavery; but he did not keep it up long after the Great Britain affairs were settled. Three months after Decatur returned to New York from Bermuda, he was at the head of a squadron bound for Algeria. In a month he passed the straits of Gibraltar, and captured two of the Algerine squadron. He then pushed on to the State and soon convinced the Dey that the best thing he could do would be to sign a treaty promising never to molest American ships again, and to restore at once all the Americans he held as captives.

After the treaty was signed the Algerine Prime Minister turned to the British Consul and said: “You told us that the Americans would be swept from the seas in six months by your navy, and now they make war upon us with some of your own vessels.” This showed Decatur that England had been encouraging the Dey’s operations against us.

From here the commodore went to Tunis and Tripoli, and demanded a debt of damages from each of them, in return for the injury they had done to our shipping during the war. Decatur’s name even, without his presence, carried fear into all the Barbary States, and the demands were paid, though very unwillingly, as soon as it was known who made them.. “I know this admiral,” said the Bey of Tunis. “He is the one who burnt the *Philadelphia*. Why do they send such wild young men to treat for peace with old powers?”

The work accomplished by Decatur caused the whole of Europe to respect the naval power of the United States. They had done what none of the old navies dared to attempt. They had put a stop to the piracies of the Barbary States, and were the means of freeing the ships of Europe as well as America from their robberies and from the heavy taxes they had demanded from all nations for many years.

After Decatur returned home, in the fall of 1815, there were no more war troubles to settle, and he held the office of Navy Commissioner for five years, until his death, which occurred in a duel with James Barron, a naval officer. It had once been Decatur’s duty, as member of a court-martial, to try Commodore Barron for misconduct. From that time he imagined that Decatur was his per-

sonal enemy, and insisted upon challenging him to a duel, which in those days no man considered it honorable to decline.

Stephen Decatur was born at Sinnepuxent, Maryland, January 5, 1779. He died at Bladensburg, Maryland, March 22, 1820.

One of the midshipmen on the *Adams* of the fleet first sent to make peace with the Barbary States was **Oliver Hazard Perry**, then a young man seventeen years of age. He belonged to a seafaring family. His father was a captain in the navy of the Revolution, who had distinguished himself in several engagements, and all of his four brothers became officers in the United States Navy, and did excellent service in the War of 1812.

A midshipman has not a very important part in the battles of his ship, but young Perry made the most of his chances in the Mediterranean. He had already been on a vessel under his father's command and had obtained some experience in sea-fighting a few years before, during the threatened war with France, when old Captain Christopher R. Perry, in command of the *General Greene*, had most successfully obeyed orders to disperse a nest of French cruisers at the West Indies.

Young Perry's good qualities were soon noted; before long he was promoted, and by the time he was twenty-one he reached the rank of lieutenant. Shortly after this, the prospects of a second war with England became very clear, and Perry was sent to the navy yards at Newport to overlook the building of seventeen gunboats. When they were finished, they were called into immediate use, and he was told to take charge of them and station his fleet around New York to protect our trading-vessels from the French and English, who were at war at the time and were inclined to treat the young American nation with contempt. France was rather unfriendly to us yet, because the Government refused to take her part in the European war, about sixteen years after the Revolution. Matters were better now than they had been, but there were still a good many annoyances, from time to time.

In about 1808 Perry was employed to attend to the building of more vessels, and after that he was put in charge of the *Revenge* and a squadron of smaller vessels, ordered to cruise along the Atlantic coast. The troubles that finally brought on the war were growing every month, and a good fleet under able command was needed all along our shores to protect American merchant vessels from the British cruisers. One day an order came to the commander of the *Revenge* to do something more than cruise up and down. The American merchantman *Diana*, which belonged to some private citizens of the United States, had been carried off by an Englishman and put under British colors. Perry's orders were to find and capture her. He soon found out where she was stationed, and,

collecting his forces, boldly sailed up and took possession of her. The Englishmen fumed and fired their guns, but Perry stood their smoke and shell, and triumphantly carried off his prize.

After this the English cruisers grew more and more insolent. At last they began to board all vessels carrying the American flag, and, by what they called



OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

a "right of search," carry off all the British-born sailors they could find and put them into their own service, claiming that he who had been a British subject once must always be. Then some of the leaders in Congress declared that we were having a peace that was like war, and roused the nation to a second resistance against royal tyranny.

War was declared against Great Britain June 18, 1812, and although the

news reached Perry soon after his wedding-day, he hastened to Washington and asked for a place in the navy. He was promised the first one that could be prepared for an officer of his rank. Our navy was then in a very good condition; we had a number of new vessels and a valiant corps of marines. Perry was soon put in command of a flotilla to defend Newport. His rank was now master commandant, a good post; but there was little to be done here, and Perry was very anxious to be in the thickest of the fight. So, in the next February, he was ordered to Lake Erie to build two brigs and take command of a fleet to engage the British vessels already on the lake.

Before his vessels were ready he was invited to assist Commodore Chauncey in making an attack on Fort George. His little boat arrived at the commodore's ship just before the battle. He struck in at once, and, seeing that the order of the battle had been very poorly planned, his great desire was to fill up the gaps. He seemed to be everywhere just when needed, in fighting, in directing attacks, and in inspiring the men. The British were successfully driven out, and in the pride of his victory, Commodore Chauncey did not hesitate to say that it was largely Captain Perry's work that had won the day.

Before long the new squadron was finished and equipped, and lay, ready for action, in Put-in Bay. Soon the expected enemy was sighted near the town of Sandusky. There were six vessels with a fighting force of over sixty guns and five hundred men. Perry with his nine vessels had about the same number of men, but only fifty-four guns, whose range was much shorter than the British cannon. When they met, this gave the English the advantage for awhile, and Perry's flag-ship was badly damaged. He was obliged to leave it, and in the thick of the fight, with smoke of powder filling the air, and shots flying all about him, he took an open boat to the *Niagara*, half a mile away. Then, with all the smaller vessels close together, he bore down upon the British, opening a fire that in seven minutes compelled the surrender of their flag-ship, which was quickly followed by three more. The other two tried to run away, but were overtaken and captured in a little over an hour. This closed the battle of Lake Erie, for which the 10th of October, 1813, will always be a memorable date in American history. It was a brilliant victory. That three hours of fighting cleared the Northwest of a powerful branch of the enemy's forces. As soon as the conflict was decided, Perry seized a scrap of paper, and, resting it on his hat, wrote to headquarters: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop."

This victory was of great importance; it gave the Americans complete control of the lakes and was the chief step toward closing the war in the West. Congress was delighted with the conquest. Perry and Elliot, one of his officers,

were rewarded with gold medals, while other honors were bestowed upon some of the lesser officers who had shown specially gallant conduct.

After the British were driven out of the West, and the war in that section drew to a close, Perry was given another command in the South, upon the *Java*, a new frigate just finished at Baltimore. But this was shut up in the bay by a British squadron, which finally began to ascend the Potomac. Perry was instantly called to take charge of a fort and fire upon them as they passed. But they had a good place and kept it, hemming in the *Java*, while her commander employed his time fitting out other ships, until the war was over.

In the Algeria trouble, which had to be settled as soon as the treaty with England was signed, Perry, in the *Java*, followed Decatur to the Mediterranean, where he helped the gallant hero of the Tripolitan War to force the rest of the Barbary pirates to promise to let American ships alone without being paid for it.

Among the many deeds of Perry's noble-heartedness and courage, there is one that occurred after his return from the Mediterranean, which filled his countrymen with greater admiration than even the victory of Lake Erie. There he had his country's freedom and his own glory to spur him on. But this deed was only in answer to a call of duty, which many men would never have heard. His vessel lay in Newport Harbor in the winter of 1818. One bitterly cold night, during a fearful storm, word was brought that a merchant vessel had been driven on a reef, six miles away. As soon as Perry heard it, he called out to his men to man his barge, and, in that inspiring voice which had so often cheered the battle ranks when hope was wavering, rang out the shout, "Come, my boys, we are going to the relief of shipwrecked seamen; pull away!" Out in the face of the bitter storm and over the surging sea they went. They made toward the reef, and found a quarter-deck of the wreck floating upon the angry waves, with eleven half-dead men clinging to her timbers. The poor fellows were rescued and taken back to care, to comfort, and to life.

The pirates of the Barbary States were not the only robbers that harassed American ships. There was a swarm of them in the West India seas that annoyed and even injured our commerce very seriously, and in the spring Perry was put in command of a squadron and ordered to whip the troublesome thieves, and then go to the Caribbean Sea and pay the respects of his nation to the new republics along the coast. He reached the South, but had only been there a short time, and had not yet fulfilled his commission before he died of the yellow fever, which was then spreading through his squadron.

Oliver H. Perry was born at South Kingston, Rhode Island, August 23, 1785; he died on his thirty-fourth birthday, 1819, on board the *John Adams*, just as she was entering the harbor of Port Spain, in the West India island of Trinidad.

The commander of the famous expedition to Japan which induced the Government to form a commercial treaty with the United States and opened the way for all the civilized world into the hermit nations of the East, was not the hero of Lake Erie, but his younger brother, **Matthew Calbraith Perry**. He, too, was a commodore and a naval hero of a good deal of importance. He became a lieutenant during the War of 1812, successfully captured a number of West India pirates in the sea-thieving times that followed that struggle, and later he proved himself a gallant officer in the capture of Vera Cruz. Meanwhile in times of peace he had commanded several cruising squadrons, and had held some important posts in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

For many years he was one of the first men in the country who looked forward to peacefully forming a treaty with the rich nation of Japan, and when in 1852 the Government undertook the expedition to secure that much-to-be-desired object, Commodore Perry—his celebrated brother had died long before—was the man to command it; for years he had carefully studied the land, the people, and the problem of forming a friendly commercial treaty between their nation and our own.

His squadron arrived in the Bay of Yedo on the 7th of July, 1853, and lay there for ten days, letters being sent to the tycoon, the lieutenant of the mikado, or real sovereign of the empire. The next February the fleet returned, and in the early part of March the formal papers and agreements between the United States and Japan were exchanged in Yokohama, the port of the capital, on the spot where the Union Christian Church now stands.

Then the commander returned with his fleet; but he lived only a few years after his errand was accomplished. The narrative of this most important expedition, though edited by some one else, is almost entirely as Commodore Perry wrote it himself, in his journals and other papers. He was a cultivated, scholarly man as well as a hero and a hardy sailor.

M. C. Perry was born at South Kingston, Rhode Island, in the year 1795. He died in New York City, March 4, 1858.

MILITARY AND NAVAL COMMANDERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

ON the 1st of November, 1861, when General Scott gave up his post as commander of the armies of the United States, the general appointed to take his place was **George Brinton McClellan**. The Civil War had now fully begun. Fort Sumter, upon which the first shot had been fired in January, had surrendered on the 13th of April, the Southern ports were blockaded by Union troops, and serious fighting had already been going on in West Virginia since early in July.

General McClellan had been the commander of the Union forces in these engagements, and was then the foremost American general in active service. He was about forty years old, a West Point graduate, and a hardy, well-trained soldier. He had had a good deal of creditable experience in the field, having been a captain in the Mexican War; he had also done service as a military engineer in several parts of the United States, and in 1855 he was sent on the military commission to the Crimean War in the south of Europe. Although he was out of army life after that and engaged in railroad building and management, he was still a soldier and was among the first Northern officers to take command when the Civil War broke out, in the memorable month of March, 1861. At first he became major-general of the Ohio Volunteers, but in May he was changed to the same rank in the regular army. He began his first active work in Western Virginia, fighting several successful battles and soon clearing the field of all the Confederate troops.

On the day after the battle of Bull Run, when the Northern Army under General Irwin McDowell was defeated by the Confederate forces under General P. T. S. Beauregard, McClellan was called to Washington and given command of the Army of the Potomac. His first work after this was to drill and organize this army, and before the end of the year it was a fine, well-ordered body of one hundred and fifty thousand men. No great deeds were done during this year, but the enemy's lines were steadily pushed back, and the Union men—like the Confederates—were kept very busy fortifying important places.

Five months after this promotion McClellan was again raised in rank and took the place of the aged Commander-in-Chief, Winfield Scott. He still kept charge of the Potomac division, which was soon in excellent condition for active work, and was moved on toward Richmond upon President Lincoln's order that a general movement toward action should be made by all the armies, on the 22d of February. After a month's siege he took Yorktown, Virginia, which was held by the Confederates under Joseph E. Johnston. It was an easy conquest, for the enemy left it as soon as the firing began. Johnston fell back towards Richmond and McClellan willingly followed, overtaking him at Williamsburg. This was a battle which did not end in a victory for either side, but it enabled Johnston to engage the enemy long enough to get his supplies safely on the way to Richmond, whither he followed, pursued by McClellan as far as the Chickahominy. While the Northern Army was fording this stream a heavy rain came on, swelling it so that it was impossible for the rest of the men to get over. He began at once to build bridges for the rest of his army to cross upon. He also sent for General McDowell to bring him reinforcements, but meanwhile Thomas J. Jackson, another able Confederate commander, was making such raids around Washington that McDowell had to return with about ten thousand men to protect the capital.

This was a fine chance for Johnston, who at once hurried back to the stream to have a fight with the division that had crossed and to vanquish them if he could before the others could get over. Before the bridges were finished he was well on his way back, and General Stuart, also seeing the Northern commander's plight, had ridden around the army and torn up the railroad that was to have brought McClellan supplies; and General Lee, with an army now nearly as large as his own, had crossed the Chickahominy without any bridges; and, with the help of Jackson, who had come down from the north, engaged the part of McClellan's army that had staid on the north side of the stream and were at Mechanicsville.

The battle here fought was the first of what are called the Seven 'Days' Battles, which forced McClellan's retreat and made him give up the attack on Richmond, for the time. The night after the battle, he fell back to Gaines' Mills, but was overtaken by Lee the next day, when another conflict took place. McClellan did not stop to see who was beaten when night came, but hurried on towards the James River, that he might unite his forces. The part that had crossed the Chickahominy was still on the other side of the stream; but they had beaten the Confederates—after a long struggle in which Johnston was wounded.

Three more battles followed in the next three days, June 29th and 30th and July 1st. The last one was at Malvern Hill, very near the James. Lee was beaten with heavy loss. Many people thought that if McClellan had followed up this victory he might have fought his way back to Richmond. But he felt that

without more men he was sure of failure in such an undertaking. He was anxious, however, to press on toward the South, and sent many calls for reinforce-



GEORGE BRINTON MCCLELLAN.

ments, but the President had no more to spare, and none were sent. So the peninsula campaign was brought to a close.

There was considerable dissatisfaction about the way in which McClellan had managed this expedition, and, while he was still kept in command of the Potomac

division, General Henry W. Halleck was put in his place as Commander-in-Chief. So while McClellan was anxiously waiting at Harrison's Landing for reinforcements that he might go on again to attack Richmond, a new plan was set in motion in the North. General Pope had been sent into Virginia, when it was soon found that General Lee had sent Jackson up to attack him, and so McClellan received orders to despatch his troops up to the help of Pope.

This was a great disappointment to McClellan. He thought that the most telling blow to the Confederacy could be struck at Richmond, and he felt that if he could only receive reinforcements he could strike it. But President Lincoln thought otherwise. On the 16th of August the troops began to return North. When Lee saw them safely away from Richmond he moved on to help Jackson, who vanquished Pope at the second battle of Bull Run before McClellan's men reached the field. It has been said that if General McClellan had pushed his troops on quickly, the battle might have been decided on the other side. But all this has happened so recently that all the truth may not yet be known about it.

As soon as the news of Pope's terrible defeat reached him, McClellan hurried on to Washington, where he began preparations to defend the city against Lee, whom he was afterward sent out to watch and to keep from making any serious attacks anywhere. When it was found that he was getting ready to invade Maryland, McClellan then marched into that State and stopped him at South Mountain. Here a battle was fought on the 14th of September, which compelled the Confederates to change their course. McClellan followed them up and on the 17th the great battle of Antietam was fought. McClellan was the victor, and if his army had not been out of condition for a long march and there had been more forces to prevent Lee from getting to Washington, he would have followed up the victory in pursuit. But he felt that the risk was too great. His soldiers were badly off; they needed supplies of all kinds, mostly clothing, and wanted shoes so much that it was very difficult for them to march. McClellan was always very careful of his men, and would rather wait and lose some advantage over his enemy than expose them to unnecessary suffering. He sent many messages to Washington urging his immediate need of more supplies. The order for them was given, but, through some mistake, the shoes and clothing, which were needed most of all, were not forwarded with the rest, but given to the troops around Washington. McClellan could not order his men to go on in their destitute condition, so they were obliged to wait, while everybody was out of patience with his generalship because he did not move on.

Thus, more than a month was wasted, but at last they could go; in six days they made the march from the Potomac to Warrenton, where they were prepared to attack Lee for a grand battle for which McClellan had very carefully made

plans all ready. Late at night on the 7th of November, the day after they reached the field, a messenger came into the camp with orders from Washington for him to give over his command to General Ambrose E. Burnside, who had brought his army to reinforce that of McClellan about four months before this time. The commander was deeply grieved by this message; but he quietly handed it over to Burnside and prepared to "repair to Trenton, New Jersey," at once, as the order directed. The next day he spent detailing to Burnside his plans for the battle and advising him about the future operations. On the 9th he took leave of the sorrowful and indignant army. One of our historians has said it would have needed but an encouraging look from McClellan to have started an open revolt against the new commander; but he cast his weight of influence the other way. He told them to stand by General Burnside as they had stood by him, and all would be well. The men followed his words under their new leader, and many of them never lived after they heard the order to go into the fatal battle that followed.

McClellan went at once to Trenton and took no further part in the war. Many people thought and some historians now state that this was but right, as the general had let valuable time and good chances go by, while delaying to obey orders; but there are also many people who feel that he was unfairly treated in the matter of both supplies and forces, and that there were personal enemies among the officers, who, to advance themselves, placed McClellan in an unfavorable light with the President and Secretary Stanton. At any rate he was still popular with a large party of the War Democrats, and was nominated by them for the Presidency at the close of Lincoln's first term.

The four years that followed the war he spent in Europe, and after his return he was Superintendent of Docks and Piers in New York City for a long time. In 1877 he was made Governor of New Jersey, and the latter years of his life were spent on a country-seat on the brow of the rocky New Jersey hills, called Orange Mountain.

George B. McClellan was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, December 3, 1826. He died at Orange, New Jersey, October 28, 1885.

The first real victory of the Union Army was the capture of Fort Donelson, on the 12th of February, 1862. **Ulysses Simpson Grant** was the leader of the charge. He was then commander of the smaller division of the two Northern armies, that were having hard work to hold their own against the long line of Albert Sidney Johnston's Confederate forces through Kentucky and Tennessee. Scarcely any one outside of the army had ever heard of him before. Now he was on the high-road—built by courage, determination, and ability—which leads to greatness.

He had been well educated, and was particularly good in mathematics; and although he was not a real brilliant scholar, one of his teachers once said: "If the country ever hears of any of these students, it will be from young Grant." He graduated from West Point three years after General McClellan, at the age of twenty-one, and was placed in a regiment that was soon stationed in Missouri.

After about two years the regiment was ordered to join General Taylor's army in the Mexican War, and Grant's first battle was at Palo Alto, May 8, 1846. Soon after, in the conflict of Molino del Rey, he fought so bravely that he was raised to the rank of lieutenant. Five days later, in Colonel Garland's account of the battle of Chapultepec, he said to his superior officer: "I must not fail to call attention to Lieutenant Grant, of the Fourth Infantry, who acquitted himself most nobly upon several occasions under my own observation." Lieutenant Grant was made a captain at once.

After the Mexican War he married and settled on a farm near St. Louis. His farming was not a success, so he took up the real estate business, which was little better, so that he finally went back to his old home at Point Pleasant, in Ohio, and went to work in his father's tannery. But when the war broke out he returned to the army at once. He said: "The Government has educated me for the army. What I am I owe to my country. I have served her through one war, and live or die I will serve her through this." Still he was not fond of fighting, for he wrote, some time after the outbreak: "I never went into battle willingly or with enthusiasm. I was always glad when a battle was over. I take no interest in armies. When I resigned, after the Mexican War, and went to the farm, I was happy. When the Rebellion came I returned to the service because it was a duty."

He was made captain of a company of Illinois volunteers at first, but in a few months he was raised to the rank of brigadier-general and placed in command of the troops at Cairo, Illinois, one of the posts against Johnston's strong military lines. On September 6th, he took the town of Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee; on the 25th he captured Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland River. Then, after about six weeks, he gained another battle at Belmont, during which his horse was shot from under him. After that he was placed in command of the district of Cairo, one of the chief military divisions in the Southwest. In the early part of the second year of the war, with the assistance of Commodore Foote, Grant captured Fort Henry, and ten days after he took Fort Donelson after a severe fight. Before this last capture the Confederate officer in command—who began to have some dread of the steady, determined way the Cairo commander pushed ahead—proposed to General Grant to have some commissioners appointed to arrange terms of surrender. Grant replied: "No other terms than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move im-

mediately upon your works ; ” and he did. These operations were beginning to look like successful warfare ; the gallant leader was made major-general, and from that time forward his movements were carefully watched by the President, the Secretary of War, and the whole nation.

Soon after this, General Halleck’s death left a large force without a com-



ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.

mander and Grant was put in the place. The time had now come for bold, prompt action, and this was the man the country needed. At daybreak on the 6th of April, the Confederates surprised a portion of his forces near Corinth and drove the Northerners out of their camp with heavy loss. General Grant arrived on the field at eight o’clock, and instantly set to work to reform the broken lines, and with the

help of fresh troops drove the enemy back. This so pleased the authorities at Washington that another department was added to his command at once.

After a quiet summer and a busy fall, with the victory at Iuka, Mississippi, on September 3d and 4th, another at Corinth in the first week of October, and with his command much enlarged, he began planning to take Vicksburg, "the Gibraltar of the Mississippi." The first attempt failed, but this only made him more determined to take it finally. He first cleared the surrounding field, and then on the 18th of May, 1863, he laid siege to the place, keeping it up for two months, till the city surrendered.

Grant was then promoted to the rank of major-general in the regular army, and in October he was given command of a still larger division, having under him General Sherman, General Thomas, General Burnside, and General Hooker. On the 24th and 25th of the next month he fought and gained the terrible battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain near Chattanooga, part of which was fought above the clouds. For this victory he was awarded a gold medal by Congress and resolutions of thanks were passed by some of the State Legislatures. Congress also passed a bill reviving the rank of lieutenant-general of the army, which was once before created for General Scott and gave control of the whole army to one man. As soon as the bill was passed President Lincoln appointed General Grant to the office and called him to Washington to receive his commission.

He now had the control of the entire army and at once began planning to strike at the two vital points of the enemy, Atlanta and Richmond. He sent Sherman to Atlanta, and on May 3d started, himself, for Richmond.

But between him and Richmond stood General Lee, who was almost as great a soldier as himself, and was firmly resolved not to let him pass. Before Grant had gone very far the two armies met and fought the terrible battle of the Wilderness. After losing many of his men Grant found that Lee could not be overcome, but, instead of turning back, he marched around the wing of the Confederate Army, *and went on*. Lee quickly turned and stopped him again at Spottsylvania, where another bloody battle was fought without a victory for either side.

Again Grant passed around Lee's army and marched on. "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," he wrote to Washington. At North Anna River he found Lee again in his way, but another "flank movement" and he was on his way again. The same thing was repeated at Cold Harbor and still the cry was "On to Richmond!"

Meanwhile the people began to murmur that the general was winning no more battles, and Secretary Stanton talked seriously with the President about his retaining Grant in command. But Lincoln said, "I rather like the man. I guess we'll

try him awhile longer." So Grant kept on his way, reached Petersburg by the middle of June, and began the siege. This was an important post, about twenty miles from Richmond ; it was too strongly fortified to be taken by assault, and was well garrisoned, for it held Lee's forces. Both armies were kept at work during that siege, Lee's in making defenses, Grant's in forcing his enemy ; but on the 2d of April in the next year he burst his way through Lee's long line of entrenchments and forced him to retreat. Lee moved westward, and Grant, following closely, overtook him at Appomattox, where seven days after the capture of Petersburg, he surrendered the remainder of his army. He signed the articles and handed General Grant his sword, but the conqueror quickly returned it with the courtesy of a true gentleman. He forbade any signs of rejoicing among his men. "The rebels are our countrymen again," he said. He ordered rations to be distributed among them, and told them to take their horses home, for they would need them for the spring plowing.

The spirit of good-will was seen everywhere. Union men and Confederates mingled together, enjoying rest after the long years of work, and rejoicing in the thoughts of peace and the opportunity of returning home, when suddenly all was changed into sadness and division by the terrible news of Lincoln's murder.

The Vice-President, Andrew Johnson, then became President and another spirit prevailed throughout the country. He began almost immediately to say that "the rebels must be punished ;" so he ordered Secretary Stanton to arrest the leaders of the Confederacy. The moment General Grant heard of this he jumped on his horse, galloped to Secretary Stanton's office, and asked if any such orders had been issued.

"I have issued writs for the arrest of all the prominent rebels, and officers will be despatched on the mission soon," replied the Secretary.

General Grant appeared cool, although he was very much excited, and quickly said : "Mr. Secretary, when General Lee surrendered to me at Appomattox, I gave him my word of honor that neither he nor any of his followers would be disturbed so long as they obeyed their parole of honor. I have learned nothing to cause me to believe that any of them have broken their promises, and have come here to make you aware of that fact, and would also suggest that these orders be cancelled."

Secretary Stanton became terribly angry, and said : "General Grant, are you aware whom you are talking to ? I am the Secretary of War."

Quick as a flash General Grant answered back : "And I am General Grant. Issue those orders at your peril !" The orders were not issued.

When President Johnson heard of this, he summoned General Grant and told him that he wished the army to be employed to arrest the members of the rebel

administration, the rebel Congress, and rebel State governments, as well as the rebel army and naval officers. "I intend to hang every mother's son of them," said he.

"I will not employ the army for any such purpose," replied General Grant, "nor will I let it be employed for any such purpose."

"But," said Johnson, "I am, by the Constitution, Commander-in-Chief. What will you do if I give you such orders?"

"Disobey them," quietly rejoined Grant, "and state my reasons to Congress and the country. The soldiers of the South accepted my parole, which, by the laws of war and of the United States, I was authorized to give. It guaranteed that they should not be molested if they laid down their arms, went home, and obeyed the laws. They did so. I will stand by that parole, and the first court-martial you order may be one to try me, for I will not issue such orders to the army; but I will give the word of command against them."

Johnson saw that General Grant was too firm to be moved, and he also knew that it would be very unwise for him to persist, for just now the people would side with the hero, against himself, Stanton, and all the rest of his Cabinet, for Grant was very popular. Still he was determined to carry out his plans, so he resolved to get Grant out of the way, and arranged to send him off on a foreign mission. But the general saw through this proposal and quietly refused the appointment. So the matter had to be given up and the nation was saved the disgrace of hanging its citizens for doing what seemed to them right, although in another light it was treason to the Government.

If Grant had not thus firmly kept his promise, even at the risk of being court-martialed and deprived of his position, it would have scarcely been possible to have brought about a peaceful settlement between the North and the South; and the Federal Union, for which more men fought than for anti-slavery, might have been broken forever.

At the next election, General Grant was made President, and almost his first words to the people were, "Let us have peace." As a thoughtful and wise statesman he did a great deal to promote a united feeling throughout the country and to have the new arrangements bring about a common interest in the nation as a whole. At the end of his first term he was cordially re-elected and was about as popular as ever at the close of the next four years. Many were even in favor of having him for a third term.

But he had made mistakes. Too often he believed other people as honest as himself, and his loyalty to his friends made him refuse to credit anything against them. Some of his counsellors, who were shrewd and dishonest, took advantage of this, traded upon his confidence, and brought his administration into disrepute.

After the close of his second term, General Grant left public life forever. The remainder of his years was spent in a long traveling tour with his friends and family, and in business. At home and abroad he received a great many honors, and when trouble came upon him in business, the highest tokens of loving regard were paid him by his countrymen and his friends in foreign lands.

He was never known to talk much. While he was President he made no long speeches as most of the others had done upon grand occasions, and people thought he was no speaker. But he could talk well. At a great dinner at Hamburg, Germany, where the American Consul referred to him as the man who had saved the Union, Grant's reply is considered one of the finest speeches in our language: "If our country could be saved or ruined," he said, "by the efforts of one man we should no more have a country; there are many men who would have done far better than I did under the circumstances. If I had never held command; if I had fallen; if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done our work just as well, who would have followed the contest to the end and never surrendered the Union. We did our work as well as we could, and so did thousands of others. We deserve no credit for it, for we should have been unworthy of our country and of the American name if we had not made every sacrifice for the Union. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the result of the war as those who were in command."

One of the countries visited by Grant was Mexico. He was much interested in it, and thought that if railroads could be built connecting the interior with the United States, it would be a very valuable neighbor, for it would want to buy many of our manufactures, and would sell us many tropical products cheaper than we could buy them at other places. He laid this before the nation on his return and through his influence the Mexican railroads were built. The very last year of his life was clouded by a terrible business failure, which came through the dishonesty of his partner, and swept away money borrowed by him for the partner and all his own fortune, except a gift from New York that could not be touched. He did all in his power to repair the loss, and even when overtaken with an incurable disease, kept steadily at work writing a book and many magazine articles about the war. The publishers paid very large prices for these articles and memoirs, and in spite of great suffering and growing weakness he labored steadily on till the work was finished which would pay his debts and provide for his wife as long as she lives.

General Grant was born in Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822. He died at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, New York, July 23, 1885.

Just before General Grant went to Washington to receive the great commission of Lieutenant-General of the Army, he wrote to **William Tecumseh Sherman**, saying: "It is to you and to General McPherson, above all others, to whom I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success."

General Sherman was another of the West Point graduates who took part in the Seminole War in Florida and then in the great Civil War. For two years before 1861 he was Superintendent of the Louisiana Military School at Alexandria, and when the conflict began, he went to Washington, hoping to help make the great preparations he felt we should need before it was over. But the authorities at the capital did not foresee the terrible extent of the struggle, and his advice and services about making ready were not accepted. He then became a colonel in the infantry, and commanded a brigade in General McDowell's army at the first battle of Bull Run.

He had little active work during the first year, but in the next March he obtained command of a division in General Grant's Army of the Tennessee, and marched with his chief to Pittsburg Landing, and there fought under him in the terrible battle of Shiloh. All through those two days of strife, his coolness, energy, and skill never failed, although three horses were shot under him, and he was wounded in the hand. Grant said: "The first day, with raw troops, Sherman held the key-point of the Landing, and it is to his own efforts that I am indebted for the success of that battle." Two weeks later he led the advance upon Corinth, which the enemy left after a month's siege.

Meanwhile he was raised to the post of major-general. The events of war in this part of the country now moved on at a rapid rate, and General Sherman did many excellent services to the Northern side in the battles that took place in and about Mississippi. At Vicksburg he led the first assault, in the latter part of May, 1863, and it was not for lack of skill or bravery that it failed, but simply because the place was too strong to be taken by open assault. Only sudden attack in an unexpected place or a regular siege could possibly take it; and this was successful after about two months. Then he took his forces forward against one of Lee's generals and drove the Confederates out of the city of Jackson in two weeks, commanded a wing of the army at the battle of Chattanooga, and finally started off with a newly-formed column of troops to Meridian, Alabama, where he destroyed the enemy's depots and arsenals as he had also done to the railroads along the line.

In March, 1864, Grant was removed to Virginia, and Sherman being appointed to take his old place, had charge of the division of the Mississippi, to which belonged all the armies between the Mississippi River and the Alleghany Mountains. His orders were to move against General Joseph E. Johnston, whose forces were

splendidly arranged to cover and protect the city of Atlanta, which was the chief point at which Sherman was aiming in order to carry the State of Georgia out of the hands of the Confederates. In May he began this invasion, driving General Johnston before him, from Dalton, Resaca, Cassville, and Dallas. One fortified post after another was taken, and the Southern Army was obliged to fight and retreat all summer; and after many severe battles, in which the Confederates had great losses, Sherman took possession of Atlanta on the 1st of September, 1864.



WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

Meanwhile he had made a great name, and was promoted to the rank of major-general in the regular army. He left Atlanta and began his famous "march to the sea," in the middle of November. As the Southern armies were then far away from the route that Sherman took, and there was nothing to stop the progress of his march, a great deal more has been said about this exploit than, perhaps, it deserves; but it was a peculiar and a daring undertaking. No one but the commander knew where they were going. There was a long stretch of unarmed country through which he planned to make a rapid march southeastward

to the city of Savannah by the sea. From there he would make his way to distant Virginia and attack the rear of Lee's army. He burned the city of Atlanta, cut the telegraph wires to the North, and ordered the march, leaving provisions behind. His forces were sixty thousand picked veterans, and his way lay through one of the richest parts of the South, where the ravages of war had not yet been.

Not even his men knew his designs; the country was filled with curiosity at the "wonderful march," and report spread far and wide of the sallies after food that were made in various directions, as they moved along, and of the bands of negroes that clung to the army as their great deliverer, and above all of the perfect confidence of the men in their leader and their willingness to go wherever he directed. As they marched along, the slaves flocked to the ranks from every plantation and farm. The women, carrying their babies in their arms and leading the little ones, tramped for miles and miles by the side of the ranks. They were told that they must go back and wait a little longer, that there was not enough food in camp for so many to eat, but they could not be driven away, they would rather starve with them, in liberty, than go back to slavery.

It was a glowing picture, that will never fade from the page of United States history, although it holds no very important place there.

Finally the soldiers reached Ossabaw Sound, and Fort McAllister, which guarded the city of Savannah—then in the hands of the Confederates. The fort was stormed and taken with a rush in fifteen minutes, and after a siege of eight days the city was also captured. This was in about the middle of December.

Sherman remained in Savannah until the 1st of February, recruiting his men, and getting ready to begin the march northward to meet Grant and his army at Richmond. In a little over two weeks, he reached Columbia and took possession of it. From there he went on to Fayetteville without meeting any opposition, but soon after found that in front of him lay Joseph E. Johnston, whom he had fought and beaten so many times on his first entrance into Georgia. Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President, had ordered Johnston to collect all his forces and "drive back Sherman," but Sherman was not to be driven any way, and, although Johnston and his men fought so desperately at Goldsboro that for awhile it seemed doubtful which would win, Sherman was again the victor, and Johnston fell back to Raleigh.

While they were in these positions the news of Lee's surrender came. Sherman marched to Raleigh at once and Johnston surrendered upon the same terms agreed to by Grant and Lee. He then marched his forces on to Washington and took leave of them; but in 1869, when Grant was elected President, he returned to them as general of the entire army.

In November, 1871, he obtained leave of absence from the army and took a

tour through Europe. At the end of a year he returned and settled down at Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the army. Later, when General Philip Sheridan took this post, he removed to St. Louis.

General Sherinan was born at Lancaster, Ohio, February 8, 1820.

Among all the commanders in the Civil War, next to the military genius of General Grant ranked that of **Robert Edmund Lee**. He, too, was a graduate of West Point, where he stood at the head of his class. He finished his course



ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

there when twenty years old and was appointed lieutenant in a corps of engineers. For several years his work was establishing boundary lines and improving harbors and fortresses in various parts of the country, and when the Mexican War broke out he was made captain of the engineer corps of the army, under General Scott. His courage was equal to his skill, and, heedless of bullets and shells, he took columns to their places as calmly as he planned defenses and superintended the works. Once, when he was wounded at Chapultepec, he kept on carrying orders until he fainted from the effects of his wounds. His gallant service so distinguished him among his comrades that General Scott made a personal friend of

him and the Government promoted him three times, so that he held the rank of colonel at the close of the war.

It is said that the day after the taking of Mexico, while the officers were having a good time over their wine, some one proposed the health of Lee, the brave captain of the engineers, who had found the way for them into the city. On looking around they found that he was not among them. Some one was sent to fetch him and found him at last hard at work over a map, which he could not be persuaded to leave. Duty before pleasure was always his motto.

Four years after the close of the Mexican War he was made Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. Here he remained three years and then was made lieutenant-colonel of a regiment bound for Texas. His rank was next to that of the commanding officer of the regiment, Albert Sydney Johnston. After remaining two years in Texas he obtained leave of absence to return to his home in Virginia. His wife, who was the daughter of General Washington's adopted son, George Washington Parke Curtis, had inherited the Washington estate on the Potomac, and Lee now spent two quiet years at home.

Meanwhile trouble was brewing in the country. Differences of interest and opinion between the North and the South were fast leading to blows. Virginia agreed with the other Southern States to leave the Union and with them fight for "States' Rights." Lee was obliged either to take up arms against his native State or to resign his position in the Union Army. It was far from his wishes to do either, but he decided to cleave to his State and sent in his resignation. In writing to General Scott he said that he hoped he would never have to draw his sword again, but if he did it would have to be in defense of his native State, since he could not make war upon her. General Scott and other distinguished friends urged him to remain with the Union. It is said that even President Lincoln offered him a high position in the army; but he refused all requests, although he knew that if he joined the Southern Army there would be many to rank above him. He was opposed to the Southern States separating from the Union. He thought it was bad policy; he said that if he owned a million of slaves he would gladly give them all to the Union, but his State had decided and he must follow its lead.

Soon the terrible conflict began. Lee was at first appointed major-general of the forces of Virginia, but was soon promoted to the third place among the five leading generals of the Southern Army.

He had no very important station during all of the first year, being employed chiefly to look after the coast defenses of South Carolina and Georgia. But in June, 1862, he took command of the army to defend Richmond, and succeeded in beating back the Northern Army under the command of McClellan. He rose to

chief commander through the death or disablement of higher officers, and he was not long in power before he proved himself worthy of his post.

"In the short space of two months," says one of the leading Confederate generals, "with a force at no time over seventy-five thousand, he defeated in repeated engagements two Federal armies, each of which was not less than one hundred and twenty thousand strong, relieved the Southern capital from danger, and even threatened that of the North. Then, throwing his army into Maryland, he swept down on Harper's Ferry and captured it with its garrison of eleven thousand men and seventy-two guns."

After this came the battle of Fredericksburg and more brilliant movements by Lee. Then Grant came up to cope with him, backed by all the splendid forces of the North, while Lee had all his army in the field. For nine months this unequal contest was kept up, and the enemy held at bay—almost entirely, says one of Lee's companions, "by the genius of this one man, aided by the valor of his little force, occupying a stretch of over thirty miles and spread out so thin that it was scarcely more than a respectable skirmish line."

The want and sufferings of the Southern soldiers during these last few months of the war were fully equal to those of Washington's men during the Revolution. Shoeless, hatless, ragged, and half-starved, they clung to their commander and their cause until only a handful were left. Powerless to help them, he could only suffer with them. Once, when he was invited to a grand dinner by some wealthy Southerners, he would not touch any but the plainest dishes, saying that he could not bear to be feasting while his soldiers were starving.

His tenderness and kindness to all made him dearly loved by his men, and many touching stories are told of his goodness of heart. One day, while inspecting some batteries not far from the Union lines, the soldiers gathered around him so as to attract the fire of the enemy. Lee told the men that they had better go into the back-yard and not expose themselves to unnecessary danger. They did so, and when he had finished his work he followed. On his way back, while the bullets were whizzing past, he stopped in his quick walk to pick up a young sparrow which had fallen out of its nest and put it back in the tree before he went on.

There was a very strong friendship between Lee and Thomas Jonathan Jackson, who is often called "Stonewall Jackson." Each had the greatest admiration for the other. Jackson said: "General Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man I would follow blindfolded."

Twice during the war Lee's generous nature shone out most strongly. Once it was at Chancellorsville after he had won the field. As he rode out in sight of his victorious troops they burst out in enthusiastic cheers all along the line. But

he refused to take the credit of the victory; he said it belonged to Jackson. Then again at Gettysburg in the hour of defeat. The battle was lost because some one had not obeyed his orders, but not a word of blame did Lee utter. He took all of the responsibility upon himself.

After the war was over Lee was offered several good positions; one was in New York with a large salary, and one was to become President of the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia. Although the latter offered him poorer pay than almost any of the other positions, he decided to accept it, because it seemed to him his duty. The future of the country, he thought, depends upon its young men. The South had an uncertain future, and there would be great need of good citizens. As president of a college he would become well acquainted with the future citizens of his State, and he could help to fit them for useful, noble lives. He had a difficult task before him, owing to the disturbed state of the country and the wild, disobedient spirit of the young people who had grown up without much training during the war—for the conflict had scattered homes and broken up families throughout a large part of the South. One of his chief cares was to keep them from cruelty to the negroes and from violent outbreaks against any one connected with the North. Lee himself was very free from resentment towards the Union States, and he did a great deal to give his pupils fair and peaceable ideas. He did not govern his college like an army. He was as capable of being a kind and generous school-manager as of maintaining strict army discipline, and when his death came suddenly, he was as sincerely mourned for a noble and upright Christian gentleman as a leader of armies and winner of battles.

Robert E. Lee was born at Stratford, Virginia, June 19, 1807. He died at Lexington in the same State, October 12, 1870.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was also a Virginian, who graduated from West Point and was sent fresh from the Academy into the midst of the Mexican War the year it broke out—that is, in 1846. He soon won the rank of first lieutenant. After the war was over he helped to build the forts about New York Harbor and then went to Florida to take part in settling the troubles with the Seminole Indians. Soon after this—in 1852—he was chosen one of the instructors in the Virginia Military Academy at Lexington, where the Washington and Lee University was afterwards established. He taught natural philosophy and military tactics. He made a good teacher, but he was so very bashful that the students used to have a great deal of fun about him.

He had very strong opinions about States' rights, and as soon as the war broke out he enlisted at once in the Confederate Army, where he was made a colonel and placed in command at Harper's Ferry. From that moment all his shyness left

him. He took the lead with his men, as if he had always been a commander, trained to dignity, discipline, and authority.

When he had been three months in the army he was called to take part in the first great battle of the war—that of Bull Run, which was fought July 21, 1861, between the armies of General P. G. T. Beauregard of the South, and General Irwin McDowell of the North. During the battle some of the heavy charges from the North made the Southern lines waver, but Jackson and his men stood firm. One of his fellow-officers caught sight of him and exclaimed to his own men, "See Jackson standing there like a stone wall!" From that time he was called



THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON. (STONEWALL.)

"Stonewall Jackson;" but it is also said that his troops were first called "the Stonewall Brigade" because they came from the stone wall counties of Virginia.

In September, after the conflict at Bull Run, Jackson was made a major-general; in January he was sent North to keep General Banks occupied and prevent him from making any serious movements. He harassed the Union forces all he could, but did not dare to risk any open battles because he had not enough men. In March twenty thousand more were added to his force; then he was ready to fight.

In the meantime the Northern Army had been divided. General McClellan with the greater part had started for Richmond by water. Another body under

General McDowell set out for the same place by land, and another under General Banks was ordered to march down to Manassas and to scour the Shenandoah valley. But General Jackson soon stopped the scouring by falling upon General Banks at Strasburg, Virginia, where he not only beat him in short order, but chased him all the way up to the Potomac.

When the people at Washington heard of this they were greatly alarmed, and McDowell, who had set out to join McClellan, hastened back to protect the capital. This was exactly what the Southern people wanted, for with McDowell up at Washington it would be easier to keep McClellan away from Richmond. This was the next thing to be done, and Jackson immediately started to help Lee do it. The news of his raids and also of his approach to Richmond made McClellan very much afraid that he did not have men enough to fight so dangerous a foe, and finally induced him to give up his purpose for the time. Jackson reached the place just in time to help Lee drive him away. Two battles were fought while the Northern Army was retreating, one at Gaines' Mills and one at Malvern Hill, neither of which were decidedly won by either army; but they favored the South, for McClellan kept falling back to the James River. Here Jackson left him and started north again, where another large Union army had been raised and sent into Virginia under General Pope.

While on his way to meet this new force, Jackson came across his old enemy, General Banks, at Cedar Mountain. There they had a battle in which Banks was badly beaten. Jackson hurried on and in two weeks more surprised a part of Pope's army at Manassas Junction, captured a large quantity of guns and provisions, and then moved on to the rest of the Northern Army, which was stationed on the old Bull Run battlefield. Here, August 28th, occurred the second battle of Bull Run, the victory all on Jackson's side. The next morning, bright and early, he was up and away again. On the 10th of September he was at Martinsville, helping himself to a good stock of ammunition and provisions which the Union Army had left on hearing of his approach. He followed them to Harper's Ferry, stormed the place, and, without waiting to receive the surrender—only making sure that it must come—went on to rejoin General Lee. The morning of September 17th he was ready to take an important part in the battle of Antietam. Lee said that whatever credit there was due to the South in this engagement belonged to Jackson. But this was hardly just to himself.

From the close of this battle until April Jackson was busy preparing official reports and had no part upon the field. Then, May 2d, he engaged in his last battle at Chancellorsville, Virginia. His victorious troops again made fearful havoc among the Northern ranks. With one of his quick, unexpected attacks, he surprised a large force and routed them in terrible confusion. Jackson was every-

where in the ~~thickest~~ of the fight. Night came on, and as he and his aids galloped back to the camp, his ~~own~~ troops mistook them for enemies and fired upon them. Jackson was badly wounded and eight days afterward he died. His loss was a terrible blow to the South. Lee said that his right arm was gone.

As a general, Jackson had few equals. He had wonderful power over his men; he was perfectly fearless, but not reckless; he saw when he could strike a telling blow and never hesitated to do it; but he also saw when the case was hopeless, and would not risk the lives of his men. His most brilliant charges were made after careful planning and close calculation of his own and his enemy's forces. As a man he was modest, upright, and remarkably pure-minded. His loss, it has been said, was the greatest that either party had yet had, in the fall of a single man.

General Thomas J. Jackson was born at Clarksburg, Virginia, January 21, 1824. He died at Guinea's Station, in the same State, May 10, 1863.

Among the military students who graduated from West Point with Lee, in 1829, was **Joseph Eggleston Johnston**, another young Virginian. He also became a civil engineer—giving his attention to the map-making branch of the work—and was ready to take a hand in active fighting when there was need of it. In the war with the Florida Indians he fought so well that he was made a captain.

After that he went on with the surveying and map-making, and in 1843 helped survey the boundary line between the United States and the British Provinces. When that was done he spent two years making surveys of our sea-coast. Then came the Mexican War, and in General Scott's list of officers Johnston's name was put down as captain of the topographical or map-making engineers. He took part in all the active fighting in Mexico, and was twice wounded. His skill and bravery so distinguished him that he had several promotions—to major, then to lieutenant-colonel, finally he was made colonel.

After the peace with Mexico, his engineering work was chiefly in surveys and river improvements, until the outbreak of the Civil War. Then he resigned from the Government and entered the Confederate Army. At the beginning of the conflict he was one of the four generals who held rank above Lee, having command of the Confederate Army of Virginia.

The first battle of Bull Run would probably have been gained by the Union side but for Johnston, who came up with ten thousand fresh troops just as the Confederates were being driven back, and began pouring his new men in upon the enemy till they were panic-stricken and fled toward Washington in great disorder.

In May of the next year Johnston thought that the chances of war had favored him with a happy accident, for while he was being chased toward Richmond by the Union Army, under General McClellan, the sudden swelling of the Chicka-

hominY divided the Northerners into two parts. One portion was already over the stream, while the heavy storm prevented the rest from following. Though some distance ahead of them, Johnston learned what had happened and turned back to attack the small body which had crossed. On the first day he was quite successful in beating them back from the Richmond road, but on the second day he was wounded and his men were vanquished by the little body of McClellan's army.

The chance proved to Johnston a most unhappy one, for it was six months before he was able to enter the field again. He returned just as Grant was getting a firm hold at Vicksburg, and was ordered to drive him away. But before he reached that station he was forced by General Sherman to back up into Georgia. Behind him lay Atlanta, which, next to Richmond, was the city that the Union side most desired to capture.

The country between was very mountainous, full of deep gullies, woods, and ravines, which made it easier to hold than to take. But Johnston's army was much smaller than Sherman's, so that the difficulties were about evenly divided. Johnston made several stands, but Sherman found a way of slipping around his side and forcing him to fall back still further toward Atlanta if he would try to defend it. It was an interesting game of war that these two great generals played during these weeks. Not many heavy battles were fought, but Johnston steadily lost ground. Some say that Johnston allowed Sherman to advance on purpose, knowing that each station he left behind him took a number of his soldiers, and that the further Sherman advanced the greater were his own chances of beating him in a final battle, which he would fight before they reached Atlanta. But he was not able to carry out this plan, for just as he was ready to fight his decisive battle, the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, told him to hand his forces over to General Hood, who fought the battle and lost it; so Sherman was able to move into Atlanta.

But by February of the next year, when, after leaving Atlanta and making his march to the sea, Sherman came sweeping up toward Raleigh, President Davis had learned that if he had any general able to cope with Sherman, it was Johnston, so he sent him out again to meet or spoil the plans of his old enemy. But there was probably no army in the country a match for Sherman's veterans, and after a long, hard battle, Johnston was defeated at Goldsboro, North Carolina.

While they were resting after the fight, news came that Lee had surrendered to Grant. Sherman then pushed on to Raleigh and took possession, and Johnston surrendered upon the same terms that Lee had yielded to Grant. In his farewell speech to his troops he entreated them to observe faithfully the terms of peace agreed upon, and to discharge the obligations of good and peaceful citizens as well as they had performed the duties of thorough soldiers in the field.

Since the close of the war General Johnston has lived at Savannah, Georgia, and has taken an active part in improving the industries of the South. He has been especially connected with the farming interests, commerce and railroad enterprises. He has also written a book upon his military operations during the war.

General Joseph E. Johnston was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, in February of the year 1807.

The great admiral of the Civil War was **David Glascoe Farragut**, a resolute soldier, a brave seaman, and a noble gentleman. When he was a lad eleven years old, he first entered the country's service on board Captain Porter's famous *Essex*, in the War of 1812. He was only a midshipman when this vessel captured His Majesty's sloop of war, the *Alert*, but he behaved so well during the great excitement of the short fight, that the captain reported him after the capture and said that his bravery and good service deserved promotion, although the boy was too young to receive it. But Farragut was rewarded in another way—by the captain's interest and friendship, which was of more value to him than advances in the navy. He needed more education and his great friend secured a place for him in a school at Chester, Pennsylvania, where he could study naval and military science.

After about a year he was sent with a number of other students to the Mediterranean in a naval ship. On this cruise a strong friendship grew up between young Farragut and one of the teachers, a Mr. Fulsome, who was soon after appointed Consul to Tunis and obtained permission to take his favorite pupil with him. Here they studied history together and talked over the deeds of the great Hannibal as they walked over the very place where that warrior had promised his father that he would never lay down his arms against Rome.

Farragut remained at Tunis a year; then was appointed a lieutenant in the navy, and ordered to the West Indies. Three years afterward he was sent to take charge of the navy yard at Norfolk, Virginia. There he married and remained for a number of years. He spent all his spare time in studying, not only naval science, but several of the languages. By and by, when a still more important place was in need of a commander, Farragut was named as being better fitted to take charge of it than any man in the service. So he was soon sent out to the Mare Island navy yard in California, where he remained from 1854 to 1858.

During the exciting days after the declaration of the Civil War, he was at his home again in Norfolk, anxiously wishing to see which way his State would go, but when it seceded he could not follow. To him the right side was that of the Union. He could not fight against the old flag under which he had served for almost fifty years. So when the news came that the Virginia Legislature

had decided to unite with the Confederation and cut loose from the Union, Farragut hastily packed up a few of his household goods, put a brace of pistols in his pocket, and left Norfolk with his wife and child. He came North, found a quiet home for his family at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, and leaving them there went on to Washington, to offer his services to the country.

At that time all the ships of the United States Navy were away in foreign ports, so the Government could give him nothing to do, but they told him to wait in readiness for the first charge they could give him. It was nine months before this came. Then he was put in command of seventeen great war-ships and ordered to capture New Orleans.

This was no easy matter, for New Orleans was very strongly defended. In Revolutionary times two great forts, Jackson and St. Philip, had been built, one on each side of the Mississippi River, sixty miles below the city. They had kept the British out of the "Father of Waters" eighty years before, and still they stood in strength and fastness. Farragut was told that several officers in the French and English navies—good judges of defenses—had said that it would be impossible for any fleet to pass these forts. He replied: "It may be so, but I was sent here either to take these forts or pass them, and I mean to try." Among the officers in the fleet was Commodore Porter, son of the old captain under whom Farragut had served when he first entered the navy. Together they devised and carried out a plan for disguising the squadron before setting sail for the forts. This was a trick that old Commander Porter used often to try, and both the younger commanders were apt pupils. They painted the outside of the gunboats with mud so that they looked much like the muddy ground they were passing and could not be easily seen in the distance. The masts they twined with foliage like the forests along the river, and as they came nearer to the forts they bound marsh-weeds to the sides of the vessels.

At last they were within firing distance of Fort Jackson and turned their great guns toward it. The boats kept up almost a continuous fire upon the fort for a week, and still it showed no signs of surrendering. Then Farragut decided to try the dangerous task of running past it. He ordered everything to be got ready and at two o'clock in the morning of April 24th, he gave the signal for starting—two red lights hoisted on the mast of his flag-ship, the *Hartford*. As the boats moved silently up the river, Farragut lashed himself to the mast of his ship so that he might be able to see above the smoke when the battle begun. A loud roar from the cannon of the fort soon told them that they had been discovered. Two bright beacons had been kept burning on shore, throwing a strong light across the river, through which it was impossible for the ships to pass without being clearly seen. As soon as their prows touched the clear, shining path across the waters,

alarm was given. Signals blazed up from all points along the shore and every gun of the fort began to pour out its deadly fire, while the fleet, keeping steadily on, poured out their shot and shell incessantly, till the whole place was shrouded with volumes of smoke. Five rafts came down upon them and set the *Hartford*



DAVID GLASCOE FARRAGUT.

ablaze, but the active company of firemen soon put it out, and at last the fleet was past the fort.

But they were not yet safe, for they suddenly found themselves in a perfect nest of fire-rafts and gunboats, among which was the terrible iron-clad ram, *Manassas*. A desperate battle of an hour and a half settled the question, the Southern fleet was destroyed ; thirteen of Farragut's vessels had passed the forts, and the way to New Orleans was open.

This was one of the most terrible naval battles ever fought. Farragut said : "It was one of the most awful sights and events I ever saw or expected to see. The smoke was so dense that it was only now and then you could see anything but the flash of the cannon and the fire-ships or rafts."

He moved on to New Orleans directly, and forced the surrender of the city, completing the main object of his expedition. This was, altogether, one of the most important victories of the war, and Congress rewarded the leader by creating for him the office of Vice-Admiral of the United States Navy.

The day after the surrender he sailed on up the Mississippi to Vicksburg and stormed that place, but it was too strong to be carried without help from land forces, so he went down the river again and put up at Pensacola for repairs.

As soon as the fleet was again ready he crossed the Gulf of Mexico, took Galveston, Corpus Christi, and the Sabine Pass, and broke the power of the Southern navy in that vicinity.

Another order to go to Vicksburg was given in March of the next year. This time he went to work with good aid on land, for General Grant's forces were already drawn up near by. Two vessels were carried past the fort below the city and thus beset by a great general on land and the vice-admiral on the river, General Pemberton was compelled to yield the city.

In midsummer the Government sent Farragut's fleet to take Mobile and stop the way of the blockade-runners who were planning to get up into the Southwest territory through Mobile Bay. This was guarded by Fort Morgan, Fort Gaines, and a powerful iron-clad ram and three gunboats, that lay a little further in the bay. Farragut's fleet of fourteen wooden steamers and gunboats and four iron-clad monitors, passed Fort Morgan and met the Confederate vessels in one of the fiercest naval battles on record. The commander was again lashed to the rigging of the *Hartford*, where he could see everything that took place and direct the terrible conflict which only closed with the Confederates' surrender. In a few days after this victory the Union armies took the forts, and the blockade-runners were effectually shut out.

For this another new rank was created in the navy making him a full admiral. He made two voyages after the war, but from the second one he never returned home.

Admiral Farragut was born near Knoxville, Tennessee, July 5, 1801. He died at Portland, Maine, August 14, 1870.

PIONEERS AND EXPLORERS.

THE first successful English settlement in the land that afterward became the United States was made at Jamestown, Virginia, in the very first part of the last century.

The chief mover in this enterprise was **Bartholomew Gosnold**, an English voyager who had joined Raleigh in his first attempt to found a colony in Virginia in the year 1585. He had afterward led a colony into Buzzard's Bay, in Massachusetts, eighteen years before the Pilgrims found their way to Plymouth Rock. He named Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard while coasting around before he selected the place for his settlement. His little colony did not stay long. They grew disheartened by their trouble with the Indians and the scarcity of provisions, and finally Captain Gosnold had them load up their ships with sassafras, and returned with them to England. He made this voyage by a new route, past the Azores, which saved fifteen hundred miles of sailing and a week's time.

Far from discouraged himself, in recounting his voyage to the King he set forth the advantages of the distant land with the desire of being allowed to return as soon as possible. He began at once to gather another band to go back with him. He helped to organize the two great companies—called the London and the Plymouth—and soon after set sail with John Smith and several other companions to make a settlement in Virginia.

They reached the Chesapeake and, entering the bay, named the points of Cape Henry and Cape Charles in honor of the King's sons, while the peninsula about fifty miles further on, which they chose for the site of their settlement, they called Jamestown, and the Powhatan River of the Indians they christened the James—both in loyal remembrance of their monarch.

They selected the site of their settlement on the 13th of May, 1607, and began at once to establish themselves and to make their explorations. Part of them began to fell trees, and clear the site for their dwellings, while another portion set off in shallops to begin to fill the King's commission to discover the water-ways that were supposed to lead through Virginia to the Pacific.

Gosnold did not live to see the colony established. The damp, unhealthy climate, the exposure and poor provisions, soon brought on sickness among the company, and he was among the first of the fifty men who died almost at the outset of their labors.

After this the company suffered still more ill-fortunes—chiefly from quarrels among themselves—and at last it was only a small portion of the original band that remained to make their settlement a lasting one.

By this time, the leading man in the colony was **John Smith**. He was well fitted for this position; for, although he had many faults as a man, he was so inspiring and energetic a pioneer that he succeeded in bringing peace and then prosperity into the tried, disheartened, and rebellious little company, so that by the time winter was fairly come, they were ready to go on with their explorations.

Smith was an adventurer by nature, and he had had many a wild experience before coming to America. He had spent several years fighting with the Turks in Europe—had been captured by them and sent as a slave to Constantinople. From there he was sent to the sea of Azov with a letter, where he managed to make his escape by killing his master, donning his clothes, and riding away on his horse to the Russian camp. The Russians helped him back to Transylvania, where in token of his former services against the Turks, his losses were made good.

This done, Smith returned to England, just at the time everybody was talking about the New World, the prospect of finding in it an abundance of gold, and the King's willingness to make settlements there. He was interested at once. America offered just the kind of adventure he liked; and with Gosnold and a couple of other men, he went eagerly to work to start a company for colonizing the other side of the globe.

It took a year to make all the preparations, but at last everything was ready. A company of over one hundred men had agreed to go, and a charter had been obtained from King James, who also gave them a sealed box containing his instructions about the form of government to be used, the councillors to be in command, and what explorations he required of them.

When the box was opened after the colonists reached America, and it was found that John Smith's name appeared among the councillors, he was not allowed to take the office; for the voyageurs had fallen into jealous quarrels on their way over, and Smith—being a spirited, energetic man—had been accused by several of his companions of intending to make himself king of Virginia. He was even kept bound until he was needed to help in the work of clearing the ground and building the forts. Then they released him, and he went earnestly to work at once, biding his time for the redress of his wrongs. At one time, he was sent out among the savages to secure their friendship and buy corn; and at another the

jealous councillors decided to send him to England to be tried for his alleged treason. But he refused to go, and said if he were accused of treason he would be



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

tried then and there. The result was that he was not only cleared from all charges, but the president was obliged to pay him damages for depriving him of his liberty. This money he handed over at once to be used for the colony. Then he was permitted to take his place among the councillors.

Soon after this the ship which had brought the party returned to England, and as the hot weather came, as their provisions ran low, and sickness broke out, it was a jaded and unhappy band, striving in what was almost a forlorn hope. At one time there were only ten well men among them. Fifty of them died before the summer was over; and then there were other troubles. The president of the settlement was found dishonest and removed; the man chosen to take his place was not capable of governing, the others were sick, so at last the care of the colony fell upon Smith. This was the most fortunate thing that ever happened to that suffering little band. He soon had all the men that were able to work busy improving their cabins; he managed very adroitly to turn the threatening hostility of the savages into admiration, if not awe of the whites, and thus had no difficulty in buying their corn, and in gaining kindnesses from them which probably saved the whole expedition from complete failure.

As soon as he had provided for the pressing needs of the colony Smith started out with two Englishmen and two Indian guides to explore the great wilderness that lay all about them. He had not gone far before he was taken captive and would have been slain if he had not thought to arouse the curiosity of his captors by showing them his pocket-compass. Instead of killing him they then took him around among the tribes and exhibited him as a wonder. But when he was brought to Powhatan that great chief made up his mind he was an enemy and ordered him to be slain. It was at this time, just as a savage was about to bring the fatal war-club down upon his head, that Pocahontas, the twelve-year-old daughter of Powhatan, rushed between Smith and the Indian and begged her father to spare his life. He granted her request, set the captive at liberty, and ordered twelve of his warriors to escort him back to Jamestown.

Smith found the settlement in great disorder, the food all gone, and the people determined to go back to England as soon as they could. His return, however, brought hope. He told them he could obtain food and keep them cheerful and able to work. In a little while Newport, who had taken their vessel back to England, returned with a ship-load of supplies and over a hundred new settlers. All might now have gone well but for an excitement that broke out upon the finding of some yellow mica which the settlers thought was gold. There was no more work done then but digging for gold. A whole ship-load of it was sent to Europe, and every settler imagined himself a rich man until they learned what a foolish mistake they had made. Smith left them to their useless schemes—he knew they had not found gold—and set out upon another exploring expedition. This time he was more successful than before. He made several trips, once going as far as the present State of Ohio, and always drawing careful maps of the country he passed through. It was not until after his return from this trip in September, 1608,

that he was elected president of the council, though he had been the only acting president of the colony for a long time.

When Newport returned from England, which was soon after this election, he brought the news that the colonists' "gold" was worthless dirt. It was just what Smith had told them, and they were, after this, more willing to believe in his judgment. Newport also brought other news. The authorities sent orders to Smith to send them some real gold and to find a passage through the new country to the South Sea. He answered by sending back some good lumber and specimens of tar and pitch which he told them could be found in large quantities. This was most too matter-of-fact an answer to the high expectations of the members of the London Council. They therefore obtained a new charter from the king and had another governor appointed, one who would make some efforts to obtain gold instead of spending his time exploring the country, examining its resources, and forcing the gentlemen who went over to look for gold to dig and plant and fell trees like ordinary laborers.

Nine vessels were now fitted out and over five hundred emigrants set sail for Virginia. The newly appointed governor not being ready to come with them sent a deputy to take his place for a time. But the deputy did not reach Virginia in more than a year. A storm wrecked his and another vessel off Bermuda; and, drifting to the coast of the island, they were obliged to stay there until they could repair their ships. The other seven ships reached Virginia, carrying more gentlemen gold-seekers, who added greatly to Smith's difficulties. Before he could bring them to believe that it was better to work than to starve, he met with a misfortune which compelled him to leave them to their fate. Some powder, exploding by accident one day, injured him so severely that he had to set sail at once for England, where he could receive proper medical treatment.

Left to themselves the colonists—especially the new ones—spent their time in idleness, roving, and doing whatever they wished; they neglected the work that had been so carefully started, and, worst of all, were so insolent to the Indians that they could no longer buy corn of them. Soon their food was gone, and when the deputy-governor arrived from Bermuda he found only sixty wretched, half-starved men left in the settlement.

For a long time after Captain Smith's return to England, he was obliged to keep quiet on account of his wounds, so he began to study and to write accounts of his travels and make a history of the settlement of Virginia, with a map of the country.

When he was able, he came again to the New World. This was five years after he had left Jamestown; but he did not return to Virginia. His course was farther north. Coasting along the north-east shores, he made a map of the country—

which he named New England—and carried home full accounts of all he had seen there. The next year, 1615, he set out with two vessels and a little band of settlers, but they were all captured by a French ship and taken to La Rochelle. After awhile Captain Smith escaped from here, and, reaching England in safety, left it no more. The rest of his life was spent in writing a book, called “New England’s Trials,” and in traveling about the country, selling it and trying to interest people in making settlements in America.

John Smith was born at Willoughby, Lincolnshire, England, in 1579. He died in London, England, in 1631.

The most important colony that settled in New England was a band of Pilgrims, who, driven from their native land on account of their religion, first sojourned in Holland, and then embarked for America. They landed at the place which John Smith had already named Plymouth, on the 21st of December, 1620.

The leaders were the courageous, energetic soldier, **Miles Standish**, who was the military leader of the Pilgrims in their wars against the Indians; **John Carver**, who was chosen governor after the landing, and managed the affairs of the colony with care and wisdom for the four months that he lived; and **William Bradford**, who was elected governor after Carver’s death, and held that office for over thirty years. But probably the greatest man among the New England settlers was **Roger Williams**, who did not come to America until a little more than ten years after the Pilgrims landed. He was a scholarly young Welsh clergyman, who had been educated for the Church of England at Oxford University, but had become a Puritan of the stanchest kind. He was already quite famous, and at first the people welcomed him and his wife very cordially. But they soon felt that he was not severe enough in his ideas, so he had to leave Boston, and went to Salem. There, too, he made enemies because he did not think just like the authorities did about some church affairs, and he was forced to leave that place also. One of his great “errors” was that he said the authorities had no right to punish any people for not going to church or for wanting in their way the liberty that the Puritans themselves had come so far to secure. The Salem people were very angry at him when they sent him away, but after a couple of years he was called back and was installed as pastor of their church.

Meanwhile he had been at Plymouth, and had become well acquainted with the Indians, learning their language, and also some of their grievances. He boldly said that the King of England had no right to give away their land to white people, without first paying them for it. This and the freedom with which he still spoke his mind about the rulers and magistrates having no right to interfere

with the religious beliefs of the people were more than the rigid Pilgrims could stand, and before long they said so, and gave him just six weeks in which to leave the colony. This time was afterward lengthened to several months. Williams improved it by spreading his doctrine as fast as he could and announcing that he himself would start a colony in which people might believe as seemed to them right and not after the law of any council.

The rulers heard of this and decided to send him at once to England, but they did not succeed in doing so; for he was warned by his friends just in time to make his escape. It was in the middle of a bleak, cold New England winter; but there was no time to lose, and so, leaving wife and children behind in safety, he fled from Salem to find refuge in the wilderness. Snow lay thick upon the ground, marked here and there with the footprints of wild beasts. He could hear their voices, too, at night as he crouched in the shelter of some hollow tree or lay in the smoky hut of some of the friendly Indians, from whom he also begged his food. "They were," he said, "the ravens that fed me in the wilderness."

In his other exile at Plymouth Williams had known Massasoit, the great Indian king; he had then made him presents and shown him much kindness, for he felt that the white men owed a good deal to the red Americans whose country they had taken possession of. Remembering this former friendship he now went to Massasoit in his distress.

The great chief had not forgotten his kindness and welcomed him right royally to his camp. In the spring he gave him a tract of land by the side of the Seekonk River near the place now known as Manton's Cove, and here the fugitive preacher resolved to make his home.

He had left Salem all alone, but five others had now joined him and together they began to build a cabin and plant corn. But soon word came that they were still on Plymouth soil. Governor Winthrop, who was secretly a friend to Williams, sent a letter advising him to move to the other side of the water, where he might have the whole country before him and be as free as themselves.

So, in a short time, he took leave of his fields of sprouting corn and his unfinished cabin and with his five companions set out in a canoe in search of a place where he could establish a free government, and afford a home to those who were persecuted because of their opinions.

At last a favorable place was found on the west side of the peninsula near the mouth of the Moshassuck River—the place where the city of Providence now stands. Roger Williams gave it this name "because," he said, "of a sense of God's merciful providence unto me in my distress."

When he drew up the plan of government for the new settlement he resolved to have it a liberal one. Providence he desired should be "a shelter for persons

distressed for conscience." All who should come to live there would be asked to promise obedience to laws for the public good, but "only in civil things." In religion their own consciences should be their laws.

The settlement was hardly begun before Williams had a chance to heap coals of fire on the heads of the magistrates who had driven him from Salem. The Pequot Indians had made an attack on some of the settlers and were trying to induce the Narragansetts—a very large and powerful tribe—to join them in a general massacre of all the white people of the Plymouth Colony. When the rulers heard of this they were in great fright. Peace must be made with the red men in some way, or the Pilgrims would be entirely destroyed. There was but one white man in the country who knew these Indians well enough to have any influence with them. That was Roger Williams. So they sent to him—away out in the wilderness to which he had fled from their persecutions but a short time before—and begged him to go to the camp of the Narragansetts and induce them not to join the Pequots.

It was a bold request to make of a man on whom they had turned as an enemy, especially as he would have to risk his life if he undertook the journey; but Roger Williams was too noble to refuse even this sacrifice for the sake of so many others, and he lost no time in setting out. He found the Pequots already there, when he reached the dwellings of the Narragansetts, and their stirring appeals to their kindred to rise and kill the white men who were fast robbing them of their hunting-grounds and the burial-places of their fathers had almost persuaded the cooler Narragansetts to join them. Williams went at once to the dwelling of the sachems and spent three days and three nights in company with the treacherous Pequots, whom he expected every night would put their "bloody knives to his throat." But the friendship he had formed with the Narragansetts was a strong one. They respected his counsels, and finally, with the Mohicans, another strong tribe, agreed to make a treaty with the English against the Pequots.

That tribe soon opened war, and in the wretched conflict, which lasted four years, the magistrates depended almost entirely upon Williams for advice and for keeping the peace with the friendly Indians, and it was chiefly due to him that the war was at last brought to an end successful to the colonists. Yet, when Governor Winthrop moved that he be recalled from banishment and some mark of favor be shown him for his services, the authorities refused to do it, and a few years later they even refused to allow the colony of Providence to join those of Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven in a league for mutual protection against the Dutch and French. The only allies of this little band of refugees were the Indians. Even with them it needed very skillful managing to keep from an outbreak on account of the wrongs they suffered from the other colonies.

At length the people of Providence decided to look to the mother country for protection. They sent Williams to England to procure for them a charter which would define their boundaries and forbid the other colonies from interfering with them. Massachusetts had already begun to dictate to them as though they were under her control, and none of them felt quite willing to let them alone. Williams sailed in the summer of 1643 from New York, and in a little more than a year returned with the charter and the good wishes of the mother country.

The next few years were very busy ones for Williams. Many of the colonists were dissatisfied with the government which the new charter instituted. The Ind-



ROGER WILLIAMS.

ians were troublesome, owing to insults which they received from the united colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut. These colonies still treated the people of Rhode Island contemptuously whenever they had a chance. They went so far as to arrest three citizens of Newport who went to Lynn to visit an old friend, and had them fined and imprisoned.

At length it became necessary for Rhode Island to have a new charter in order to settle the difficulties that were constantly coming up between the towns on the mainland and those on the island. Williams was begged to go again to England, and finally consented, though he had to sell his trading-house to do so.

The colonists were not only unable to support their preacher and governor and his family, but actually tried in vain to raise money enough to pay his expenses when he went across the ocean on their own affairs.

When he reached England the government was in such great disorder that he could do scarcely anything for his colony for some time. But he did not wait in idleness. Being an excellent scholar, he easily found pupils, and by teaching languages to several young men, he earned money enough to pay the cost of his trip. Beside these duties, he wrote pamphlets, and spent a good deal of time in trying to relieve the sufferings of the poor miners, who were then out of work because of the tumult of the times. He became acquainted with Cromwell, who was then the "Protector" of England; with Sir Henry Vane, a wise and influential statesman; and with the ardent Puritan patriot, John Milton, who had not yet written his great poem of "Paradise Lost," nor lost the use of his eyes. He and Williams became warm friends and spent many pleasant days together.

Although Williams staid in England three years, he finally had to leave before the matter of the charter was settled, for trouble had broken out in Rhode Island that made it necessary for him to return at once. So, leaving his business in the hands of Mr. Clark—who had gone with him from Providence—he went back as soon as he could to make peace. At last he was rewarded. In August, 1654, after ten years of quarreling, the towns all united in a union and chose Mr. Williams for their president.

When, ten years after Williams left him, Mr. Clark came back with the charter, it was received with great joy and was at once put into operation. The first governor was a man named Benedict Arnold. Roger Williams—beside being chief pastor to the whole colony—was one of his assistants and for twelve years everything moved along quietly and pleasantly.

Mr. Williams was growing old now; but he was strong and able still; and when not busy with public duties, attended to his private business, wrote religious tracts, and preached to the Indians. Then came the terrible scenes of King Philip's war. The Narragansetts could no longer be kept from joining the other savages in a general attack upon the pale-faced usurpers. When the dusky warriors were seen coming toward Providence, to treat the people there as cruelly as they had used the other settlers, Mr. Williams—then over seventy years old—took his staff and went out to meet them. The old chiefs, who knew him well, came towards him and told him that they were still his friends, but that the young warriors were so bitter against all the white men that it would not be safe for him to go among them. So he returned to the settlement and joined in the fight. The war lasted a year, only ending with the death of King Philip and almost the entire destruction of the savages.

About a year afterward, the venerable hero, the friend of the oppressed everywhere, and the founder of Rhode Island, passed quietly away.

Roger Williams was born at Conwyl Cayo, Wales, in the year 1606. He died at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1683.



WILLIAM PENN.

Nearly half a century after the settlement of Jamestown and about twenty years after the Pilgrims landed, there arose in England a class of people called Quakers.. The doctrines which they believed were so forcibly preached by their leader that many people began to join their society.

Among these was **William Penn**, the son of a distinguished admiral in the

British Navy. This man—the father—stood in great favor with the king and the Court, and when he heard that his son William—whom he had sent to college and of whom he expected great things—was turning Quaker, his rage knew no bounds. He declared that no son of his should leave the good and regular Church of England and join a despised sect. Finding that argument had no effect, he tried a sound thrashing, and when this, too, failed to change the opinions of the willful son, he turned him out-of-doors.

William was then eighteen years old. He had been finely educated, was well built and robust, and with a mind strongly inclined to religious thoughts. He already believed so firmly that the doctrines of the Quakers were right in the sight of God that nothing could induce him to renounce them. Seeing this and being begged by his wife to take back his harsh words, Admiral Penn sent to his son to come home, where he would be protected from the general Quaker persecution by his father's high standing.

But his friends in the new religion did not fare so well. All the rest of the society were sorely ill-treated by the rulers. Even he was arrested while preaching in the streets and imprisoned on a charge of disturbing the peace, although he was soon released as not guilty.

After that event his father sent him to France, thinking that the gay company he would have there would cool his religious fervor. But it did not do so. He continued to preach and to teach and to write on the subject that interested him above all others. He went on his preaching tours through England, Holland, and Germany, and in all places he was aroused by the sufferings of the peace-loving Quakers. They were fined, robbed, imprisoned, and ill-treated in many other ways, all on account of their beliefs. While Penn was studying how to procure relief for them, George Fox, the great leader of the Quakers, begged him to do something for those in Lord Baltimore's colony in America. This led him to think of the New World as a place of refuge for all of them.

The king had become indebted to Penn's father—who was now dead—for a large sum of money. Penn went to him and asked him to pay the debt by granting him a tract of land in America. After awhile the king agreed to do so, and made over to Penn about forty thousand acres of territory north of Virginia which was already settled by a number of Quaker refugees. The only claim reserved by the king was that he should receive a payment of two beaver skins every year.

Now, at last, Penn had a refuge for the followers of the Quaker religion, and a large number of them were soon persuaded to leave their unhappy homes in Europe and form a colony in the New World. He wished to name the country New Wales, but the king insisted upon calling it Pennsylvania—not in honor of William, as many people think, but of his father, who was a friend of the king. In

February of the next year Penn with eleven other men bought East New Jersey, which was then a flourishing colony, and in September he sailed for his new possessions, where he was cordially welcomed by the Friends already there. He had made out a form of government and laws for the colony before leaving England, and his first work after arriving was to make peace with the Indians. He and the other leaders in the colony met a large company of the red men under a great elm-tree by the side of the Delaware, and all agreed that they would live on terms of peace and friendliness for each other as long as "the creeks and rivers run, and while the sun, moon, and stars endure." No oaths were made, nor long articles of agreement drawn up, yet the bond was never violated, "the only treaty in history that was never sworn to and never broken." The Indians always remembered the great "Mignon," as they called Penn, and each generation told their children of his justice and goodness. They butchered and scalped and burned the dwellings of other settlers, but the peace-loving, drab-coated Quakers were never disturbed.

Penn's next work was to provide for a capital city where the seat of the colonial government might be made. He purchased the necessary land of the Swedes, who had bought it of the Indians, and named it Philadelphia—the City of Brotherly Love—hoping that the inhabitants would always carry out the spirit of its name.

When the government of the colony was settled in good order Penn returned to England. Here he found that during his absence his Quaker brethren had been very badly used. He went to the king and obtained a promise that the persecution should be stopped at once, and it was in a great measure.

A few months afterward Charles II. died and James II. took the throne. He and Penn were intimate friends and much of their time was passed together. Penn was known to have so much influence with King James that people crowded to his house to beg him to ask royal favors for them. At that time there were many people shut up in the prisons of England, because their religious beliefs differed from that of the Established Church of England; and one of the good causes Penn won with the king was to have all these people set free. Among them were twelve hundred Quakers.

It was ten years before he went back to his colony in America. During this time James II. was deposed and William of Orange was placed on the throne; and Penn, as the friend of the former king, was accused of treason and put in prison; and although he was soon acquitted, his liberty did not last long, for a new charge was raised against him, and he was obliged to keep out of the way of his enemies, and also to lose many of his former friends. In the midst of this trouble his wife died, and he was deprived of the government of his colony in America. These were

dark days, but he spent them profitably, writing treatises for the comfort and defense of the Friends,*and devising means of helping the colonists in Pennsylvania out of the troubles that had come upon them through bad management during his long absence.

At last his accusers lost their influence with the king; he was again made governor of his colony, and, after attending to various business matters and church interests, he embarked once more for America. He found affairs in Pennsylvania in a very bad state. Ill-feeling had grown up between the Quakers and the other members of the colony, and many other matters had gone wrong. He set about instituting a better government at once, and began looking after the condition of the negro slaves and the Indians within the colony. Another treaty was made with the red men, presents were exchanged with them, and they agreed to look to the King of England as their protector.

While thus occupied in making better the condition of all the people in the colony, Penn heard that there was talk in England of taking it away from him and returning it to the crown, so he had to hurry back and attend to the matter. His last act before leaving America—for what proved to be the last time—was to give a charter to the city of Philadelphia.

Soon after Penn's arrival in England, the king decided not to take possession of the colony; but other troubles came up, more dissensions among the settlers, and more persecutions for the Quakers in their native land, so that the last days of the peace-loving old man were filled with tidings of strife, where he had labored most for harmony.

His own life, too, was filled with grief in his last years. Unfaithful agents had so badly managed his property that his fortune was lost and he was put in prison because he would not pay these agents some unreasonable sums that they claimed to be due them. He had some good friends, though, who secured his release. Then he asked the Legislature of Pennsylvania to loan him some money to help him out of his difficulties, but they refused. This was one of the greatest sorrows of his life, for he had given his work, his time, and a great deal of money to help the colonists in many ways; and now that he was old and in distress their ingratitude almost broke his heart.

William Penn was born in London, England, October 14, 1644. He died at Ruscombe, Berkshire, England, July 30, 1718.

At the time of the French and Indian War—about twenty years before the Revolution—the country that now forms the State of Kentucky was a wooded wilderness, used by the Indians only for hunting. “*Kan-tuck-kee*” they called it, meaning the dark and bloody ground. Soon after the close of the war—in

1763—a few bold white hunters crossed the mountains that guarded it on the east, and began to explore its resources. Among them was **Daniel Boone**. He was a native of Pennsylvania, though he had lived in North Carolina since he was eighteen years old. He was a grown man by this time, with a family and quite a reputation throughout the country for his intelligence and his adventures. Much interested in the little he learned about the hunting-grounds of the Indians, he made up a party after a few years, to explore its wilds. It was a most discouraging trial. Boone himself, and his brother who joined them later, were the only ones who escaped from the Indians. Alone they passed the winter in the vast



DANIEL BOONE.

forest, savage beasts and savage men their only neighbors. In the spring the brother went home for supplies, and Daniel spent three solitary months in the little hut and its grand and beautiful surroundings, until the brother returned with horses, food, and powder. Then they went on with their explorations until early in the next spring. The wonders of beauty and richness they found can scarcely be imagined even in the fair Kentucky of to-day. Then it was perfectly fresh, unworn, unmarred by man in any way, and much of it still shrouded in delightful mystery. Thoroughly charmed with the region, the brothers resolved now to go North Carolina, get their families, and return with them to the new country and there make their home.

It was two years before they could make all the necessary arrangements. But at last they were ready and off. Five other families had joined them, and it was a happy party of forty that set their faces northwestward to find under the leadership of Boone a new home in a fair, rich country beyond the mountains. Wives and children were fixed to ride as comfortably as possible; clothes and cooking utensils were carried by pack-horses, and a herd of swine and cattle were driven on before. For some time they went along without any serious mishap. But suddenly the pleasant expectation of the travelers was turned into fear and confusion. A party of Indians fell upon the rear of the line and killed a number of the company, among them Boone's youngest son. This put a stop to their progress, and instead of pushing further into the territory of the savages, they turned aside and settled in Virginia. But Boone was yet to found a settlement in Kentucky.

The Government, having heard of the fine lands across the mountains, proposed to give portions of it to the Virginia heroes of the French and Indian War. It was necessary, therefore, to have these lands surveyed, and who was so able to help in the work as Boone, who had already spent two years in exploring them? He willingly undertook the work, and when it was done the governor appointed him to lead a force of colonists against some Indians who were disturbing the settlers on the Virginia frontier along the Ohio. After successfully routing the troublesome savages, he returned to his family and found that the little company had recovered from their fright about the Indians and were now anxious to go on to Kentucky. Another company was also formed in North Carolina to assist in making settlements, and Boone was chosen general manager and surveyor for the whole party. After a time, they again set out for the West. On reaching the Kentucky River they received another attack from the Indians and again a few of their number were killed. But this time they kept on, and when in April, 1775, the patriots in Massachusetts were engaged in the battle of Lexington, the pioneers in Kentucky were building a fort and founding the settlement of Boonesborough. Here the women and children were brought, and home life among white people began in Kentucky. Boone's wife and daughter were the first white women, it is said, that ever stood upon the banks of the Kentucky River.

The fort was a sure protection against the Indians as long as the settlers kept within it; but to venture out was dangerous. The Indians were always prowling about, watching all that went on, and sometimes capturing those who went beyond its protection. But Boone had great skill in dealing with the red men, and usually recovered the captives, and also made his own escape when—as it happened once or twice—he was himself taken.

He was in many respects a wonderful man. He had a clear and well-balanced

mind, and was able to do successfully whatever he undertook. Without knowing anything about politics, he kept up an isolated settlement on the frontier, and without having any military knowledge, he was one of the most formidable foes the Indians ever met with. An author who loved noble traits in men once said of Boone: He was seldom taken by surprise, never shrunk from danger, nor failed beneath exposure or fatigue; he knew nothing of engineering as a science, yet he laid out the first road through the wilderness of Kentucky and established the first fort there. He had few books and read little, but he thought a great deal, and was in his way a philosopher of calm and even mind. He was plain and unpoetical, with wonderful love for the beauties of nature. His simple, retiring manners never altered into rustic rudeness; and, bold and unsparing as he was in warfare, he was fair and kind to all creatures—a thoroughly humane man. His wants were no greater than his rifle and the wild woods could supply, while the constant danger in which he lived for many years made him only circumspect, not uneasy and suspicious. His love of adventure kept his life full of inspiration, while the trials and dangers through which it took him added to his character a serene patience and fortitude. Robust, compactly knit in figure, honest, intelligent, and chivalrous in nature, he excelled as a sportsman, and won the respect of his savage captors by his skill and fortitude. More than once, without violence, he freed himself from their imprisonment, revealing their bloody schemes to his countrymen, and meeting them on the battlefield with a coolness and swiftness that awoke their admiration as much as their astonishment. Again and again he saw his companions fall before their tomahawks and rifles; his daughter he rescued from the red men's camp, to which she had been carried from his very door; his son fell before his eyes in a conflict with the Indians who opposed their immigration to Kentucky; his brother and his dearest friends were victims either to their strategy or violence; his own escape from death at their hands was due more than once to the influence he had obtained over them by tact and patience, and to his sure, swift action when the chance came to flee from them.

Once when Boone was a prisoner in the Indians' camp—captured while gathering salt near the fort—the chief came to like him so well that he adopted him to take the place of his lost son. His only course was to appear satisfied, but he was keenly on the watch for all the movements of the red men, and finally learned that they were planning an attack upon Boonesborough. He swiftly resolved to escape, and warn the settlement of the danger. In a short time he managed to get away, and, traveling a hundred and sixty miles in five days, he astonished his friends by appearing among them long after they had lost all hope of his being alive, and his wife and children had gone mournfully back to their old home in North Carolina. The fort was quickly prepared for an attack from the

Indians, who soon came, four hundred and fifty strong, against a little band of seventy. After nine days of fighting the Indians gave up and left the fort still in the hands of Boone and his colony.

When all was safe he went after his family and brought them back to Boonesborough in 1780. Here he remained for twelve years, engaged in improving and enlarging the settlement and occasionally turning out against the hostile Indians, who succeeded now and then in capturing some beloved member of the colony, but were for the most part kept well at bay.

The fair lands of Kentucky began after awhile to be in great demand. Those who owned the rich acres could sell them at a high price, and some of the early settlers were now rewarded in wealth for the hardships they had endured. Boone, being one of the first and greatest of these, supposed that he owned quite a good deal of the land he had discovered, explored, and colonized. But sharp men found out that his papers were not legal, and that he could not hold his land. Hardy and heroic as he was, he was also too modest and diffident to be able to quarrel about what was justly his, so in his old age he left Kentucky to those more bold for wealth and less high-principled than himself and retreated into the wild regions of Missouri, which had not yet been invaded by those who followed the sturdy settlers to reap the benefit of their pioneering. There he received a grant of land from Spain, but lost it also through a mistake in the title papers.

After this second misfortune he wrote a simple, touching letter to the people of Kentucky, asking them to help him to get a clear title to at least part of his lands, saying, "I have no place to call my own, whereon to lay my bones;" and as in those days it was one of a man's first duties to set aside and prepare a burial-ground for himself and his family, the people were greatly touched. The State begged ten thousand acres or more of Congress, and the gift was granted; but the lawyers who came in between the giver and the receiver cheated the heroic old man out of even this, and he "who had helped to conquer an empire died landless at last." But his memory was not without honor.

On an autumn day, about thirty years ago, a hearse, garlanded with evergreens, was slowly drawn by white horses through the main street of Frankfort, Kentucky. It was the second funeral of Daniel Boone. His remains lay in the cherry-wood coffin he had polished himself in the rude and lonely cabin on the banks of the Missouri, and they were then being removed by the State, to the public cemetery of the capital of Kentucky. People said it was but just that these ceremonies of love and respect should be paid to the memory of the noble and defrauded old pioneer, who first explored their fair State, when the elk and buffalo held undisputed possession with the Indian; when its dark forests were the contested boundary between the Cherokees, Creeks, and Catawbias, of the South; and the Swanees,

Delawares, and Wyandottes, of the North; and the deep glades of the forest primeval were stained with the warrior blood of the red savages.

Daniel Boone was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, 1735. He died in Missouri, in 1820 or 1822.

During President Jefferson's administration, the famous Lewis and Clarke Expedition was sent out by the Government to explore the Missouri River from its mouth to its source, to find the shortest distance from there to the headwaters of the Columbia, and then to trace that river to the Pacific Ocean.

Jefferson, who was very much interested in the project, stated to Congress that he thought that his private secretary, **Merriwether Lewis**, would make an able commander of the expedition; he was a young Virginian of great promise and some experience; he had helped to quell the "Whisky Insurrection" in Pennsylvania; and—though now but twenty-six years old—had risen to the rank of captain in the regular army. Congress thought well of the suggestion and placed Lewis in charge of the scientific portion of the expedition, while **William Clarke**, a soldier who had seen a good deal of Indian warfare, was made military commander.

After that the rest of the company was gathered together, and when all arrangements were made, a little band of thirty men started out in the fall of 1803. Beside the two commanders, there were nine young Kentuckians, fourteen soldiers from the United States Army, two French boatmen, an interpreter to speak with the Indians, a hunter, and a negro servant. They traveled as far as the Wood River on the eastern side of the Mississippi, and then made up their camp for the winter. Halting there until the spring, they passed their time in drilling, so as to be ready to meet the Indians that would be sure to object to their presence, and in preparing their stores so that they could be easily carried. Their luggage was a very serious matter, because as they were going far away from civilization, they had to take with them almost everything they should need—clothing, working utensils, fire-arms and ammunition, scientific instruments, and a large quantity of presents for the Indians. These were perhaps the most bulky, unhandy objects of all, being richly laced dresses, coats, flags, knives, tomahawks, bead ornaments, looking-glasses, handkerchiefs, paints, and other things particularly pleasing to the savages. But during the winter the men got them all packed in large bales that were easily loaded in boats, when the party was ready to break camp. Hiring some boatmen to take them as far as the country of the Mandan Indians, they set out in very good condition as soon as spring had fairly opened. There were five boats in the stream and two horses were led along the banks to be used in carrying the game, which was very plentiful and furnished nearly all the food needed during the summer. Each day they journeyed from ten to twenty miles,

and at night they encamped upon the banks of the river. A number of the men kept journals of each day's happenings, while the leaders kept careful record of their scientific observations.

During the months of May and June they passed the mouths of the Osage, Kansas, and Platte tributaries to the Missouri, and in July they entered the country of the Ottoe Indians. They held a meeting with the chiefs and promised them that if they would be quiet and peaceable their "great father," the President, would protect them from their enemies. Between the mouths of the Platte and the Sioux Rivers they found the work of surveying the course of the Missouri very difficult on account of its zigzag windings. Part of the time they were in Iowa and part of the time in Nebraska until they reached the land of the Sioux Indians. Then for some distance the ground was well known to the men who had traded with that friendly tribe. Making their way easily for a time, they soon rounded the Great Bend, passed the Cheyenne, and in the last of October they reached the country of the Mandan Indians, over sixteen hundred miles above the mouth of the Missouri.

It was their plan to encamp here for the winter, and, when the Indians flocked about their boats, the explorers asked to hold a council with them. Agreeing to this, the chiefs and first men of the tribe met Lewis and Clarke, and listened to their speeches with attention, while they told them that the "great white father" wished to live in peace with them and to have them live in the same way with their neighbors, and said that this party had no desire to disturb them in any way. Then presents were given to them; to the first chief of each town, a flag and a medal with the likeness of the President upon it, a uniform coat, hat, and feather; to the second chiefs, a medal representing some domestic animals and a weaving-loom; and to the third, medals representing a farmer sowing grain. Among a number of other presents that were distributed among the people, one that seemed to please them best was a corn-mill for grinding the kernels taken from the ear. They had never seen anything like it before, and it interested them very much.

In return for these gifts the Indians brought buffalo robes and quantities of corn to their courteous white visitors; they paid many friendly visits to the camp, and gave Captain Clarke much valuable information about the great Louisiana territory around them.

After building some cabins and a fort, which they named Fort Mandan, the explorers spent the winter in making maps of the ground that had been gone over, surveying the portion of the river near them, in hunting, studying the ways of the Indians, and collecting specimens of earth, salt, minerals, and plants, which were all labeled with the date and place in which they were found. These

were packed and forwarded to President Jefferson on the 7th of April, 1805, the day on which the party broke camp and left the villages of the friendly Mandans.

Pushing steadily on in their march, they passed the mouth of the Little Missouri, then that of the Yellowstone, and for over a month afterward traveled due west. Now and then they met a bear—Captain Lewis had a couple of narrow escapes from them—but for the most part it was a steady and novel, though not an exciting, journey across the country, till, in the course of two months, they reached the junction of two large rivers. Here they met a difficulty—which was the Missouri? It would not do to take the wrong one, for they would then lose a whole season in following it and in retracing their steps. They questioned the Indians, but could learn nothing from them. All the men thought that the northern fork, with its deep channel and turbid waters, must be the Missouri; but the two captains, who judged from their scientific observations, thought that the southern stream was probably the main river. To settle the matter Captain Lewis took a few men and pushed forward on that one, while Captain Clarke made some examination of the other. They knew for certain, from traders and Indians, that some great falls occurred in the real Missouri not far from its source; and so, when, on the third day of his tramp, Captain Lewis heard a faint roar in the distance, he was pretty sure that they were on the right track. Hastening forward, he soon saw a cloud of vapor arising, and in a short time his little band reached the great falls of the Missouri.

Sending a man back with the news to the rest of the party, the captain began at once to examine the cataract. He soon became so absorbed in its grandeur and beauty that he forgot that he was in a wild country whose inhabitants did not always give strangers the pleasantest sort of a welcome; he even forgot that his rifle was unloaded, and was only aroused to these facts when he suddenly saw a huge brown bear close upon him. There was no time to load his rifle, so he plunged into the river, hoping that the bear could not follow. For a few moments this seemed to be a mistake, for bruin followed him close to the water's edge; then it appeared to be frightened at something and hastened away.

In a couple of days Captain Clarke arrived and the party took up its march toward the source of the river. In about two weeks they came to the great pass, "The Gates of the Rocky Mountains," where the river breaks through the steep rocks at the bottom of a deep gorge between five and six miles long. Further on, they found another junction in the stream. Here there were three branches of about equal size, and another discussion arose; but it was soon decided that the most westerly stream was the true Missouri. Naming the three branches after the President, Jefferson; the Secretary of State, Madison; and the Secretary of the

Treasury, Gallatin, they took the Jefferson fork and on the 12th of August arrived at the springhead of the Missouri, three thousand miles from where it pours into the Mississippi, whence they had started a year and a half before.

One-half of the work was now done; the other half was to find the source of the Columbia and trace its course to the Pacific. The courageous pioneers climbed the mountains before them, and were the first white men to stand upon the summit of the famous range of the Rocky Mountains which forms the water-shed between the Pacific and the central table-lands of North America.

Before they had gone down three-quarters of a mile on the other side, they came to a small stream of clear water—the very waters that they sought: it was the source of the Columbia. They did not know this, though, and feared to follow its course lest it should lead them astray. So they kept on in their chosen direction till they met a company of Snake Indians, who told them that the stream they had passed became a large river and flowed into the great ocean. But they also said that the country through which it ran afforded no food nor wood. Finally, after much urging and the promise of many presents, some of the red men consented to guide the party over this unknown and dangerous region.

It was impossible for them to follow this river in boats, as they had the Missouri, neither could they travel along its steep and rocky banks. They had to take the rugged Indian path across the mountains, stopping at the Indian villages on the way for rest and refreshment. Before this the party had met with very little trouble from cold and hunger, but in these regions they came near starving several times; they had to kill and eat their horses and then to buy dogs of the Indians for food.

Nearly a month was passed in this barren country before the party reached the place where the northern and the southern forks of the great Columbia meet. From here, the guides said they could travel by water; so canoes were made, and after naming the northern branch after Captain Clarke, and the southern after Captain Lewis, they embarked on the water once more and went floating smoothly down the river. When they came to the great falls the Indians said they would have to take to land again, but the intrepid leaders thought the canoes would ride the cataraacts, and, feeling unwilling to spend the time and strength that would be necessary to carry all the baggage past the falls by land, determined to take the risk. All the boats went over safely, and passed the still more dangerous narrows below. After that it was a smooth journey to the mouth of the Columbia, where they arrived at the close of November, 1805, having traveled more than four thousand miles. During the first week in December a place for the winter camp was found on a small bay of the Pacific coast, which they named Merriwether, the Christian name of Captain Lewis.

Early in the spring, they turned their faces homeward. Two months only were taken in retracing their steps to the navigable portion of the Missouri; and, once more afloat, it did not take them long to reach Fort Lewis, where they arrived May 22, 1806.

The long, hazardous journey had been successfully made, its objects secured, and the reports of the party were most valuable to the Government. Congress rewarded the labors of the commanders by giving them large grants of land in Missouri. Lewis was made governor of the territory and Clarke general of the militia. Soon after they had gone to their new homes, Governor Lewis's health gave way, and, when not in his right mind for a time, he took his own life.

Merriwether Lewis was born near Charlottesville, Virginia, August 18, 1774. He died near Nashville, Tennessee, October 11, 1809.

General Clarke kept his command and the office of Indian Agent until 1813, when President Madison appointed him Governor of the Missouri Territory. This position he held until the Territory was made a State, and after that he was Superintendent of Indian Affairs until his death.

William Clarke was born in Virginia August 1, 1770. He died at St. Louis, Missouri, September 1, 1838.

The year 1828 saw the beginning of a new epoch in the United States—one of growth and prosperity. It opened when Congress adopted the "American System"—that famous plan of President John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay to raise the tariff on foreign goods and use the revenue for internal improvements—and it received its mightiest impulse three years later, when one of George Stephenson's new locomotive engines was brought over from England. Then people began to see that the distant portions of the land—if explored and surveyed—might be connected with each other. It was a faint glimmer of what has now come to pass, and with returning prosperity improvements went rapidly on. But it was a great work, and for a long time the region of the Mississippi was wild frontier, and all beyond was like a sealed book known to hold wonderful mysteries of lake and river, mountain and prairie, where only Indians could find their way. It was marked in the geographies as the "great American desert."

At the beginning of this era, **John Charles Fremont**—who has done more than any other man to open up the West—was a remarkably bright boy of fifteen, entering Charleston College, South Carolina. His especial forte was mathematics; and the year in which the first American locomotive was run, he became a teacher upon the sloop of war *Natchez*. The vessel had come into Charleston Harbor to enforce President Jackson's proclamation against the "Nullifiers;" and when she sailed out on a cruise to South America, her post teacher of mathematics

was young Frémont. He had not graduated from college, and had had but poor chances for an education before he had entered it, but he was able to fulfill his duties successfully. When he returned after two or three years and found that the navy had adopted the plan of having professors of mathematics, he at once passed the rigid examination which enabled him to take such a position.

But meanwhile the interest in opening up the country and building railroads had grown very fast, and Frémont decided to leave the sea and become a Government surveyor and civil engineer. He helped to lay out the railroad routes through the mountain passes of North Carolina and Tennessee, and after that he was one of a party that explored some of the then unknown sections of Missouri. Before this latter work was finished he was promoted to the rank of second lieutenant of the map-making or topographical engineers; and three years later, when he was twenty-eight years old, he had an unlooked-for appointment from the Government to explore and survey the Des Moines River.

Mr. Frémont was deeply in love just then with young Miss Jessie Benton, a daughter of a United States Senator from Missouri. Her parents were much opposed to having her marry a Government officer; so it was with a heavy heart that the young man set out for the frontier wilderness of Iowa, and the land of the Sacs and Fox Indians along the Des Moines banks; but he did his work well, and when he returned in the fall, the Bentons agreed that since he was in every way worthy as a man they would forgive his being an officer and consent to the marriage. This happy event has been of importance to more people than to themselves alone; for by her energy and powers of mind, Mrs. Frémont has not only been a direct help to her husband in carrying out the most important explorations ever made under the United States Government, but she has cheered and encouraged him to keep up heart and push on through many years of work and hardship, often clouded by injustice and disappointment.

The expedition to the Des Moines settled the purpose of Mr. Frémont's life. He then learned enough of the great Western country to know that the Government and the citizens who were gathered along the Atlantic seaboard really knew almost nothing of the truth about the uninhabited portions of their land; that the extravagant tales which had been told by adventurous traders and travelers were mostly false; that probably a great portion of the country could be used for farm lands and manufacturing towns; and that railway routes could probably be laid across the whole continent.

Filled with a desire to open up these treasures of knowledge, he applied to the War Department for permission to survey the whole of the territory lying between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean. The request was granted and means provided for an expedition to be fitted out, especially to find a good route



JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.

from the Eastern States to California, and to examine and survey the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains—the great crossing-place for emigrants on their way to Oregon. It was his own wish to have this definite order, for he knew—though he

did not then say so—that if the Government had this particular section explored and surveyed, it would fix a point in the emigrants' travel and also show an encouraging interest in their enterprise.

On the second of May, with his instructions and part of his supplies, Lieutenant Frémont left Washington for St. Louis, which was then a good-sized town on the border-land of the Western wilderness. There he collected his party and finished fitting out the expedition. About twenty men joined him—mostly Creoles and Canadians who had been employed as traders for fur companies and who were used to the Indians and all the hardships of the rough life they should have to lead. Besides these men, he had a well-known hunter, named Maxwell, for their guide, and the celebrated mountaineer, Christopher Carson—or Kit Carson, as he was usually called—who was both bold and cautious, and knew more about the West than almost any hunter in the country. This was the little band that, armed and mounted, set out with their gallant leader on his first great exploring expedition. They found him a man full of determination and self-reliance, having skill and patience and many resources, and who grew stronger in his purpose when perils and discouragements lay in his path. His men were well chosen, spirited, and adventurous, while most of them were also hardy and experienced.

Most of the party rode on horseback, but some drove the mule carts that carried the baggage, instruments, and what food it was thought necessary to take along. Tied to the carts were a few loose horses and some oxen to be killed on the way for fresh meat.

After they had crossed Missouri and reached Chouteau's Landing—where Kansas City now stands—they felt that their journey was really begun. Starting here at the mouth of the Kansas, they followed its winding course across the northeastern corner of Kansas State and pushed on into Nebraska until they reached the barren banks of the Platte. Then they followed that stream, taking the direction of the Southern fork, when they reached the division, and following where it led almost to Long's Peak. Then they changed their line of march, and keeping near the banks of the Northern fork, pushed on to Fort Laramie. This was reached in safety in the middle of July, the travelers having had only one great buffalo fight and one encounter with the Arapahoe Indians in the course of their journey. The meeting with the Indians turned out a friendly one, though it would not have been so but for Maxwell, who had traded with the tribe, and knowing the warriors, shouted to their leader in the Arapahoe language just in time to prevent a fray. The chief was riding on furiously, but at the sound of words in his own speech from the white men, he wheeled his horse round, recognized Maxwell, and gave his hand to Frémont with a friendly salute.

At Fort Laramie reports were heard of trouble among the Indians and white

people between the Platte and the Rocky Mountains, and the explorers were told that their lives would be in danger if they went any further west until matters were quiet again. But Frémont and his men thought that probably the stories were exaggerated, and resolved not to be daunted by them. So, after a few days of rest, they got ready to start out. Just as they were about to depart, four friendly chiefs appeared with a letter, warning Frémont of danger from bands of young Indian warriors if he went further. He received their warning very respectfully, thanked them for their kindness, and made a pretty little speech in answer to theirs: "When you told us that your young men would kill us," he said, "you did not know that our hearts were strong, and you did not see the rifles which my young men carry in their hands. We are few, and you are many and may kill us, but there will be much crying in your villages, for many of your young men will stay behind, and forget to return with your warriors from the mountains. Do you think that our great chief"—meaning the President—"will let his soldiers die and forget to cover their graves? Before the snows melt again, his warriors will sweep away your villages as the fire does the prairie in the autumn. See! I have pulled down my white houses, and my people are ready; when the sun is ten paces higher, we shall be on the march. If you have anything to tell us, you will say it soon."

The chiefs were not expecting such words in reply, but they liked the bold spirit of the white man from the East, and what they soon had to say was that they would send one of their young warriors to guide the party. It was a little favor of only one man, but it was everything to the explorers, for—as both they and the Indians knew—his presence in the party was sure protection for them against all the savages they might meet. Frémont heartily accepted the courtesy, and at evening the company set out for the distant region of the Rockies.

Now their real difficulties began. Soon they entered a most desolate country, where, the interpreter assured them, they were likely to die of starvation if they went very far. They had only food enough left to last for ten days, and the gallant leader called his men together and told them that he intended to push on, but that all who wished to had his permission to turn back. "Not a man," he says, "flinched from his undertaking." One or two, who were not very strong, he sent back to the nearest fort, but the rest kept close to him till their aim was reached. "When our food is gone, we'll eat the mules," said one of them.

The most difficult part of the whole expedition was now ahead of them, and it was necessary to go as lightly weighted as possible; so they hid all the luggage they could spare in the bushes or buried it in the billows of sand that were banked up near the Wind River. Then they carefully removed all traces of what they had done so the Indians would not discover their stores and steal them. A few days'

march brought them to the water-shed of the Pacific and Mississippi slopes, and then to the object of their search—the great, beautiful South Pass. Instead of the rocky heights they had expected, they saw a gently rising sandy plain stretched beyond the gorge, and the much-dreaded crossing of the Rockies was an easy matter. Entering the Pass and going up into the mountains, they found the sources of many of the great rivers that flow to the Pacific. Further on, they discovered a beautiful ravine, beyond which lay the fair water called Mountain Lake—“set like a gem in the mountains,” and feeding one of the branches of the Colorado River. The expedition had now fulfilled its orders from the Government, but the leader did not give the word to return until he had gone up the lofty height of Wind River Peak—now known as Frémont’s Peak—that stands in majestic grandeur near the Pass. The summit was reached after a most difficult climb, and Frémont himself was the first white man to stand on its narrow crest and to look out upon the country from the highest point in the Rocky Mountains. On one side lay numberless lakes and streams, giving their waters into the Colorado, which sweeps them on to the Gulf of California; in the other direction he saw the lovely valley of the Wind River, the romantic home from which the Yellowstone carries its waters to the Missouri, away to the east; in the north he saw the snow-capped summits of the *Trois Têtons*, where the Missouri and the Columbia rise, and the lower peaks that guard the secret of the Nebraska’s birth. Between, beyond, and all around were lesser peaks, gorges, rugged cliffs, and great walls of mountain rock broken into a thousand bold, fantastic figures, and standing up in weird and striking grandeur. A thousand feet below him, steep, shining ice-precipices towered above fields of snow gleaming spotless white. “We stood,” said Frémont, “where human foot had never stood before and felt the thrill of first explorers.”

When the travelers were again at the base of the peak and all their explorations and discoveries had been carefully noted, and their specimens of rock, plants, and flowers gathered together, they turned their faces homeward. They found their hidden stores, made up their train once more, found the camp of the men who had remained behind, and, glad with their success, took up the eastward march.

A full report of the expedition was soon sent to Congress, and in a short time Frémont’s discoveries became a subject of great interest in both Europe and America. One of the Senators, speaking on the report, said: All the objects of the expedition have been accomplished, and in a way to be beneficial to science and instructive to the general reader, as well as useful to the Government. Supplied with the best astronomical and barometrical instruments, well qualified to use them, and accompanied by men trained to all the hardships and dangers of the prairies and the mountains, he has in an almost incredibly short space of time

returned without an accident to a man, and with a vast amount of useful observations and many hundred specimens of geology and botany in the varieties of plants, flowers, shrubs, trees and grasses, rocks and earths, which he has found. From Frémont's Peak he had brought some of the flowers that he found growing beside his path, a bee that had flown up to them soon after they reached the summit, the rocks that formed the peak, and the rugged shelving mountain above which it reared its icy, snow-capped head. Over the whole course of his extended trip, he has obtained the height both of plains and mountains, latitude and longitude; he reports the face of the country, whether it is arable or barren, whether traveling over it is easy or difficult, and the practicability of certain routes for public highways. The grand features of nature are clearly described in fitting language, and in some cases he has illustrated them by drawings. Military positions are pointed out, and in all other ways a thorough examination and survey has been made of a vast portion of the national possessions which up to this time have been unused, unknown, and unappreciated.

Europe and America praised the manner in which the expedition had been managed, and the Government, well pleased with the wonderful results he had obtained, appointed Lieutenant Frémont to set out on another journey at once and to complete the survey between the State of Missouri and the tide-water regions of the Columbia River.

This was just what he wanted to do. A trip to the top of Wind River Peak and back had but revealed to him what vast secrets of the Western country there were yet to be discovered, and he lost no time in getting ready to return. With some of his old companions and several new ones, he soon made up a band of about forty men, who left Kansas with him just one year after the first expedition had started. The route this time lay in a northwesterly direction—before it had been almost due west. In four months they traveled over seventeen hundred miles, reaching the Great Salt Lake early in the autumn, and before winter began they had found the Columbia and followed it to its mouth. The same careful observations and surveys were taken along the route of this journey as had made the other so valuable, especially in the region of the Great Salt Lake, about which no true accounts had ever been given before.

Although Frémont had fulfilled the orders of the Government when he reached the mouth of the Columbia, this was really but a small part of what he intended to do upon this expedition. The vast region beyond the Rocky Mountains—the whole western slope of our continent—was but little known then in any way, and not at all with accurate, scientific knowledge. This, Frémont longed to go through and explore. At first he intended to begin doing so by returning home through the Great Basin—now Utah—between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Ne-

vada ; but he took another direction finally—a route through almost an unknown region between the Columbia and Colorado—that led them further west, showed them California, and resulted at a later time in securing to the United States that rich country, which was then owned by Mexico. The cold winter came on almost before they had started, and they had not gone far before they found themselves in a desert of snow where there was nothing for either men or horses to eat, while between them and the fertile valleys of California was the rugged, snow-covered range of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. They tried to get some of the Indians to show them the way over this great barrier ; but the savages declared that it could not be crossed—no human being had ever crossed it, and no guide would consent to go with them for any amount of money. But they said there was an opening further south, and gave Frémont some directions as to where it might be found. So the party took the risk of guiding themselves and kept on in their cold and desolate march. When they reached the pass, it was only to see toward the west a still greater range before them. It was plain that they would get lost if they attempted to push on alone, and they had gone too far now to turn back. At last they found a young Indian who for a very large present would undertake to guide them. On the first of February they started out, and after a terrible journey of forty days, they reached the Sacramento River, and a comfortable resting-place at Sutter's Fort, the place where gold was found four years later. Half of their horses had perished, and the men were so weak and thin that it was two months before they were able to go on again.

Frémont did not attempt to go any further into California ; but when the spring opened and the men were well enough to travel, gave the word for home. They crossed the Sierra Nevada, and making their route as nearly due east as possible, they passed by the Great Salt Lake, crossed the Rocky Mountains through the South Pass, halted at several places they had become acquainted with before, and reached the Kansas country in July. There the ground was known to them, and the rest of the journey was quite smoothly and quickly made.

By midsummer, Frémont had reported himself to the Government and was once more with his family. He learned then that a letter of recall had been sent to him after he started ; but that his wife held it back, seeing that it was upon some false charges made by his enemies at Washington. So he had really made this journey as a fugitive, but Mrs. Frémont's act was approved when her husband returned with a name that went over Europe and America for the great and valuable discoveries he had made in the northwest territory and the terrible hardships he had endured to make the expedition successful.

In spite of the efforts that were made against him by some political opponents, Congress accepted his labors, gave him another appointment, and when he again

went out—which was as soon as his reports were finished—it was with the rank and title of captain in the United States Engineers. His object this time was to find out more about the Salt Lake and other portions of the Great Basin, and to explore the coasts of California and Oregon. After several months of discovery and careful surveys of the streams and watersheds between, he again crossed the Sierra Nevada in midwinter and went down into the rich and beautiful country lining the Pacific shore. This territory was then held by the Mexicans, and while he left his men at San Joaquin to rest, Frémont himself went on to Monterey, the capital, to ask of Governor Castro permission to explore his country. The request was granted at first, but as news of the war between the United States and Mexico arrived just then, the permission was recalled with orders that the travelers leave the country at once. But this the dauntless captain did not intend to do, so he built a rude fort of logs in a strong position on the Hawk's Peak Mountain, about thirty miles from Monterey, and with his sixty-two men waited for an attack from the Mexican forces, which under General Castro encamped themselves in the plain below. They watched him for four days and then, deciding not to fight, allowed him to go on his way through the Sacramento Valley to Oregon. Before he had gone very far, he was met by a party that had been sent out to find him, with orders from the United States to act for his nation in case Mexico should form a treaty with England to pass California into the hands of Great Britain. General Castro soon threatened to attack the Americans settled along the Sacramento, but before he had time to do so, Captain Frémont marched rapidly to their rescue, collecting them in his band as he went along, so that by the month of July the whole of northern California had passed out of the hands of the Mexicans and into those of the United States, and Frémont, the conqueror, was made governor of the land and raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army.

Meanwhile the Government had resolved to make a sweeping conquest of the rest of the territory, if possible, and have our possessions extend from ocean to ocean. Commodore Sloat, who commanded the United States squadron of the Pacific, seized Monterey, where Frémont soon joined him with a hundred and sixty mounted riflemen; and at about the same time there arrived Commodore Stockton of the navy with orders from Congress to conquer California. The Mexicans still held the southern portion of the territory, but the towns of San Francisco, Monterey, and Los Angeles were all taken without much resistance, and at the end of six months the whole of Upper California was surrendered to the United States.

When this was about completed General Kearney arrived with a force of dragoons, and disputed Commodore Stockton's right to be military governor of the territory. A quarrel arose, in which Frémont took the side of the commodore,

who had made him major of the California battalion, and civil governor of the country; but when the matter was carried to Washington and settled by the Government in favor of Kearney, he recognized his position and obeyed his orders. But the general would not forgive his former allegiance to Commodore Stockton, and arrested him and made him return to Washington with his own men by the overland route, treating him very disrespectfully all the way. "My charges," said Frémont, "are of misconduct, military, civil, political, and moral, and such that, if true, would make me unfit to be anywhere outside of prison." He demanded a trial by court-martial, which might have cleared him if he had taken pains to get evidence upon his innocence; but as he did not, he was pronounced guilty of mutiny and disobedience and ordered to leave the Government service. But the court requested President Polk not to confirm their verdict; he did not, and granted Frémont a pardon, with permission to keep his position in the army. This he would not accept; he refused to receive as a favor that to which he had a right, or to go about as an officer pardoned of offenses he had never committed. So he resigned his commission, and at the age of thirty-five became a private citizen.

Although he was still a young man, it seemed to him, for a time, that he had nothing to look forward to in life; but he soon made up his mind to undertake another exploring expedition. This had to be on his own responsibility and at his own expense; but he soon succeeded in getting a party together and fitting it out.

He was doubly anxious now to find some good routes from the States to the new possessions on the Pacific, for in February of this year—1848—gold had been found on the Sacramento River, and many people were already starting out to dig for the precious ore. So far there was no direct route to California. A long and dangerous journey across Kansas, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada, and through the Rockies and Sierras could be made by land, or a voyage by way of the Isthmus of Panama could be made by water. These were the best possible ways of getting there. Frémont's desire was to find a route which could be made into a safe and direct public line of travel, and it was with this object in view that he soon started out with his little band. This time he went to the South, crossing the northern part of Mexico, and following the Rio Grande del Norte toward California. The beginning of the journey as far as Santa Fé was made successfully; but from there it became a tour of distress—the saddest Frémont ever undertook. The route lay through a country inhabited by Indians then at war with the United States, which was danger enough; but added to this, winter was just coming on, and while they were in the most perilous part of their journey, among the snow-covered Sierra, the guide lost his way. Finally they were forced to turn back, but before they

could get to Santa Fé, one-third of their men had died of cold and hunger, and all of their mules and horses—over one hundred—had perished.

Even this terrible experience did not alter Frémont's resolve to find if possible a southern pass to the Pacific coast. He hired thirty new men to go with him, and once more set out, more determined to succeed than ever. After a long search, he was rewarded, for in the spring of 1849—when the gold fever was getting to its height—with the cruel Sierra behind him, he again came in sight of the Sacramento River.

Two years before he had bought a very large tract of land, on which there were rich gold mines, and he had resolved, when he left the States, to remain upon these after he had found a southern pass, and not go back to the East to live. So now he settled down, worked his mines, and began to prepare a home for his family.

The enthusiasm about gold was drawing thousands of men to the Territory from all parts of America, and from Europe, so that California soon had enough people to become a State. Frémont took a great deal of interest in this growth in the country he had discovered to the United States and won for the Government, and he worked very earnestly to have it made a free State. Meanwhile he was not forgotten at Washington. President Taylor soon called upon him to run a boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and when that was done, California having been taken into the Union, he was chosen by the Legislature to represent the new State in the Senate at the national capital.

It was during this term that the King of Prussia and the Royal Geographical Society of London awarded him the honor of their medals for his services as an explorer.

He went to Europe after his term was over, and was treated with great respect by many of the most eminent people of the time. Mr. Frémont spent a few years at about this time in looking after his own affairs, but he had not yet given up exploring the great territory of the West. When—on his return from Europe—he found the Government preparing to survey three railroad routes across the continent, he again fitted out an expedition of his own to find out a good southern route to the Pacific. This time he was successful. He went without much difficulty to the place where the guide had lost his way in the expedition of 1848, and, following the course, which had been described to him by the mountain men whom he asked, he finally succeeded in picking out a route of safe passes all the way to the Golden State. But this was not secured without terrible hardships. The country was barren, bleak, and cold; the provisions of the party gave out; and for fifty days the men lived on the flesh of their horses. Sometimes they had nothing at all to eat for forty-eight hours at a time. Progress, too, was slow.

For awhile they only made a hundred miles in ten days ; and so deserted was the region that for three times that distance, they did not meet a single human being, not even a hardy Indian, for the winter was unusually severe and even the savages did not venture far into the dangerous passes, where the air was thick and dark with snow and fogs.

In this terrible distress Frémont feared that his men would be tempted to eat each other ; and so he called them to him one day, and in the solemn stillness of the great ice mountains he made them take off their hats, raise their hands to Heaven, and swear that they would instantly shoot the first man that should attempt to appease his hunger with the flesh of a comrade.

Little by little they kept pushing on ; and at last all obstacles were overcome, the fair California valleys were reached, and the jaded, frost-bitten band entered San Francisco. One man only was missing. He, poor fellow, was courageous to the last, and died like a soldier, in his saddle ; and like a soldier his comrades buried him on the spot where he fell. The rest, though worn almost to skeletons, survived ; and Frémont forgot his sufferings in the joy of having gained the object of his journey. He had found for a certainty that a railroad could be built over the road he had taken, and that was a success of so great value to the nation that even the winter of distress to himself and his band and the sad loss of one brave man was a small price for it.

The Central Pacific Railroad was begun in a few years ; and the region being richly stored with vast quantities of iron, coal, and timber, the workmen were supplied with much of their materials as they went along. In a dozen years more the great task was completed, and cars were running from East to West, carrying tourists and emigrants by the thousands and spreading prosperity and civilization to the benefit of, not this nation alone, but of all people in the civilized world. The Northern and the Southern Pacific roads have followed the first one, opening up other sections, and calling forth and using the resources of the land all the way across the continent, placing our country first among all countries in several of the most important articles in the world's commerce.

Among all the men who have devoted themselves to the success of these roads, there is 'no one to whom the nation owes more than to Frémont, who first surveyed the regions—northern, central, and southern—and who well merits the honor of the title, the "Pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains."

His map embraces the immense area of land extending from where the Kansas flows into the Missouri, to the cataracts of the Columbia, and the Missions of Santa Barbara and the Puebla de los Angeles in California. This represents about thirteen hundred and sixty miles, or a space of longitude between the thirty-fourth and the forty-fifth parallels of north latitude, and was surveyed

with thermometer and barometer as well as land-measuring instruments, so that the entire character of the country was shown.

The survey of the Central Pacific was the last great exploration of his life. In 1856 he was almost elected President by the then new Republican party, in the contest with James Buchanan; he was also named for the next President, but withdrew in favor of Lincoln. At the beginning of the Civil War he was made major-general in the army, and during the first year had command of the Department of the Mississippi. He lost this because he ordered that slaves should be freed by all in his district who were in arms against the Union. President Lincoln thought he was taking the step too soon, but gave him another command a few months later, from which he resigned in June, 1862, and left the conflict entirely.

After that he led a busy, quiet life, and stayed out of politics until about eight years ago, when he was made Governor of Arizona. His latest work is a book entitled the "*Memoirs of my Life, by John C. Frémont.*" It tells a great deal about the history of our country's progress, in which he has taken a very important part.

Mr. Frémont was born at Savannah, Georgia, January 21, 1813. He is now living at Staten Island, in a cottage overlooking New York Bay.

One of the greatest scientific expeditions that the United States has ever undertaken was the Antarctic cruise planned and commanded by **Charles Wilkes**, then a lieutenant, and afterward rear-admiral of the navy. He had been in the Government service ever since he was fifteen years old, and was a scientist as well as a sailor. It was he who set up at Washington the first fixed observatory in the country, and there were many other important services that he had done for the Government, especially in the interest of navigation. His object in this expedition, which he made successfully, was to explore and survey the great Southern Ocean, in the important interests of our commerce, whale-fisheries, and other enterprises; to find out about all the doubtful islands and shoals, and to discover and mark on the charts the position of those islands and shoals that lie in or near the route followed by our merchant vessels, and which had been overlooked by other scientific navigators.

The squadron of five vessels and a large body of excellent scientific officers, went out from Norfolk, Virginia, on the 18th of August, 1838—three years before Frémont explored the Des Moines River and twelve years before the first Grinnell Expedition left New York. They first visited the Madeira and Cape Verde Islands, and then took their way to Rio de Janeiro, where they laid in port until January. Leaving in a body, they soon separated, each to fulfill its special errand—to the Antarctic continent and the many islands and coasts of the South

Sea. After an absence of four years, they returned to the United States, having completed a thorough scientific voyage which extended around the world. The history of this trip was afterward told in five volumes, which came out about forty years ago, and was received with a great deal of interest in Europe and America.

Lieutenant Wilkes was honored by the Royal Geographical Society of France and other institutions on both sides of the globe.

During the Civil War he was the captain of the *San Jacinto* who boarded the British mail steamer the *Trent* and captured the Confederate commissioners to France, Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell. At the time, this act was praised by the people and by Congress; but President Lincoln and Secretary Seward disapproved of it—as it was on the same principle that we had fought against in 1812. England was so angry that if the prisoners had not been restored she would have made war on us at once.

Captain Wilkes was made a commodore before the close of the war; he afterward became the commander of a squadron to the West Indies, and was raised to the post of rear-admiral in 1871.

He was born in New York City in the year 1801, and died at Washington, D. C., February 8, 1877.

Explorations in the Polar regions of North America began in the first part of the seventeenth century, and from that time to this almost all the important nations of the world have been continually making efforts to discover the ice-bound mysteries of the Arctic circle. From the first, the chief objects were to find water-ways around both continents connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. The Northeast passage between Europe and Asia was successfully made about ten years ago by Russian and Danish expeditions; while the Northwest passage, which was first attempted by Sebastian Cabot and the brothers Cortereal, was not actually found until about the year 1845, in the last expedition of Sir John Franklin, who perished before he could make his discovery known.

It was in search of this brave Englishman that the United States undertook its first important Polar expedition, in which our greatest Arctic explorer, **Elisha Kent Kane**, made his first journey to the Arctic zone.

The expedition was started by Mr. Henry Grinnell, a wealthy New York merchant, after Lady Franklin's appeal to our Government to send out a search party for her lost husband. Mr. Grinnell took up the enterprise at once. He laid the plans, and offered two vessels, supplies, extra pay to the men who would volunteer to go, and means for about all the other expenses necessary to carry out the search and to make the expedition of scientific value. Then he used his influence to get

Congress to take charge of it. Volunteer officers were called for from the navy, and at last everything was ready and placed in command of Lieutenant De Haven.

Dr. Kane was one of the under-officers—of no higher rank than assistant surgeon.

He was then a young man of thirty years, whose life so far had been a continual fight against ill-health. He had been obliged to give up his early study of



ELISHA KENT KANE.

engineering on account of heart disease. Then he had fitted himself to become a physician and surgeon; but at the opening of this career, his health had failed again. Instead of beginning to practice as soon as he had graduated—which was at the University of Pennsylvania—he had to make some plan for travel, in the hope of finding a climate where he would not be an invalid. Before long he joined the navy and was given the post of surgeon to the United States embassy to China. Gladly accepting the chance for so decided a change, he embarked for the

East with Commodore Parker in 1843. Three years he was gone—years in which he visited the Philippine Islands, China, Farther India, Persia, Syria, and portions of Africa and Europe. There was surely change and adventure enough in this tour—and Dr. Kane loved what is daring and adventurous—but after many an exploit and curious experience, up the Himalayas, through Greece on foot, up the Nile to Nubia, and on other novel and interesting tours, he returned to America in worse health than when he left it. Still he would not give up to being an invalid, and almost as soon as he returned he started off again by an order from the Government to visit the west coast of Africa. Before he had been gone a year on this trip he was sent home sick from a fever; but he felt himself well enough after he landed to be changed from the navy to the army so as to join the Mexican War. Placed at the head of a command he immediately started southward to enter the conflict, which was already begun some time before. On his way to the camp he fell in with a party of Mexicans and was wounded while trying to save some prisoners from being ill-treated by his own men. This quite disabled him, so that he had to return to his home in Philadelphia, where he lay ill until the middle of summer, and by that time the war was over.

After going back to the navy, Dr. Kane was ordered on a cruise to Brazil and Portugal, after which he was put upon the Coast Survey in Mexico. While on duty there he heard of Lady Franklin's efforts to get the Government to send out a party in search of her husband, and the hearty response which Mr. Grinnell had made to her appeal, in offering to pay the expenses, if the Government would undertake the responsibility and furnish the men. When he learned that the plan had been agreed to by Congress, he wrote at once for permission to join the party. After quite a long delay, his request was answered by an order for him to go at once to New York and report for duty on the Arctic expedition—called in honor of Mr. Grinnell the Grinnell Expedition—which was then all ready to start from the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Although in the list of officers Dr. Kane started out as nothing more than an assistant surgeon in the *Advance*, when the expedition returned he had the honorable record of having been the most active and able man in the party, as surgeon, naturalist, historian, and general helper. Through all their journey—which began on the 22d of May, 1850, and did not end until October of the next year—he was a zealous worker, on the watch for the object of their search, and wide-awake to all discoveries of the region through which they passed. He kept a careful account of what was done, what was seen, and all that happened in each day, records that were afterward published, and made a most valuable and interesting history of the expedition.

Several times during the journey Dr. Kane was very sick, but his great interest

in all that was to be seen and done seemed to keep him from breaking down entirely.

This expedition met some British relief ships in Lancaster Sound and accomplished a journey as far north as a point in Baffin's Bay. They discovered many wonderful and important things about these regions that were before unknown to science, but they did not succeed in finding more than a very few traces of Sir John Franklin—the graves of three of his men, and a cairn or two and a small number of articles which some of them had lost or thrown away. This was but small success, but it gave hopes of more, so, a short time after the return, Mr. Grinnell offered the use of the *Advance* for another trip. This was put in charge of Dr. Kane, who had proved himself one of the greatest men of the first expedition and able to undertake much more than the duties of an assistant surgeon, great as they were at certain times, and nobly as he filled them.

In addition to his other work he had formed a plan by which he thought the search could be made more successful than it had been. He believed from the observations he had made that Greenland extended even farther to the north than the American continent; he also thought that it was safer to travel by land than by water when it was possible, and that by such a route the parties could keep themselves supplied with food by hunting. After his return he spent several months in carefully thinking these plans out, in laying them before prominent people interested in the search for Franklin, and in lecturing about them and what had been seen in the first Grinnell Expedition. In this way he aroused a great deal of enthusiasm in the project of another journey. Mr. Grinnell took it up and preparations went on very rapidly, aided by some of the wealthiest and most distinguished citizens in the country. Mr. George Peabody—the great banker—sent ten thousand dollars for it from London. Dr. Kane, too, gave freely of his own means and of the money he made by lecturing. Many others also joined in helping along the enterprise, and in May, 1853, three years after the first had started, the second Grinnell Expedition left the Brooklyn Navy Yard for the Arctic zone. This was far better provided for than the other had been; it went out under the auspices of the Government and the greatest scientific societies of the country. Its chief object was to find the Sir John Franklin party, or at least to solve the mystery of their fate—for Dr. Kane still believed that some of the number must be living somewhere among the remote Esquimaux villages.

During all this time Dr. Kane's health was very bad; and when everything was ready, he was hardly able to write to Congress about it; but he was too courageous to give up, and besides he knew he would be better in the colder climate.

In this journey, as in the first one, Dr. Kane was historian. He has told us in his "Arctic Explorations" the full story of the expedition. From New York

the *Advance* carried her party directly to Greenland, where their first sight of the cold country of the north was the "broad valleys, deep ravines, mountains, and frowning black and desolate cliffs" that burst into view from beneath the dense curtain of a lifting fog. Then, with icebergs in full view around them, like castles in a fairy tale, they worked their way along the western coast till they reached Smith's Sound. Sometimes the commander would spend whole days in the "crow's nest" at the top of the mast, looking out for the best course for the vessel, and keenly watching for all of interest to their search. The magnificent views which he saw from this lofty perch are often beautifully described in his book. In one place he says: "The midnight sun came out over the northern crest of the great berg, kindling variously colored fires on every part of its surface, and making the ice around us one great resplendency of gem-work, blazing carbuncles and rubies, and molten gold."

After being tossed and crashed about for some time in the gales of Smith's Sound, it was found impossible to get the *Advance* through the ice to the shore; so they left her there, and, fitting up ice-sledges, set out on their search for the lost explorers and also to see if better winter quarters could be found for the brig. The commander tells us in his book how both of these errands were in vain, and how they came back and prepared to pass the long, cold Arctic night in Rensselaer Harbor. Their stores and provisions were carried to a storehouse on Butler's Island, and provision depots were also established at intervals further north. This work was finished just as the "long, staring day," which had clung to them more than two months, was drawing to a close, and the dark night was beginning to settle down upon them. It was only at midday that they could see to read the figures on the thermometer without a light. The hills seemed like huge masses of blackness, with faint patches of light scattered here and there, made by the snow. The faithful journal records these days and their doings, relating sorrowfully how the dogs fell sick from the darkness and the cold, and almost all of them died in a sort of insanity, ending in lockjaw; and how great the travelers felt this loss when the glimmering light of day told them that spring had come, and the time would soon be for them to go on.

The stations which they had begun to set up in the fall were intended for provision depots, so that when the explorers went out on their sledge journeys to search for the Franklin party, they would not have to go back to the brig every time they needed supplies. Now, when the first ray of light appeared, Dr. Kane sent out a party with a load of provisions to establish another depot still further to the north; but they were overtaken by a gale and lost their way. They would have died if three of the men had not been able to grope their way back to the vessel. Benumbed and exhausted, they stumbled into the brig, unable to talk.

But Dr. Kane knew their errand without the aid of words, and hurried to the rescue of the others, with the strongest men in the boat. Guided almost by instinct, he soon found them huddled together and barely alive. "We knew you would come," they said; "we were watching for you." He and his comrades had had a long march to find them, and had taken no sleep meanwhile, so they were suffering themselves by this time; but they did not stop to rest; it had to be quick work to save their comrades' lives. They sewed them up in thick bags of skin; then, putting them in the sledges, they started back to the brig. This was a journey of most terrible suffering from cold, hunger, fatigue, and sleeplessness—for it was more dangerous to lie down to sleep in the cold than to keep on. After awhile nearly all the men were overcome with drowsiness and grew delirious; they reeled and stumbled as they walked, and finally one sat down and declared that he would sleep before he stirred another step. Dr. Kane let him sleep three minutes and then awakened him, then another three minutes and awakened him, till he was quite rested. This worked so well that all were allowed a few such short naps before the march was taken up again. But in spite of all their efforts to keep up, all but three—Dr. Kane and two others—gave out before they reached the brig. These poor fellows stumbled on to the last, so delirious that they never could remember how they finally got to the vessel. There they were at once taken care of and fresh men were sent out after the fallen ones, who were only five miles away. Two of the party that were rescued died from the terrible exposure. All the others got well.

A few more such attempts and perilous searches were made with ill-success and great sickness, and another winter came and went. Then, as the vessel was still so firmly frozen in the ice that it was impossible to get her out, Dr. Kane gave the order to leave her to her fate, and to prepare for an overland journey to Upernavick, a whaling station on the west coast of Greenland. This was thirteen hundred miles away to the southeastward; and, as all the stores the party would need had to be hauled from one station to another, the journey was a long and tiresome one.

Meanwhile the people at home were watching for news of the expedition and when the second winter came on and Dr. Kane did not return, they began to feel anxious, and fitted out a relief expedition to go in search of him. It left New York at about the same time that the disabled explorers started on their southward journey, and while it was sailing through the open seas of the North Atlantic, Kane and his men were struggling over ice and snow, all other thought lost but that of saving their lives. This was the most perilous journey of the whole expedition; the toil and cold were severe enough, but besides these they had continually to cross gaps in the ice, in which they were drenched with water. When they reached a large opening and took to their boats—which they had to carry over the ice—

they were almost always in danger of being crushed in the floes. But, worse than all these trials, was that of hunger. Their provisions ran so low that a fortunate shot at a seal was all that saved them from starving several times. At last they caught glimpses of open water, beyond the ice, and began to see signs of human beings; a row-boat appeared, then a whaler, and finally they sighted the safe harbor of Upernavick. Here the rescue party found them, just as they were about to take passage in a Danish vessel for the Shetland Islands; and the heroic little band of the Second Grinnell Expedition reached New York on the 11th of October, 1855.

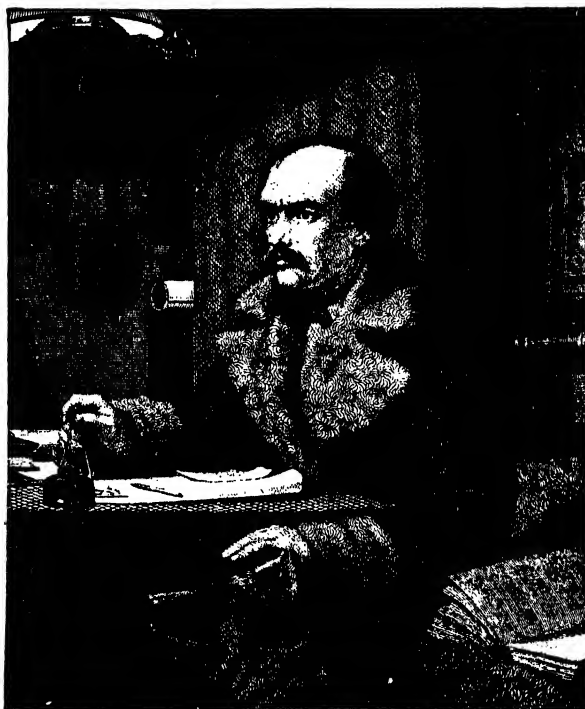
They had not succeeded in finding any of the Franklin party, which was a great disappointment to Dr. Kane and to all who had taken part in the expedition; but they had made such important discoveries and explorations that Congress awarded the gallant commander a gold medal; the Royal Geographical Society of London gave him another, and the Queen another; in fact, it is said that probably no explorer and traveler, acting in a private capacity as such, has ever received greater tributes of respect.

What the expedition did accomplish was to survey and make charts of the north coast of Greenland to where it ends in the great Humboldt glacier, to survey this glacial mass—which is beautifully described in Kane's book—and to explore the new land beyond, which is named Washington. They also discovered a large channel to the northwest, quite free from ice, leading into an open and much larger body of water, also quite free from ice, which together form an iceless area of forty-two hundred miles that is now known as the Open Polar Sea. They discovered and made charts of a large tract of land north of the American continent, and took a complete survey of the American coast to the south and west as far as Cape Sabine. This survey adjoined to that of Captain Inglefield, made about a year before, and completed the circuit of the straits and bay that are known at their southernmost opening as Smith's Sound.

As soon as he reached home Dr. Kane set himself to work to prepare at once the "Narrative" of the expedition. His health was unusually good when he returned, but this task—which would have been a great one for a man used to quiet writing habits—was more than he could stand. His strength began to fail rapidly, and as soon as the books were finished he was so ill that he sailed for England at once, hoping that that climate would help him. In London he grew worse so fast, that he took passage for home by way of the West Indies; but he never reached the end of the journey.

Dr. Kane was born in Philadelphia, February 20, 1820. He died at Havana, Cuba, February 10, 1857.

The next party that left the United States for the Arctic regions, the north-east coast of America, was commanded by **Isaac I. Hayes**, who was surgeon on the *Advance* in Dr. Kane's last expedition. He, too, had returned with the rescue party, firmly believing that an open Polar sea had been found, and he began at once to plan another expedition to make sure of this and to push other discoveries into the mysteries beyond the eighteenth parallel.



ISAAC ISRAEL HAYES.

Dr. Hayes was also a Pennsylvania man and had graduated from the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania the year in which he started out with Dr. Kane. He was only twenty-one years old then, but he showed that he had the enterprise and the ability that is necessary to make a good explorer. More than one of the sledge-journeys made from the *Advance* were in his charge, and he also did some of the most important chart-making work of the expedition. So, when he wanted to make up another party, his plan was encouraged by the

Smithsonian Institution, the Government, and some of the most important scientific societies in the world. Five years after the second Grinnell Expedition returned, and three years after Dr. Kane's death, he set out from Boston Harbor much better prepared for his undertaking than any former American expedition had been.

The hardships which make up so large a part of the story of all Northern explorers fell in full share upon Dr. Hayes and his little band in the schooner *United States*. Such trials as were described in the account of Dr. Kane's journey have been the experiences of all who have ventured within the icy region of the Arctic circle, either for the help of men or the cause of science. Ice, snow, bitter cold, and often fatigue, hunger, want of sleep, and lost bearings make the frame in which the picture of all that they have done is set. But to balance these trials, the explorers have found a great deal in those northern seas that is more grand and wonderful than the sights of any other part of the world. Off the coast of Greenland Dr. Hayes wrote: "It seems as if we had been drawn by some unseen hand into a land of enchantment; here was the Valhalla of the sturdy Vikings, here the city of Sungod Fryer—Alfheim with its elfin caves, and Glitner, more brilliant than the sun, the home of the happy; and there, piercing the clouds, was Himnborg, the celestial mount. It is midnight; the sea is smooth as glass, not a ripple breaks its surface, not a breath of air is stirring. The sun hangs close upon the northern horizon; the fog has broken up into light clouds; the icebergs lie thick about us; the dark headlands stand boldly against the sky; and the clouds and bergs and mountains are bathed in an atmosphere of crimson and gold and purple most singularly beautiful. The air is warm almost as a summer night at home, and yet there are the icebergs and the bleak mountains. The sky is bright, soft, and inspiring as the skies of Italy; the bergs have lost their chilly appearance, and, glittering in the blaze of the brilliant heavens, seem in the distance like masses of burnished metal or solid flame."

In the midst of this glorious picture, the good schooner sailed on, to Prøven and to Upernavick, from whence she headed north to Tessuissak—"the place where there is a bay." Six weeks from the time she left Boston, the party, now larger by several natives, hunters, and Danish sailors taken aboard at Greenland, entered Melville Bay in a thick snow-storm. Pretty soon they had to build their snow-houses, set up their stations, and make the regular preparations for winter. In the spring they worked their way further northward up Smith's Sound. Then taking a companion and starting out on a sledge-journey Dr. Hayes went over about the same route he had followed before on one of his journeys from the *Advance*. All the way he made careful observations, especially to correct errors that he found in the charts made on the last trip. Pushing up Kennedy's Chan-

nel he finally got beyond the limits of the former discoveries, and reached the lower cape at the entrance to Lady Franklin Bay. This was a point forty miles further than that attained by Dr. Kane on the opposite shore, when he had explored the east and Dr. Hayes the west shore of this channel—which they both believed led to the Open Polar Sea. At this place—which he named Cape Lieber—he unfurled several United States flags which had been given him to open at the most northerly point in his journey. He did not find a clear sea here; but the ice was thin and decayed, and he felt sure that open water lay beyond, though it was then impossible for him to push any further north to prove it. After making a great many careful scientific observations, he started back to the schooner, which passed the early part of the summer in Hartstene Bay, while the party spent most of the time in making discoveries round about them, watching the action of the tide and studying the habits of the Esquimaux.

In the middle of July the schooner broke out of the ice, and the homeward journey was begun. For a long distance Dr. Hayes surveyed the coast as he went, gathering specimens of plants and natural history and all the scientific information possible. At last the vessel was out of the Arctic regions, and a direct route was taken for Boston. He reached port after an absence of fifteen months, and found the country resounding with the news of war, the battle of Ball's Bluff having been fought but a few days before the party landed.

Dr. Hayes at once offered his vessel and himself to the Union cause, and it was not until after the conflict was over that he brought out the narrative of his journey. This book, which is called the "Open Polar Sea," was thought so well of that the royal geographical societies of both London and Paris awarded gold medals to its author, while many other honors were paid him for his valuable services to the cause of science and geographical knowledge.

Two years after this book was published Dr. Hayes again went to Greenland, and explored the south coasts of that country. He then studied the regions of the north for the sake of their beauty and historic interest more than for scientific knowledge. He observed the great Greenland glaciers and icebergs, visited the places where the Northmen had their colonies in olden times, and finally took his vessel—a steam-yacht called the *Panther*—up into the much-dreaded ice-pack of Melville Bay. Accounts of this journey are given in the book entitled "The Land of Desolation."

After his return he went into politics, and was for a time a member of the New York Legislature, although he never lost his interest in the Arctic regions, nor ceased to write about them.

Dr. Isaac Israel Hayes was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, March 5, 1832. He died in New York City, December 17, 1881.

A few weeks after the *United States* bore Dr. Hayes and his party away from Boston Harbor on their scientific voyage to the Polar Sea, another expedition left New London, Connecticut, to renew the Franklin search. This was a simple affair of two men, **Charles Francis Hall** and a native Esquimaux for an interpreter.

Mr. Hall was a noble-hearted, energetic man of Cincinnati, an engraver by trade, poor, and about forty years old. Since the first Grinnell Expedition went out he had been most deeply interested in every attempt that had been made to find the lost explorers, and soon after the failure of Dr. Kane's heroic effort, he came forward with a new plan by which he felt sure they could be discovered; for Mr. Hall—like many others—still firmly believed that some of the party at least were still living, although sixteen years had then passed since they left England. The plan which he proposed for finding them was, for the rescue party to go prepared to live just as the natives lived, and to travel about with them over the country where it was supposed that Sir John was lost.

While he was thinking this over he heard that the British relief ship *Resolute* had been laid up as a hulk in the Mediterranean, and he decided to make an effort to secure it and begin preparations. He interested Governor Chase, of Ohio, and several prominent citizens enough to get them to sign a petition to the British Government for the use of the ship to take him to join Sir Francis McClintock, an Englishman who had gone on a search expedition a little more than a year before. He then sent out a circular calling upon all lovers of man and science to assist in fitting out this expedition. Leaving Cincinnati soon after that, he came to the Eastern cities, visited Mr. Grinnell, the relatives of Dr. Hayes, and several others who had taken an interest in former expeditions, who met his efforts with a hearty response. In the midst of their active preparations word came from England that McClintock had returned with the good news that he had found traces of the lost party in King William Land. In a tin cylinder, underneath a pile of stones, he had found a paper which stated that Sir John Franklin and twenty-six of his men were dead. But one hundred and thirty-seven had gone out, and hopes of finding the others now helped to speed on Mr. Hall's plan very swiftly. Mr. Grinnell again lent his aid, and a generous firm of New London offered free passage for the expedition as far as Northumberland Inlet, on their whaler, the *George Henry*. On this Hall set out on the 29th of May, 1860. His outfit was small but complete, and his only companion was an Esquimaux man, who had come down to New England from Greenland on the *George Henry's* last trip. It was a tiny expedition, but not a weak one, for Hall was a host in himself, as he afterward proved.

Difficulties began at the outset. The Esquimaux died soon after the vessel

left port; head-winds made her tardy in reaching her winter quarters, and during the winter Mr. Hall lost his expedition boat, which was all that he had depended on for reaching King William Land from Northumberland Inlet. Nothing could now be done without a new outfit, and as it was several months before the whaler could get out of the ice, he had time to study the Esquimaux language and to make several sledge-journeys into the interior so as to get some idea of what experiences were before him. In these he gained a great deal of useful knowledge about the country, made friends with some of the people, and carried on some very valuable scientific explorations. His companions on these sledge-journeys were a very intelligent Esquimaux man and his wife—"Joe and Hannah" he named them—and another man whom he had befriended. The woman used to track the snow in front of the dog team while her husband drove, and at night she would start the light in the stone lamp to dry the wet clothing, while the men built the snow-hut for their shelter.

They were out forty-three days on the first trip, and Mr. Hall learned from that how many days would have to be spent in the future—making but little progress, suffering greatly from cold and hunger, and having nothing to eat but frozen whale-hide. But in spite of these sufferings he was encouraged to go on with his plans.

Gradually the winter passed away; spring came, and then the summer, in which the captain of the *George Henry* had expected to sail for home. But the ice-pack still held her fast, and there was nothing to do but remain until the next summer, when she might be freed. Before that time came provisions began to fail, and the second winter would have seen suffering for food, if Hall had not been able to go to the natives and ask for provisions whenever their larder was empty. In this way he kept the party alive. Then, when the men on shipboard fell sick of the scurvy—a disease that attacks almost every exploring party in the north country—he had them taken to live in the huts, where they soon got well on the native "igloo" food. This proved that his idea that the white men could live with the Esquimaux was correct. During this second fall and winter he made many short excursions into the country, and in the spring he set out on a long exploring tour of two months.

In August—after a stay of two years—the *George Henry* was released from the ice and started for home, carrying Hall back in quest of fresh supplies and another boat. He now felt surer than ever that his plan would succeed.

Hannah and Joe returned with him on a visit to the United States, bringing their baby and seal dog with them. They were very much interested in all the wonders of civilization that they saw; and the people of civilization were equally interested in them.

Mr. Hall found it very hard work to fit out his second expedition. The long and costly conflict of the Civil War had begun while he was away; and the Government had more expenses than it could comfortably meet already, and many of the people who had given money for the search before, now felt too poor to do so. But he was not discouraged, and soon managed by lecturing to earn what funds he needed to prepare himself for another journey. The *Monticello*, a whaler bound for the regions about Hudson's Straits, offered him free passage for the little party and the outfit, and in that vessel they started in July, 1864. They made a direct route to Frobisher's Bay, and there took on board four Esquimaux, with their wives and sledges, who, with Joe and Hannah, were to be Mr. Hall's companions after he left the vessel.

Through some mistake in the reckoning, instead of landing the travelers at the mouth of the Wager River—from which Mr. Hall intended to journey by boat to Repulse Bay and be ready to start in the spring for King William Land—the captain let them off forty miles south of the mouth of the river, which made it impossible to reach Repulse Bay that fall. It took them nine months to get to their proper landing-place, and then they had to wait till spring before setting out for Repulse Bay. Thus a whole year was lost. But Mr. Hall did not lose heart. He lived with the natives as one of them, and in the spring of 1865 again started northward—not on a smooth, rapid journey, but on a slow, vexatious one. His Esquimaux companions felt none of his anxiety to hasten onward, and sometimes they would not travel more than two or three miles a day. This was an unlooked-for trouble, but, while it greatly hindered his work, it did not thwart him entirely.

One day, as the little party was journeying along, they met a band of natives who had seen Franklin. They described him and showed articles that had belonged to some of his men. They said that the ship was crushed in the ice and that some of their boats were found with dead men in them. This information made Mr. Hall more anxious than ever to push on; but the Esquimaux still dallied, stopping on one pretext or another after every little march. Even the faithful Joe and Hannah were swayed by the superstitions of their countrymen, and with them, at last, refused to go any further. The end of the second season found them back on Repulse Bay—"disappointed but not discouraged," wrote Hall in his diary.

The next spring he made a final and resolute start for King William Land, taking with him this time only Joe and Hannah, a white man named Rudolph who had gone with him from the whaler, and one of the Esquimaux who was more docile than the rest. As he neared Ig-loo-lik, in Melville Peninsula, the natives told him that white men had often been seen there; and a little further on he discovered a place where a tent had been made, but he found no records. The winter was spent on the Peninsula, and the next summer he reached the long-desired

King William Land. Here he found some of the remains of the missing party, and learned that the *Erebus* and *Terror*, Sir John's vessels, had made the north-west passage and perished there.

So at last he had succeeded in learning the fate of the unfortunate party. He found some articles that they had left, learned that there were books and records further on, and wanted to go in search of them and the bodies of the explorers, but his companions refused to go with him, and he had to give it up. Making his way southward, just below Repulse Bay, he took passage in a whaler, bound for New England; and in the early part of 1869, with Joe, Hannah, and a little adopted child, he landed at Bedford, Massachusetts, with his precious relics of the lost Englishmen. He went straight to New York, and within a month was at work for another expedition—this time to find the North Pole and also to get the Franklin records about which the natives had told him. Lectures and writings awoke a great deal of interest in his project. Congress voted fifty thousand dollars for it; and in June of 1871 the *Polaris* left New York with a party of able scientific men and a good crew, placed by the Government under the command of Mr. Hall. By the end of August they had reached a point further north than any white man had ever yet been, and in a few months they set out on a sledge-journey toward the Pole, finding the country warmer than they had expected, and abounding in game. It was too near winter to press all the way on, but they returned to the *Polaris* well satisfied with their survey, and much surer than before that they should finally succeed; but the night they returned to the vessel, Captain Hall was taken with an attack of apoplexy, and in two weeks he died.

Charles F. Hall was born in Rochester, New Hampshire, some time in the year 1821. He died on the steam-tug *Polaris*, in Newman's Bay, on the west coast of Greenland, November 8, 1871.

After this the *Polaris* party attempted to continue their explorations under the command of Captain S. O. Buddington; they passed almost a year of terrible distress, during which all hopes of pushing the North Pole explorations had to be given up, although they kept up their scientific observations where they were. They became separated about a year after Captain Hall's death by a sudden crack in the floe in which the vessel was caught, part of the men being on the floe with a quantity of provisions and part of them being in the vessel, which they were unloading. After a long time of terrible distress, the floe party was found by a barkentine from Newfoundland, which took them to St. John's, where they embarked in a United States steamer for Washington. On their return the Government promptly sent out a relief party to find the *Polaris*, but her party had already been rescued by a Scotch whaler from which they had been taken on board

some other vessels, fitted for passengers—which the whaler was not. Part of them were thus taken directly to New York, while the remainder were carried to Dundee, Scotland, and crossed the Atlantic to get home.

The first Arctic visit of **George W. De Long** was made as under-officer in the *Juniata* on the relief expedition for the *Polaris*. The second—and famous one—was started in 1879 to carry out by the way of Behring Strait Captain Hall's unfinished enterprise of reaching the North Pole.

Commander De Long had then been in the navy for fifteen years. His boyhood was passed in Brooklyn, New York, jealously guarded from every possible danger to his person and his character by his loving mother. He went regularly to school and straight home again, studied hard and thoroughly. Being hemmed in by too anxious care, his spirit and energy found their only vent in his active mind. He was, says his wife, a fiery little orator and writer, of a restless disposition, and filled with an uneasy desire for larger liberty.

When he was about twelve years old he found some tales of naval exploits in the War of 1812, and from that time forward he was filled with longing for a heroic life. It was years that he contested with his parents for it; and at last he only gained their permission to enter the Naval Academy, on the condition, which he proposed himself, of his securing his own appointment. This he actually did—though his father and mother thought it would be impossible when they consented to his request—and entered at Annapolis in the fall of the year in which the Civil War broke out; just as the conflict came to a close he graduated with distinction, having done able, vigorous work during the whole course. His appointment in the navy was soon made; although he was only a “middy” at first he rose rapidly, and after he had been four years in the service he held the rank of lieutenant. In 1871 he obtained a leave of absence for two years, which he spent in Europe, and which was marked by the happy event of his marriage to Miss Emma Wolien, at Havre, France.

For a time he was attached to the service of the French line of transatlantic steamers. Then he went on the Polar Expedition in the *Juniata*, where he showed that he had the traits necessary for an explorer, by the way he took command of a party that set out in a steam-launch to make some searches further north than the *Juniata* could be taken.

After his return to the United States, Lieutenant De Long directed the training-ship *St. Mary's* at New York for about two years, and resigned from that duty to take command of the *Jeanette* Expedition, which was fitted out by Mr. Bennett, the owner of the New York *Herald*.

The story of this long journey of distress from San Francisco to the Arctic

coast of Asia was told only a few years ago in the "Voyage of the *Jeanette*," which is the record left in the journals of the commander and his party, edited by Mrs. De Long.

Lieutenant De Long was born in New York City, August 22, 1844. He died in the *Lena Delta*, Siberia, some time in November, 1881.

Among the most important cruises in the Arctic seas on the western side of our continent, was that of the sloop of war *Vincennes*, under the command of **John Rodgers**, of the United States Navy. He had already served under Lieutenant Wilkes in the South Sea explorations, and had made an honorable record in the Seminole and the Mexican Wars. He was a brave and energetic explorer. In his cruise of two years, he went to the China Seas; from there to Behring Strait and along the coasts of the Northern Pacific Ocean and the Arctic Seas—surveying the harbors and the shores as he went along. He explored the waters and the sheltering inlets where merchant ships and fishing and trading vessels go, sought out localities where coal could be found, sounded all that portion of the Northern Pacific which can be used for whaling, and made many other careful observations in the interest of all navigation.

His vessel arrived at San Francisco two days after the relief party returned to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, bringing Dr. Kane home from his second expedition.

In the Civil War, which broke out in a few years, he distinguished himself by gallant service. Later he was raised to the rank of rear-admiral, commanded the Asiatic squadron, and in 1871 bombarded the forts of Corea. He was noted for calm, cool courage, and superior ability. His brother officers in the navy looked upon him as one of the foremost naval men of this century.

Admiral Rodgers was born in Maryland, August 8, 1812. He died May 5, 1882.

REFORMERS AND PHILANTHROPISTS.

THE greatest reform that has yet taken place—or probably ever will—in this country was the abolition of slavery, the entire breaking up of the right of white people to buy, sell, or own human beings.

The chief leader in this great movement was **William Lloyd Garrison**, a Massachusetts man of wonderful courage and force of character. He began very early to make his own way in the world, for his mother was left with a little family and no means of support—excepting her own work as professional nurse—when William was quite a little boy. At the age of nine he commenced to work at the shoemaker's trade in Lynn. But the work did not suit him, and he longed for an education, so when a chance soon came to go back to Newburyport, his native town, and attend school, he gladly accepted, although he had to pay for his board and tuition by sawing wood, doing errands, and other out-of-door tasks above school hours. Even this could only be a short privilege, and he gave himself entirely to work again before he was fifteen.

After several changes he settled to the trade of printing, and began to learn in the office of the Newburyport *Herald*. It was not long before he became an excellent workman, and feeling an interest in the business beyond his case of type, he began to write articles, which were sent without his name, and printed in the *Herald* and other journals. A set of papers that came out in the *Salem Gazette* attracted enough attention to set the young author's heart throbbing with pleasure and hope for the future. So, when his time of apprenticeship was over, he began to conduct a paper of his own. But it was not successful, and he gave it up, and in the next year, after working as journeyman printer for a time, he took the position of editor of the *National Philanthropist*. This was published in Boston and was the first paper in the country devoted to the cause of "total abstinence" from the use of any liquors or intoxicating drinks.

He was a devout Christian, and year by year his interest grew in good works among men, such as are called philanthropy and reform. After about a year on

the *Philanthropist* he joined a friend at Bennington, in Vermont, and carried on a journal entirely devoted to peace, temperance, and anti-slavery.

Some years before, Garrison had become very much interested in the struggle of the Greeks for freedom, and from that had been aroused to the cause of liberty and the rights of men everywhere. He saw the evil of slavery in his own nation, and a great desire grew in him to have it put down, or driven out, and all the bondmen freed. He went to see some of the leading preachers of the time, to try



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

to induce them to take hold of the matter with all their strength, offering his own aid whatever call might come. But they all refused. Meanwhile a quiet little Quaker gentleman of Baltimore was reading Garrison's articles, and thinking about him, because he, too, was interested in anti-slavery. This was Benjamin Lundy, of Baltimore, who published a small journal called the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. It was not an important sheet in his hands. A few people opposed to slavery subscribed for it and read it, but it was of so little account that the Southerners scarcely took any notice of it. This was just what

its owner wanted to overcome, and he thought likely the young New Englander would be the man to help him. So he journeyed on foot from Baltimore, Maryland, to Bennington, Vermont, and, after he found out where he could see Mr. Garrison, he made a call on him, and asked him to go home with him and edit the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. The offer was heartily accepted, and from that moment the life-work of William Lloyd Garrison was for the one object of immediately driving slavery out of the United States.

He made the editorials of the little paper ring for the cause of the negroes. It was no longer passed by as harmless. He denounced slaveholders and slave-dealers, and said so many strong and bitter things that he was sued for libel, tried, and put in prison before long, and remained there for nearly two months, until Mr. Arthur Tappan, then a great merchant and anti-slavery man of New York, paid the enormous fine demanded to let him out.

A great time was made about this imprisonment. It was interfering with the liberty of the press—that is, the right of newspapers to speak out on all subjects—and the newspapers of the North, the Manumission Society of North Carolina, Henry Clay, and many others—though they did not approve of the way in which Mr. Garrison had set to work—spoke out boldly against his being imprisoned.

Not at all frightened, but more determined than ever, as soon as he was freed Garrison prepared a course of lectures on emancipation and delivered them in New York and other places. Going back to Boston he began to publish the famous *Liberator*. This was a weekly journal with the motto, “My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind,” and its columns were full of decided, uncompromising anti-slavery articles, and unsparing denunciation of slavery and all people that had anything to do with it.

It needed a great deal of courage and labor to get out this paper. Mr. Garrison had no money, no place in society, and even the churches of New England had disowned him. At first he and his partner, Isaac Knapp, could not even afford to hire an office, but they got the paper printed by working as journeymen printers upon the *Christian Examiner* and taking their pay in the use of the *Examiner's* type. All the work on the *Liberator*—writing, type-setting, and printing—was done after the regular day's work. Very soon some money came into it from other Abolitionists, and a little out-of-the-way office was taken, where Mr. Garrison and his partner did their work, got their own meals, and made their bed on the floor. He was an excellent workman. On the first paper he owned he used to set up his editorials without first writing them out; everything he wrote was perfect for the press as he penned it, and the *Liberator* was always one of the handsomest looking papers in circulation.

Some people in the North were full of the same spirit, and looking upon Garri-

son as the great leader of a great cause, were full of sympathy with him in all he said and did. But many disapproved of him, and good society would have nothing to do with such fanatical folks. In the South, slaveholders and dealers were even more bitter against him than he toward them, and by almost every mail they threatened his life if he did not stop his paper. It was not safe for him to go about unarmed, but he did so, not believing in saving one life by taking another, or even being prepared to do so. The State of Georgia offered five thousand dollars to any one who would prosecute and convict him according to the laws of that State. Even this did not daunt him, but spurred him on to another decided step. This was the forming of an anti-slavery society in New England.

The Mayor of Boston was called upon time after time to suppress the *Liberator*; and in 1835 Garrison himself was mobbed and dragged through the streets of Boston by a band of his angry countrymen. But he kept on in his powerful work against the evil, wielding a pen mightier than any sword, for thirty-five years, till he saw the black man and the black woman in America as free, by law at least, as their white brothers and sisters.

Meanwhile he was also at work in other places than the *Liberator's* office. He made a trip to England to spread the feeling in Europe, and on his return founded the great American Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia. These were not the first abolition societies of the country. One had been formed in this city the same year that the Declaration of Independence was made, upon the ground that slavery was a moral and religious wrong. Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton—two Northerners and two Southerners—and many other of the foremost men in the country had been strongly opposed to the custom. Those of them who owned slaves were kind and good masters, and would have willingly freed them at any time. But they had felt that the practice would die out, and the mass of people were indifferent to the real importance of it. The custom was as old as the world. It had existed in all countries, civilized and barbarous, and was brought to America by some of the first settlers. In the Northern Colonies, the effect of the climate was to make people hardy and energetic. Life was not easy to them, and they learned to expect toil and rugged training. Such people had little need of slaves, so they did not grow to any importance, and were finally freed by law. But in the South it was different. It was another and less active class of people that settled the Southern Colonies. They were of wealthy old English, French, and Spanish families, largely, who had always had slaves, or very readily fell into the way of it. Beside, the country there raised sugar-cane, tobacco, indigo, and cotton on great plantations. The care of these crops required many hands, and not such active or intelligent work as the industries of the North; so, while slavery was gradually dying out in the upper Colonies, it grew

very fast in the lower ones; and the King of England was willing that it should, and himself took an active share in the slave trade, and refused to let any of the Colonies forbid it. For, even then, there were men and women in America, as in other countries, that felt that one person had no right to own the life of another, and use it as he thought best, for good or for evil.

Many of the early statesmen were very outspoken in their views of this matter, and made decided efforts to put the custom down when the States were first organized after the Revolution. The matter was never entirely dropped, but it was not firmly grasped and grappled with, and so for more than half a century it took its natural course, dying out in the North and growing in the South, although many Southerners were opposed to it. Some freed their slaves, and a few took sides against for their liberty in public debates, but the mass of the people were in favor of it.

Some of the reformers hoped to bring the people of the whole country to see the evil of it, to prove that negroes could be made respectable and intelligent citizens, and then to have laws made by which all slavery would be gradually abolished. Others, like Garrison, said that it must be driven out at once, and they almost said at whatever cost. But the majority in the South were determined that it should never come to pass in any way. The Abolitionists, they said, might do as they liked, but they must let them alone; and as for slavery to them it was right and good, and if the reformers tried to spread their ideas through the country, they were simply interfering with the Southerners' rights. So, although a great many other questions came in about States' rights, the great pivot upon which the affairs of the nation turned for about forty years, was slavery.

But it was Garrison who made the feeling against it in the North, and who brought the matter to its final issue. He began single-handed, and undaunted by all manner of disrespect, threats of property and life imprisonment, and attempted assassination, he kept his course and pushed steadily onward to assert and gain the right of men to all humanity, and in doing so he probably exerted a stronger influence upon his own times, and perhaps upon the history of the United States, than any other one person. It has been said that he was to the abolition of slavery what Samuel Adams was to independence—a man looked upon with the greatest dread as an extremist and a fanatic, and that too by many of those who afterward fought in battle for the very same cause. He was the leader in all that the Abolition party did; his name was on the lips of every mob that attacked their meetings, and once his own person was seized and roughly dragged through the Boston streets by people whom the papers of the day described as “gentlemen of property and standing.”

In 1840 he went again to England, to attend the World's Anti-Slavery Conven-

tion, of which he was one of the most distinguished members. But, as the women delegates from this country—Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and several other noble-hearted ladies—sent by the American societies were not allowed to take their places, he would not either. A few years later he became President of the American society, and he held that office for twenty-two years. When the war was over, he resigned, and also discontinued the *Liberator*, for its mission was fulfilled.

This was the close of his long editorial career of forty years. It began when he was twenty, and the youngest man in the business; when it closed there was no other editor in the land—excepting perhaps William Cullen Bryant—who had passed so many years of continuous services.

He had hoped to abolish slavery in a peaceful way, by bringing people to understand the evil of it; but he soon grew to feel that it could only be done by the breaking up of the Union, and he was in favor of that rather than the other. But he lived to see his great cause carried—though by war and bloodshed—without the calamity of disunion.

In April of the year 1865, he was invited by Mr. Chase, Secretary of War, to be one of a party from the North, which went to Charleston, where he helped to raise the Union flag over the ruins of Fort Sumter, from which, four years before, it had been pulled down, in the first victory of the Confederates.

A short time after this event Mr. Garrison received a purse of thirty thousand dollars, which had been made up by many distinguished citizens of the United States, as a mark of how deeply they felt the value of his services to the honor of the republic.

Part of the latter years of his life was spent in Europe. In England, the great statesmen and distinguished citizens treated him with especial dignity; and in America the people who had condemned and insulted him gave public receptions in his honor and paid him the greatest attentions.

William Lloyd Garrison was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, December 12, 1804. He died in New York City, May 24, 1879.

Mr. Garrison's chief aide in his great anti-slavery war was **Wendell Phillips**, the "silver-tongued orator." He too was a Massachusetts man, a son of one of the first old Boston families, whose stately mansion is still standing on the lower corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets. It was here that Wendell was born, in the same year that another great man—Charles Sumner—came into a family that lived not far away, where the rear of the Bowdoin school-house now stands.

Wendell Phillips's father was a wealthy and much-respected man, with a great deal of sound sense and wisdom. He trained his children after the rule: "Ask

no man to do anything that you are not able to do for yourself." This is the reason that by the time Wendell was grown up, he knew something of almost every important trade then carried on in New England.

He was a student in the famous old Latin School at the same time Sumner was there, and before he was sixteen he entered Harvard College. He graduated in 1831, in the same year with John Lothrop Motley, the historian; and we are told that they were then two of the finest young men in Boston, with personal beauty, elegance, and a good place in the best society.

Mr. Phillips has said that there was scarcely any kind of ordinary trade or factory labor in New England at which he had not done at least a day's work; but for his regular business in life he chose the profession of law. He went to the Cambridge Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1834. This was the same year in which Sumner was also admitted; he had entered Harvard a year later than Phillips, and had followed him to the Law School. Now they entered upon the world of practical work together, each gifted with talents, good position, and an excellent start at the age of twenty-three. Both were to become famous, and each in his own way the supporter of a despised cause—Sumner as a statesman, Phillips as a radical reformer. Both had excellent powers of mind and of speech, but the eloquence of Phillips was greater than that of Sumner or almost any man of his time.

These were troublous days in Boston. A few men had already come out boldly against slavery, and were doing all in their power to stir the feeling of the people against it. They were strongly opposed, despised as fanatics, and had even been mobbed as enemies by some of Boston's "gentlemen of property and standing."

Around William Lloyd Garrison, the leader of these reformers, gathered a few men and women who could bear to be hated and despised, for the sake of giving whatever power and influence they had to the cause which was right, and which must have noble and heroic work to carry it through. In the hands of any less than heroes they knew it would fail.

In 1836—the year after Garrison was mobbed—Wendell Phillips joined himself with these people—these "heroes for liberty," or "ridiculous fanatics"—and became a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society. When he made up his mind to do this, he left the bar, for he was not willing to remain under oath to the Constitution of the United States. He did not take a very active part in the society's work at the outset. Still he was one of its members, and that meant a good deal.

Every week the strife between the for-slavery and the anti-slavery people grew more and more bitter all over the country. Even in the North there was far more interest in the rights of the slaveholders than in those of the negroes. The aboli-

tionist leaders were menaced and insulted everywhere ; but when Elija P. Lovejoy was actually murdered at Alton, Illinois, while defending his press from a for-slavery mob, people felt that a new step had been taken, and a thrill of horror ran through the land.

An indignation meeting was called at Faneuil Hall by Doctor Channing, and many people were roused against this murder who had been indifferent before, or



WENDELL PHILLIPS.

even fashionably opposed to the whole movement. It was thought that all in the assembly were of one mind about the crime, until Mr. Austin, Attorney-General of the State, arose and said that Lovejoy died as the fool dieth, and compared the Alton mob to the men who threw the tea into Boston Harbor. The meeting broke into applause, and seemed ready to go with Austin, when Wendell Phillips—somewhat known as an Abolitionist—began to speak, amid hisses that almost drowned his opening words : “ When I heard the gentleman lay down principles that placed the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with

Quincy and Adams, I thought these pictured lips [pointing to their portraits, which hang upon the walls] would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead."

That moment turned the tide of the meeting—the people remembered their object in coming together, they recalled the fact that a band of ruffians had taken on themselves to interfere with America's glory—the freedom of the press—had cried down the rights of humanity, and had taken the life of their fellow-citizen in cold blood.

This speech turned the great current of thought in Boston, in New England, and throughout the North. It also made the fame of Wendell Phillips as an orator, and placed him as one of the foremost among the anti-slavery leaders.

He now took up the cause with the most earnest of its workers, and became Garrison's right-hand helper. For it he gave up his place in society, his friendships, his wealth, his profession, and even refused to vote, or in any way call himself a citizen of the United States so long as its Constitution provided for slavery. He made himself poor for the cause he worked in, and of what money he earned by lecturing he gave all away that he could spare. The fame of his eloquence always drew large audiences, and was an important money-aid to the society, to say nothing of his great influence upon the minds of those who heard him.

He always looked upon Garrison as his chief, his own duty being to supply the eloquence; but there was no part of the great work that he was not ready and willing to do, faithfully and well. He gave his life to it like a hero, and like a hero and a giant he kept at it until it was accomplished.

He was a younger man than Mr. Garrison by seven years, and did not retire when the great work was done. He followed his chief as President of the Anti-Slavery Society, from the close of the war until 1870, when it was brought to an end. He also joined heartily in the work of obtaining for women an equal right with men in the liberty and protection of the law, of prohibiting the use or sale of liquors, except for medicine, of improving the management of prisons, and in favor of greenbacks or paper currency. For many years he lectured on these and on other subjects of history and literature. He was an able scholar, a fine orator, and a most perfect gentleman. His tall, well-shaped figure, his manly bearing, and courteous manners won respect and admiration from all who saw him, even though they knew not his name or the sublime character he bore.

Wendell Phillips was born November 29, 1811, in Boston, where he died, February 2, 1884.

Among other energetic leaders in the anti-slavery movement were Josiah Giddings, a Congressman for twenty-one years; Arthur and Lewis Tappan, two brothers, who were famous New York merchants before the war; John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet; Gerrit Smith, a wealthy land-holder of New York; Mrs. Lucretia Mott, a Quakeress, of Philadelphia, and old **John Brown**, of Ossawatimie. He was one of the most ardent champions of liberty for the negroes, and, although he went to work in an ill-judged way, he probably broke the first link in their bondage.

The idea of freeing the slaves first came to him in the year 1839. Garrison's *Liberator* had then been wielding its two-edged sword for almost ten years. Lovejoy had been dead two years, Wendell Phillips was well started in his lecturing, Giddings was serving his first term in Congress, and the Tappan brothers and Gerrit Smith were aiding and pushing forward the cause of freedom among New Yorkers. But all of them, and probably scores of others engaged in the great systematic endeavors of the Anti-Slavery Society, scarcely knew that there was such a man as this John Brown. He was no figure in society or politics, only a tanner and currier, nearly forty years of age. He was a man with a large family and held the good opinion of his townsmen and acquaintances as a devout Christian of strict moral character. He also had the reputation among the few who knew him of being intensely in earnest about some things, especially against slavery. But it was not until sixteen years after this that he came out in his bold opposition to the slavery people. Meanwhile he moved from Ohio to Massachusetts, and spent some time in Europe on business, but in 1855 he went out to Kansas in order to vote, and to fight, if need be, against having slavery established in that Territory. It was then he first took part against the slavery people. He was in many of the fierce little frays that took place before this matter was settled and Kansas was won into the hands of the free state settlers. In all these he showed wonderful coolness and bravery, and sometimes a strong arm and nerves for fierce fighting in the face of danger. Once, during this contest, a band of for-slavery men from Missouri invaded the Territory, and "old John Brown" became the hero of Ossawatimie by routing them at that place with a little company about one-tenth the size of the invaders' party.



JOHN BROWN.

From this time he was better known and took a more active part against the

evil he so hated. He traveled through the Northern and the Eastern States, making speeches against slavery and trying to form some plans for raising armed troops to put it down. Finally he called a secret convention of the friends of freedom, which met at Chatham in Canada. They formed a society, adopted a constitution, and planned out an expedition into Virginia, by which they *thought* they could free the slaves at one bold stroke of arms, as Brown had conquered the Missourians at Ossawatomie years before.

In the next July a man who called himself Mr. Smith rented a farm-house about six miles from Harper's Ferry, Virginia, and set up a secret armory. It was Captain Brown—"Old Ossawatomie Brown" he was usually called—and this was to be a headquarters for collecting pikes, guns, powder, and other arms and ammunition, and for gathering from all parts of the country a band of white and colored men, who, under their resolute and daring captain, hoped to strike a death-blow to slavery in Maryland and Virginia. All summer they worked and waited for the proper time, which came early in the autumn. On the night of October 16th they set out; Brown at the head of about twenty men. They made their way secretly to Harper's Ferry, surprising the Government arsenal and armory and taking over forty prisoners.

The soldiers, the workmen, and the inhabitants of the whole town were frightened and astonished, but nobody knew what it meant. They did not think it was an anti-slavery movement, and some even thought it was a strike among the armors or Government laborers. After awhile the truth dawned on the people, and military companies soon came from many of the places near by, and a good deal of firing and fighting took place between them and Brown's little company in possession of the Government buildings.

When the news spread to Washington, Baltimore, and Richmond, it caused the greatest excitement, and troops were ordered to Harper's Ferry at once. Early the next morning Colonel Robert E. Lee arrived with a hundred men and two field-pieces. He sent his aid, Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, to demand Brown's surrender, which was promptly and resolutely refused each time it was urged. Then the storming began and was answered by rapid and sharp firing from within. At last Lee's men broke open the arsenal and the conquest was made, but not until two of Brown's sons and nearly all the rest of his band were killed and he himself was wounded in several places. He was taken to Charlestown, Virginia, where a trial was held for treason and murder. He explained the object of his attack, saying he had not intended to harm or take permanent possession of the public arms, but that he had seized this point to show his determination and what he could do. After that he expected to be joined and aided by Abolitionists settled everywhere throughout Maryland and Virginia, and to be able to take

possession of both States with all of the negroes they could capture. He made an eloquent defense and showed true heroic spirit about his enterprise, but in that court he could not establish his innocence of the crimes charged against him. He was found guilty of treason by the Virginia authorities and condemned to be hung in a little over a month.

It was an event that spread talk and excitement over the whole country, rousing those who were indifferent to one side or the other, strengthening the



LUCRETIA MOTT.

South against the “anti-slavery fanatics,” and giving the Abolitionists still greater grounds for their labors toward liberty and freedom.

John Brown was born at Torrington, Connecticut, May 9, 1800. He was hung at Charlestown, Virginia, December 2, 1859.

One of the ablest members of the Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia was **Mrs. Lucretia Mott**. She was one of the first women in the country to take a decided stand against slavery. Before the names of Garrison and his co-workers had been heard of, she began to use her influence against it by words and actions. She was then Miss Lucretia Coffin, a young lady from New England at a Friend's or Quaker's school in New York State. Her feeling against the great evil

strengthened very fast, and she soon felt it was her duty not to use anything made by slave labor.

When she was nineteen years old Miss Coffin became the wife of Mr. William Mott, of New York City. Her people, who were Quakers, had moved, while she was at school, from New England to Philadelphia, and to that city she and her husband went to live. This was in 1812, at the beginning of a second strife in our land with England. Like all the Friends, Mrs. Mott did not believe in war, and felt very much disturbed about the trouble and bloodshed that spread over the country, and not long after peace was declared she began to preach in the Quaker meeting-house, which she and her people attended. She had a good education and a fine mind, while her voice was so sweet, and her manner so earnest and convincing, that all who listened to her were taught by her wise words and charmed by their eloquence. Her influence was so important that she soon began to travel about the country, explaining and preaching the peaceable and benevolent principles of the Friends, and showing what great evils lay in slavery, intemperance, and strife of all kinds.

In 1827, when Elias Hicks, a famous Quaker preacher, by changing his views and coming to believe in the Unitarian doctrine, was the cause of dividing the Society of Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mott were among those who left the old society that still kept to their former views and joined the "Hicksites," as those Quakers who took up the Unitarian belief were called. To believe in a thing, with her, was to work for it; and she immediately began to give her talents and interests to the side of their religion which seemed to her the right one, and as long as she lived she was one of the ablest ministers of this society.

Meanwhile the slavery question was growing, and all the friends of abolition were being called forth throughout the whole country. An association had been formed in New England, and in 1833, when it was decided to have a national society Mr. and Mrs. Mott were among the foremost in helping to form it in Philadelphia. They took up whatever work it had for them and carried it on most ably, all in their own quiet and modest but forcible way. Six years later they were appointed with William Lloyd Garrison, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Stanton, and several other men and women, to represent America at the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London; and, with the other ladies, Mrs. Mott was refused admission to its meetings.

At that time many people thought that women had no right to take any part in public affairs or to try to place themselves on an equal footing with men. Several of the men delegates—notably Mr. Garrison—did not look at the matter in that light, and were indignant that the women were shut out of these meetings. So, to make it a little better, the ladies were invited to a social entertainment for the

delegates called a breakfast. This was a very distinguished company and was attended by many men of high rank and importance. As some of the guests were the people who had voted that women should not be allowed to take an active part at the Convention, Mrs. Mott thought it was her opportunity to say what she had intended to say at the Convention. In her own sweet manner she rose and addressed the company, most of whom were astonished at her boldness; but so earnest and so eloquent was her speech that they all soon forgot their surprise and listened with pleasure and admiration to her words; and so she succeeded in doing her duty as an American representative to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention.

She believed very firmly that women should be equal to men in the eyes and the rights of the law, and when the first "Woman's Rights" convention was held at Genesee Falls, her husband presided and she was one of the most active and able members. That convention and all the people who were interested in the cause for which it was held, were for a long time ridiculed and much misunderstood by the greater part of both the men and women in America; but Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Stone-Blackwell, Mrs. Stanton, and a great many other of the noble, womanly women who, with some of our large-minded men, stood at the head of it were not discouraged; but labored courageously and patiently on to bring the people to see that they had a very wrong idea when they said that these women wanted to be men. They merely want—they say—to have fair play and honest rights as women; and when they have to pay taxes and help support the Government, they claim the right to a voice and hearing as to how the money shall be spent, so long as they have to conform to the laws as much as men.

This was all a new doctrine then, but times have changed since. The Women's Rights Society has had able writers and silver-tongued speakers at work. The new ideas have grown more popular as they have become better understood, and good old Mrs. Mott lived to see them taken up and indorsed, where they had been once ridiculed and condemned, although the end is yet a long way off. She also lived to see four millions of slaves made free and a great change in public feeling about intemperance; for, when she was young, it was no disgrace to a man to be drunk, and the frequent use of wines and liquors was both common and fashionable.

Besides being an eloquent speaker and an able worker, Mrs. Mott was always so consistent that her noble character added double power to her services in every cause she undertook. Although her life was much in public, she was yet a model old-fashioned housekeeper, who trained her children carefully, kept her house in comfort, peace, and beauty, loved and looked up to her quiet, earnest husband, whose views were much the same as her own.

Her small, slight figure, her charming, delicate face, with its lines of tenderness and of strength, her bright gray eyes that glowed as if they were black when she grew deeply in earnest, were familiar to all the poor in her neighborhood. She worked for them and gave them comforts to eat and to wear, attending them in sickness and sympathizing with their troubles. So in public life she had the power and the charm that win success; she spoke well and to the point, while her high moral qualities, uncommon intelligence, and noble character won the respect of all, and those who knew the added qualities that made her family such a good, comfortable, and happy one, had still greater reason to admire and reverence her, although many differed from the unpopular causes of slavery, intemperance, and woman's rights she advocated, as well as from her religion.

Lucretia Mott was born on the island of Nantucket, January 3, 1793. She died at Philadelphia, November 11, 1880.

While the women delegates at the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London were shut out from the meetings, they made the most of their opportunities for getting acquainted with each other. Among all who gathered about the noble and respected Mrs. Mott, there was one earnest young woman of twenty-four who became her life-long friend. This was Mrs. **Elizabeth Cady Stanton**. She had many interests in common with the gentle Quakeress. Her husband, Henry B. Stanton, was an eloquent and popular lecturer on anti-slavery and she had joined heartily in his work ever since their marriage, which occurred about a year before this time. But her interest in the great questions of the day and in the rights and wrongs of life began when she was a child.

Judge Cady, her father, was a prominent and able lawyer of Fulton County, New York, in the early part of this century, and the little Elizabeth used to delight to spend her time in his office. She was a bright girl and took a great deal of interest in the people who came to her father on business. She was particularly interested in the women, and would listen carefully to their complaints till her little heart was often roused in anger against the injustice of the law toward them. She had also learned that "girls don't count for much" compared with boys, and, feeling deeply mortified to see how much less regard they usually received, she resolved to show that she could prove that girls and women can have as much courage and ability as boys and men. So she studied mathematics, Latin, and Greek, the same as the boys of her town, and even won a Greek Testament once for a prize in scholarship. She graduated at the head of her class in the Johnstown Academy, and felt very badly that, although she was far ahead of the boys, they could go to college and she could not, because there was no college in the country that would take girl students.

But this did not prevent her from making the most of herself, and proving her ability in spite of poor opportunities. She took an interest in the affairs of the country, and so far as it was possible made as much of herself as college training could of the boys of her class. So she grew up to be both a finely educated and an earnest, noble-minded woman.

Her interest and desire to help went out to all that was right, and every wrong excited her sympathies. She was her husband's helper in anti-slavery work, and



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

finally she took up the cause of women's rights with still greater zeal. Perhaps this came through the influence of the sweet Quakeress, Mrs. Mott; the way the women were treated at the World's Convention may have roused all the old feeling of little Elizabeth Cady against the wrongs of women, until she resolved to throw her whole strength into the cause of having them righted. At any rate, when Mrs. Stanton returned from the Convention, it was with her mind made up to devoting the energies of her life to resisting all the injustices of law and custom against women. She was one of the foremost in having the first Women's Rights Con-

vention held at Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848; and since that time she has labored most earnestly in creating a new feeling among the people toward securing fair laws and just rights toward women. Her speeches are some of the most eloquent made by any American orator, and the charm of her sweet face, her fine, well-bred manners, and her just mind have won for her the highest praise and respect, in both England and America.

Mrs. Stanton was born at Johnstown, New York, November 12, 1816.

Among the other great women who have devoted their lives to the rights of women, are Mrs. Lucy Stone-Blackwell, who has been for many years the editor of the *Women's Journal* in Boston, and is one of the most accomplished and charming ladies and polished speakers of her time. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Antoinette Brown-Blackwell, and Mrs. Susan B. Anthony, are also noble and eminent workers in the same cause.

Every boy and girl who cares for learning and who has had chances to get a good education, must love and honor the great philanthropists who have given us good schools, who have founded and endowed our colleges, and given us so many libraries and institutes for almost all kinds of study.

There was a time—not very long ago—when it was almost impossible for any except wealthy people to give their children half as much education as every graduate of a city grammar school now has, and it has only been by the most earnest effort and untiring labor on the part of a few men and women in every community that the need of better chances has been made clear to the people, and the means of supplying them have been raised, and the best methods of teaching have been discovered and brought into use. The man who probably did more to secure the good public schools that the young folks of America have been enjoying for the last quarter of a century, and which are all the time growing better, was the honored teacher and statesman, **Horace Mann**. He knew himself what it was to want an education and have scarcely any way of getting it, for he was the son of a poor Massachusetts farmer, and lived where there were few books, and those were small and miserable, while his teachers, he says, “were very good people, but very poor teachers.” He earned some books by braiding straw, when he was little, but as he grew older, his life was filled with long hours of hard work, so that to get any time at all for study, he had to go without sleep that he needed.

When he was about twenty years old he began to learn something of Latin, and in about six months he had prepared himself for Brown University, at Providence, Rhode Island. He entered the sophomore class, and graduated with the highest honors in the year 1819. Then he studied law, and four years afterward he was

admitted to the bar. He began at once to practice, with a firm resolve never to take the unjust side of any cause. He kept to this resolution all his life, and it is said of all the contested cases in which he took part, he gained four out of every five. He was not long in rising in his profession. No one could know him and hear him speak without feeling the sincere and honest purpose that underlaid all that he said and did. It was this as much as his strong and forcible eloquence that held the secret of his great influence over the juries before him, and made him a successful advocate.

In 1827 he entered the Massachusetts Legislature, where he was soon noted for his zeal in the causes of temperance and education. After a few years he was State Senator, and step by step he rose higher in power and influence every year.

Many of the forward measures taken by Massachusetts during the second and third quarters of this century were due to the labors of Mr. Mann. He was foremost in having the Lunatic Hospital founded at Worcester, where poor people who lose their minds may be taken care of partly or wholly at the cost of the State. He also held the position of Secretary of the State Board of Education for eleven years; and it is said that from the moment he undertook these duties he gave to them undivided attention and unflinching zeal. He not only labored to improve the schools and the teaching in the State, but gave lectures, and wrote articles and letters which showed the value of education, told what poor chances there were for it in this country, and aroused an interest in it that had never been felt before. This was the means of having better school-houses, books, and teachers, and awakened both parents and trustees to do more than they had ever thought of before. He succeeded in having the school laws changed for the better, and made over the whole system by which children were taught; and after his second marriage, in 1843, he made a visit to Europe almost on purpose to go to the schools of foreign countries for the sake of improving those at home.

Five years later he was sent to Congress, to take the place of John Quincy Adams who had just died. His first speech was upon the right and duty of Congress to keep slavery out of the Territories. At about this time, but not in this speech he said: "Interference with slavery will excite civil commotion in the South. Still, it is best to interfere. Now is the time to see whether the Union is a rope of sand or a band of steel. . . . Dark clouds overhang the future; and that is not all; they are full of lightning. . . . I really think if we insist upon passing the Wilmot Proviso [which was to shut out slavery from new lands in the South and West] that the South would rebel, but *I* would pass it, rebellion or not. *I consider no evil so great as that of the extension of slavery.*"

He served two terms in Congress, but did not return again, for in 1852—when he was fifty-six years old—he became the president of Antioch College in Ohio.

At the same time that he received this invitation he was also elected Governor of Massachusetts, but he chose the college work, for he thought that was in greater need of him. It was a young school, not yet well started, and much in want of a working president, good support, and careful management. He went out to it and undertook all its duties with deep earnestness. But it was a greater task than he could bear, and after seven years of hard labor toward making it successful in every way, his health broke down completely. Many of the pupils had scarcely reached home after commencement, before the noble life of their friend and teacher was over.

Horace Mann was born in Franklin, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. He died at Yellow Springs, Ohio, August 2, 1859.

There are scores of other men and many great women to whom we owe the wonderful changes that have been made in education in this country since the days of our grandfathers. Every city has had some hard-working, self-sacrificing teachers and philanthropists whose names are written in our history with gratitude and honor, and every State is rich with colleges and societies founded and built up by those who were willing to spend their fortunes and their lives for the benefit of the young people of the land. Next to the starting of the men's colleges—some of which are older than the United States Government—the most important step which has been taken in the cause of education in America is the women's colleges, the first of which was founded by **Matthew Vassar**, a wealthy brewer, at Poughkeepsie, New York; and after that comes the great institutions for summer schools and home instruction. Foremost of these is the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, which was established by the honored scholar and teacher, **John H. Vincent**, who is also a doctor of divinity in the Methodist Church, and one of the greatest laborers in the Sunday-school work of America that has ever lived. The pivot of this famous Circle is at the little village of Chautauqua, which has sprung up for Dr. Vincent's "Assemblies," as the yearly meetings are called, near the upper end of Chautauqua Lake, in New York State; but its branches extend far and wide over the whole country; there is scarcely a county—and, one might almost say, a village—where a branch of the "C. L. S. C." does not exist, and where some one may not be found—a young person or an old one—who is following with the greatest interest the course of studies that the Assembly lays out, for forty minutes a day of home reading.

At the beginning of this century the most noted man in Philadelphia was **Stephen Girard**. He had been a sailor and was now a banker and a financier. But he was as famous for his oddness, or eccentricity, and his benevolence,

as for his great wealth. When he was thirteen years old he had left his home at Bordeaux in France, and shipped as a cabin-boy to the West Indies and New York. In these voyages he learned all he could about sea-faring life, and worked his way up until, by the time he was twenty-six years old, he had command of a vessel that coasted along the eastern shore of North America.

On his way from New Orleans to Canada, in 1776, while his vessel was lying becalmed off the mouth of Delaware Bay, he found that he was likely to be captured by any of the many British cruisers then making it their business to take possession of all the American craft they could. So he put in up the Delaware, and stopping at Philadelphia sold both sloop and cargo and set up a grocery and liquor store. He made considerable money here, which he carefully saved, and



STEPHEN GIRARD.

when the war was over, put his capital into the New Orleans and San Domingo trade. He knew that business would soon begin to grow better after the peace was made, so he took a good deal of careful thought to be ready to make the most of the change. One of his clever schemes was to lease a block of buildings on Water Street, in Philadelphia, when he was able to get them for a very low price, and to re-let them for a much larger rent as soon as trade revived. Another venture was to join his brother in the West India trade. This was followed up until the enterprising sailor had a little fortune of thirty thousand dollars. A man could do a good deal with that amount of money in those days, so Girard then left his brother and carried on the trade by himself. Steadily his wealth grew and soon after the partnership was broken fifty thousand dollars was added to his capital by an accident. Two of his vessels were in port at Hayti at the time of the

negro-outbreak there, and several planters took their treasure on board the American vessels to save it. After leaving all they could carry in the first trip they returned to their homes for more, but were probably killed, for they never went back to the harbor. At the appointed time for leaving, there was nothing for the officers to do but come away with all the treasure on board, for their master never allowed his men to disobey orders twice. As soon as they arrived in Philadelphia and told Captain Girard what had happened, he put the valuables in safe-keeping and advertised them widely and for a long time. But they were never claimed, and, of course, became his.

As commerce and foreign trade revived after the Revolution Girard's business and wealth grew very fast till there was scarcely any important port in the world to which his ships did not go. His trade was especially large with China and the East Indies, for they produced articles of great value in the United States and in England, and this master merchant knew just how to make the most of the products of every port. His captains were told to buy fruits in the warm climates, and to sail with them to a northern port, where they sold them to great advantage. Then the money was invested in something else, which was carried to another port in some distant part of the world where it would bring large prices as a great luxury while some other articles—rare elsewhere—could be bought very cheap, and sold dearly.

Girard having been a sea-captain himself and a careful observer in his many voyages, knew just what he wanted of his captains, and giving them careful instructions, he required them to do exactly as they were told. It was one of his peculiarities that any man who went against his orders—even if he succeeded better than he would have done by Girard's own way—lost his place. "Once it might succeed," he said, "but followed up it would likely lead to losses, and at last ruin me."

This is but one of the ways in which he made his wealth, and Stephen Girard was famous as a rich man long before he was known as a philanthropist. About the first time that people came to realize the love for others in his nature was when the scourge of yellow fever spread through Philadelphia in 1793. All the people who could, left the city, and those who were stricken were in great distress, with scarcely any one to take care of them. An appeal was made for nurses and money; and as soon as it was heard Girard answered with both himself and his wealth. He paid for help and supplies of all kinds, and also took the charge of the hospital for the infected as his share of the actual work. He nursed the sick and watched the dying during all the terrible rage of the fever throughout the whole city; and many a poor victim who never reached the hospital owed his recovery or his last comfort to the great shipmaster, whom everybody said was queer and testy, yet

who walked into the midst of the deadly fever and daily risked his own life for the sake of others. At last the scourge was over; it had taken with it one-sixth of the people it found in the city, and many who were left were helpless children. To these Girard made himself a second father, and two hundred little boys and girls were provided for by him in an orphan's home. Four years later the scourge returned. It was not so bad this time, for the city was better prepared to care for the sick and check the disease, but Girard came forward just as before, freely giving his service and his wealth as long as they were needed. After that his life of work and money-making went on in the old way, only with still greater success.

In the year that the second war with England broke out he bought the building and most of the stock of the United States Bank of Philadelphia, and began his private banking business, which soon became known as the Girard Bank. He began with a capital of one million and two hundred thousand dollars, which he afterward raised to four millions, and his business became one of the soundest and most respected in the world. Before long, the nation had cause to be thankful for this. In the third year of the war, the Government was in great straits and called to the people for a loan of five millions. Liberal inducements were offered to subscribers by Congress, but the sum could not be raised beyond twenty thousand dollars, until Girard came forward and offered the whole amount. Then the loan became popular, and capitalists began at once to purchase bonds, and Girard allowed them to do so. His biographer says, "He was the very sheet-anchor of the Government credit during the whole of that disastrous war."

Later, he did a good deal toward securing a charter for the second Bank of the United States, and was one of its directors. Many other public enterprises were aided by the wealth and influence of this eccentric old gentleman. He built a number of the most beautiful blocks of buildings in Philadelphia, and subscribed and loaned over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the navigation of the Schuylkill, which has been of great advantage to Philadelphia and the interior of the State. He also subscribed large sums to railroad enterprises, for his whole mind was taken up by the cares of business, and of managing and using his vast fortune, which was worth about nine millions of dollars.

He had a sour, unhappy nature from childhood, which had been increased by personal misfortunes, and was not made brighter either by religion or family ties, for Mrs. Girard—once one of the most beautiful ladies of Philadelphia—died in an insane asylum, without ever having had any children.

Toward the latter part of his life, the great money-holder made careful plans for dividing up his wealth after his death. He left legacies to each of his relatives, to his captains then in service who brought their vessels safely home, to his ap-

prentices and old servants, to Girard College for the education of orphans, to the improvement of the streets and buildings of Philadelphia, to canal navigation in Pennsylvania, to a fund for the distressed masters of ships, and to many different State and city asylums and schools. His public bequests amounted to almost seven millions of dollars, and the private legacies and annuities were several millions more.

His chief legatee was the city of Philadelphia, in trust, and the college was his great bequest. Forty-five acres of land and two millions of dollars, or "more if necessary," were provided for it, and careful directions were laid down as to what it should be and who for. It stands about two miles from Independence Hall, in the northwestern part of the city; great stone walls enclose the large plot of ground, upon which are the beautiful white marble buildings that make up the halls of the college. The great main building was made after Mr. Girard's directions, and is said to be the finest edifice in the Corinthian style of architecture now standing in any part of the world. The college was opened nearly forty years ago and is still managed strictly according to the rules laid down in the will. It is for poor white boys who have no fathers. They can enter between the ages of six and ten; and between fourteen and eighteen are bound or apprenticed to "some suitable occupations, as those of architecture, navigation, arts, mechanical trades, and manufactures." The college is large enough for five hundred boys, and has twenty teachers. Mr. Girard said that he wanted that the boys should be able to adopt whatever form of religion should seem right to them when they had grown to be able to think for themselves; and on that account he stated that no person connected with any religious sect, as any sort of an ordained teacher or minister, should ever be allowed inside the college grounds for any purpose, not even as a visitor. This rule has been always strictly carried out.

Stephen Girard was born at Bordeaux, in France, May 24, 1750. He died in Philadelphia, December 26, 1831.

As during the Revolution the public credit was saved by the wealth and reputation of Robert Morris, and in the War of 1812 by Stephen Girard, so also in another dark hour, our weak and doubtful securities were made good by the great name of **George Peabody**.

This is the story: The famous hard times year of 1837 was one of large changes in business and in all the financial affairs of the United States. There was a black cloud hanging over the standing of the whole nation. It was a very trying time both at home and abroad. America was in disgrace, and American credit was almost gone. Mr. Peabody was then a well-known American merchant who had lately settled in London. His wealth was great and his judgment and

integrity commanded the highest respect. Maryland asked him to help redeem her lost credit and one of the ways he took to do it was to show his own faith in the nation by buying American bonds freely, although he risked losing his fortune by doing so. When foreigners saw that Peabody took a firm stand for the country, many of them resolved to trust it, too; and so it was that he won back the world's faith in the United States' securities, through the reputation of his own integrity. When the storm was over he modestly declined any return for his services.

At this time Mr. Peabody was a neat, plainly-dressed, fine-looking gentleman, about forty years old. He was known as an open-hearted and generous man, but the greatness of his work for others came in later years; now he was an earnest, upright, and industrious banker, making the money which he afterward used for the noblest of gifts.

He came from an able and talented New England family. There had been patriots, thinkers, and scholars among them; but he inherited no money and no position with these finer legacies. He was intended for a business man from the first. So as soon as he could read and write and "cast up accounts," he was thought to be ready to leave school and go to work. Ideas have changed since then about the education of a business man.

George was eleven years old when he went into a grocery store in his native town, Danvers, Massachusetts. In four years he left that place for a wider field; he had begun to show a good deal of talent for business, and thought he could do better in a larger town. He went in his uncle's employ at Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. He was there when the British fleet sailed up the Potomac to attack the United States capital at the beginning of the War of 1812; and was one of the patriotic little band of young men which stepped up at once to defend the city. The fleet only made a threat and Peabody went back to his uncle's store, which was much more to his taste than holding a fort. But this was not because he had a good time in the business. Far from it; for he had a large share of the managing to do, and was weighted with a great deal of care and work, all for very small pay. Still he was careful and faithful, because that was his place and his work.

But by and by a change came. He found that he was going to be responsible for debts he had no part in contracting, so he gave up his position. He was not idle long. An able and wealthy merchant, Mr. Riggs, offered to form a partnership with him in the dry-goods business in Baltimore, Mr. Riggs to supply the money, Mr. Peabody to undertake the management. He was then only nineteen, but his judgment was quick and cautious, clear and sound. He knew how to save and how to spend, and was always careful about little things. His will was firm;

he was energetic, persevering and industrious, punctual and faithful in every engagement. He never made a transaction that was not perfectly honorable. Beside this he was a kind, courteous gentleman to everybody. He could not fail, with these qualities and no bad habits.

The business was a great success; it had branches in many large cities, and both partners became very rich men. Mr. Peabody went to Europe many times to buy goods, and in 1837 he settled in London and carried on an European branch of the business. He bought heavily of British goods, shipped them to America, receiving all kinds of our goods by the return trips of his vessels. These found a ready sale in England. Gradually, when his customers consigned to his firm they not only drew upon him, but often left with him large amounts of money to be held till required, and in this way he soon found himself doing a large banking business. In 1843, when his firm changed its name to that of George Peabody & Co., he made banking his leading business, and the purchase and sale of American securities his specialty. His office became the resort of Americans in London, and Mr. Peabody's countrymen always found there a genial and kindly greeting and plenty of United States newspapers. He spent carefully, though liberally, living in modest bachelor rooms himself and entertaining generously at his club. For many years he gave a grand Fourth of July dinner in memory of American independence, which was attended by the most distinguished Americans and Britons who might be in London at the time.

He was now one of the richest men of his time, and the extent of his business was very large, for in private affairs and in the great crisis in America, he had gained such reputation for strength, courage, and ability in money matters, that immense sums were continually placed in his hands.

But it is not the possession of money or any other power that makes a person truly great; it is the way these are used. George Peabody used his money for the good of others—his people, his country, and his fellow-men in America and Europe. Being a bachelor, he had no family of his own, but he took care of some of his relatives. His hard earnings when he was a boy went to his mother and sisters; and from the time he was twenty-four years old, he had taken the whole of their support on himself. He cheerfully went without things that he might give them comfort and happiness when he was poor; and as his wealth grew, so did his desire to use it for others.

His second public gift was in 1851. Our country was still seeing pretty hard times, and when plans were being made for the Great World's Exhibition in London, Congress either could not or would not provide any means for the American Department. So Mr. Peabody offered to bear all the expense, and gave all the money and attention that was necessary to have our country fitly represented:

The many prizes and high awards that the work of American mechanics and inventors received, and the great interest that was roused in our industries, and the important place that our products took among the supplies of the world prove what a vast loss it would have been to the United States if we had had no Mr. Peabody in London, or at least no exhibit there.

From that time to the end of his life, he was always busy with some great charity. The next year he gave ten thousand dollars to pay the expenses of the second Arctic expedition under command of Dr. Kane in search of Sir John Frank-



GEORGE PEABODY.

lin. This is known as the Grinnell Expedition, because Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, started it by offering the use of his vessel, the *Advance*, for the trip.

In the same year that the Grinnell Expedition went out, the town of Danvers celebrated its one hundredth anniversary; and Mr. Peabody sent it a birthday present of twenty thousand dollars for an institute and library. He added to this gift from time to time until it became over ten times as large as the first sum.

In 1857, after having been away from his country for twenty years, Mr. Peabody came back to the United States. He visited all the places he had lived in before going away, and in Baltimore, where the parent house of the firm of Riggs

& Peabody was established and had done business for many years, he founded a great institute for education. He had been thinking over this plan for many years, and from the first made very careful arrangements to have it a great and noble institution which should be able to keep up with the times and never grow too small for its city. Many years were spent in developing it, and in all, he gave to it over a million of dollars. It is called the Baltimore Institute, or Peabody Institute, and has a large free library, an academy of music, a gallery of art, and rooms for the Maryland Historical Society, to which he also made a large gift of money. The Institute provides free lectures by eminent literary and scientific teachers, in a large hall that will seat a great many people. Mr. Peabody saw this well begun before he left America.

Soon after his return to England this noble-hearted philanthropist gave away another good-sized fortune, to provide the poor hard-working people of London with pleasant, healthful homes and chances for education and improvement. Altogether this gift reached about two million dollars. A great time was made about it in England. The Queen was so grateful that she had her portrait painted on ivory and set in jewels—at a cost of about twenty-five thousand dollars—and presented it to him as a token of how deeply she felt his kindness to her people. She also offered him a baronetcy, which he declined.

The English people showed so much gratitude and paid Mr. Peabody so many honors for this charity that Americans often say that he did more for London than he did for his native country; but this is a great injustice. There are seven towns beside Danvers in the United States—scattered through the East, the West, and the South—to which he either gave or left in his will four hundred and sixty thousand dollars, chiefly for churches, institutes, libraries, or colleges; a hundred and fifty thousand dollars each were given to Harvard and to Yale Colleges, while three millions and a half were placed in a fund for education in the South. This with the one million sixty thousand for the Baltimore Institute and the Maryland Historical Society, the two hundred and fifty thousand for Danvers, the Yale and Harvard bequests, and the gifts to institutions in the seven other towns, the ten thousand on the Arctic Expedition, the five millions willed to Mr. Peabody's relatives and friends, and the two hundred thousand in scattered little gifts, make up about ten millions of his wealth that have been used for the public and private welfare of people in this country, while the whole of his English bequest was two millions five hundred thousand, just one million less than the Southern Educational Fund, alone.

Mr. Peabody began to make almost all his bequests early enough, to see for himself that they were carried out. Many men of great wealth have left money to be given to good causes after their death, with directions for its use—sometimes

to be followed and sometimes to be quarreled over and wasted. Mr. Peabody chose the better way. He put his money where he saw it was needed, and was all the greater in his giving that he did not wait until he could have no use for it himself.

Although he would not accept the baronetcy from the Queen, and all the public honors that both England and America were anxious to pay, no modesty could retire from the place he had in all hearts, and which merit alone can win. When his death came, it was an international loss. The body was laid in state at Westminster Abbey in London, and was afterwards brought to this country in a royal man-of-war, where it was received with the highest respect and buried with national honors.

George Peabody was born in South Danvers, now Peabody, Massachusetts, February 18, 1795. He died in London, England, November 4, 1869.

The great object of the life of **Peter Cooper** was to raise and educate people who have to work for their living. All the latter part of his life—which only closed about three years ago—was spent for this object; and, although he built his Institute and carried out his plans in the city of New York, their benefits extend throughout the whole of the United States.

Peter Cooper's father always believed that his son would "come to something." He had named Peter after the great Apostle, and he expected his boy to live worthy of it. When he was just tall enough for his head to be above the table, he began to help his father, who was a hatter, by pulling the hair out of rabbit-skins. He stayed in this business till he learned every part of the work of making beaver hats; and as he was very eager for an education, he was allowed meanwhile to go to school during half of each day for a year. That was all the schooling he ever had.

When Peter was seventeen his father sold out this business and set up in another. Then he learned all about a brewery and the making of beer. But after awhile he asked his father if he might not leave it and learn something else. Old Mr. Cooper said yes, and the young man bound himself to a New York coach-maker. After he had served his full time—which was until he became of age—his employer offered to build him a shop and set him up in business. "But," he says, "as I always had a horror of being burdened with debt, and having no capital of my own, I declined his kind offer."

It was during this apprenticeship—from the time he was seventeen until he was twenty-one—that he felt most keenly his loss of schooling during his early years. To be sure, he had been all that time receiving another kind of education, for he stepped into manhood with three good trades at his command; but this was not

enough. He knew it, so he bought some books and set about trying to supply what he lacked. But there were few books in those days that helped anybody to teach himself, although they are plentiful now ; and those that he bought were so heavy and learned that he could not understand a good deal of what they contained. He looked about for other help. There were then no evening schools or free schools of any kind, but he finally found a teacher who, for small pay, gave him evening lessons in arithmetic and other branches. It was at this time that he resolved, "If ever I prosper in business so as to acquire more property than I need, I will try to found an institution in New York wherein apprentice-boys and young mechanics shall have a chance to get knowledge in the evening." He never lost sight of this plan, although it was a long time before he began to carry it out.

After his apprenticeship was over, he first found employment in a shop where machines for shearing cloth were made. Here he learned another trade, and saved enough money from his wages to buy the right to make the shearing-machines in New York. At this he grew quite prosperous for those times—which was about the beginning of the second war with England—and felt very much elated after a large sale to find he had five hundred dollars clear profits. What do you think he did with it? Paid his father's debts!

He had a good deal of ingenuity and made some improvement on these machines that was very successful. This business continued large and prosperous until the close of the War of 1812. Then the demand grew smaller and he gave it up.

Finding a small out-of-town grocery business for sale he bought it, and at the age of twenty-three took up another new occupation. The store stood where the Cooper Union now is. This was then some distance above the city, and was surrounded by fields and vacant lots. But Mr. Cooper's object in buying it was not trade. It was property for his Institute he was thinking of. This plot might be out in the country then, but he reckoned that it would be a central spot in the fast-growing city by the time he should be able to build his evening school ; and now the land was cheap, so he bought it, and moved up there with his family—for he was married by this time—and undertook the little grocery business till he made that pay, too.

Before long, he was also the owner of a glue factory, which he soon made the most important in the country. What he had made by building machines and in his new store, enabled him to pay for the glue factory the day he bought it. He was at the same time supporting his aged parents, two sisters, and paying for his brother's education in medicine.

This was thirty years before he began to build the school, but it was the begin-

ning toward it. Whenever he found any of the adjoining pieces of ground for sale and could spare the money, he added them to the first plot, until, in 1854, he owned the whole block on Astor Place, where Third and Fourth Avenues meet.

Meanwhile, the glue and isinglass business prospered, and their owner entered into other enterprises. In 1828—about fourteen years after he moved up town—



PETER COOPER.

he became interested in Baltimore property. There was great excitement in the "Monumental City" then, roused by the promise that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad would soon be finished. Peter Cooper bought three thousand acres of land within the city limits for one hundred and five thousand dollars, hoping, like the others who invested at that time, that great things would come out of the new road. But this was a very costly enterprise. Before the first year was

passed all the money subscribed for the road was used and the stockholders seemed likely to lose all they had put in, and refused to supply any more. It was then that Cooper's inventive genius did great service. He asked the gentlemen to hold on a little and he would show them a steam-engine that might be used upon the road. He then designed and built the first locomotive engine made in America.

He says: "This locomotive was built to show that cars could be drawn around short curves, beyond anything believed possible. Its success proved that railroads could be built in a country scarce of capital and with immense stretches of very rough country to pass, in order to connect commerce centers, without the deep cuts, the tunneling, and leveling which short curves might avoid."

The locomotive was a success, and saved the great Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from being bankrupt at the outset and abandoned. But this did not bring Cooper any immediate use or return for the Baltimore land. Until the city recovered from the check in its prosperity that was likely to be of scarcely any value; so he made up his mind to build a rolling-mill upon it.

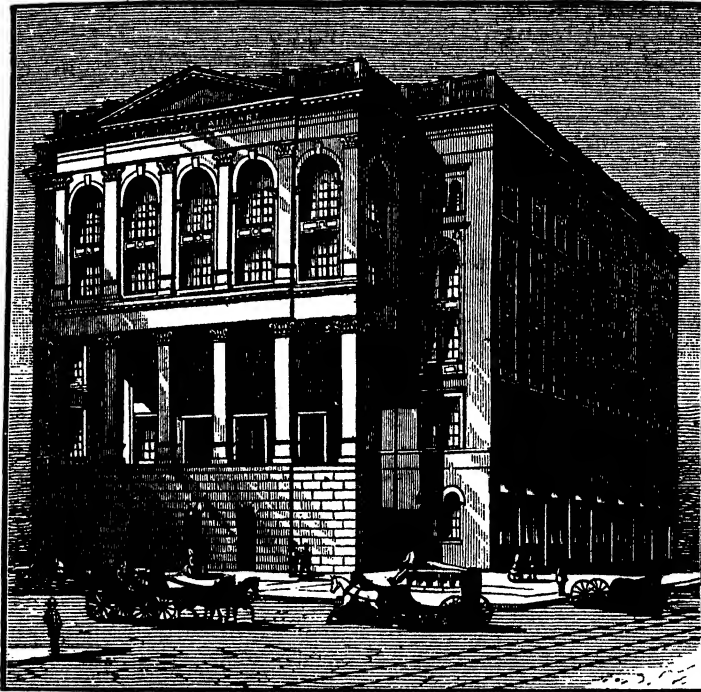
He set to work upon this plan at once, and before long the Canton Iron Works were very prosperous and widely known, for in them many great improvements were first made in the process of the blast-furnace. They were afterwards removed to Trenton, and for many years brought immense profit to Mr. Cooper, as they now do to his heirs.

During all this time Mr. Cooper had continued in the North the manufacture of glue, isinglass, oil, prepared chalk, and Paris white; the grinding of white lead, and the fulling of buckskins for the manufacture of buckskin leather. But his time was not all given to these, numerous as they were. There was scarcely any great work of public improvement or philanthropy that he was not interested in, and helping along. He was one of the first to aid and encourage building telegraph lines in this country, and for eighteen years he was President of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company. Governor De Witt Clinton found him one of his best helpers in forwarding the Erie Canal scheme, and when the question came up of how the boats should be propelled, Cooper invented an endless chain arrangement with which experiments were tried before the Governor and a distinguished party of canal men. It was not then made use of, but has since been adopted to pass boats through the locks.

In New York City he served in public offices upon the Boards of Assistants and of Aldermen. He drew together the old Public School Society and did a great deal for the common schools, which has since been followed up by the Board of Education, with many vast improvements on the old system.

In 1854 his plans were ready and his means large enough to begin his long-

thought-of night school. But he made it much more than that, and established the Cooper Institute, with the purpose that it should be "*forever* devoted to the improvement and instruction of the inhabitants of the United States in practical science and art." He not only gave to it a great deal of money, but time and thought, and ever so much hard work right in the building. He was there a great deal of the time, constantly altering and adding to it wherever he saw im-



COOPER UNION.

provements wanting. It is the finest free school of its kind in the country, and will remain a monument to him forever. Over two thousand pupils attend it every year, coming from all parts of the United States.

The erect, well-built figure of the founder, and his pleasant, kindly face in its frame of snowy-white hair were familiar sights to the students for almost thirty years, for he lived to be ninety-two—active, hale and hearty, constantly adding to the long list of his good deeds for others.

Peter Cooper was born February 12, 1791, in New York City, where he died on the 4th of April, 1883.

EMINENT DIVINES.

ONE of the first great Christian ministers and preachers in America was **John Eliot**, who will always be known as the Apostle of the Indians. This honorable title was won by his devotion and success in teaching and converting the red men of New England.

He came to this country, from England, when he was twenty-seven years old, and it was here that he preached and wrote and taught throughout his long life. His parents were very devoted Christians, and he himself said that his first years "were seasoned with the fear of God, the Word, and prayer."

He was thoroughly educated at the University of Cambridge, where he was considered a good student and an able scholar. He showed a special fondness for the study of languages, and this taste was of service to him in later years, when he undertook the great work of translating the Bible into the Indian tongue.

Mr. Eliot belonged to a family of English Puritans, and when he made up his mind to become a minister his heart was drawn toward the Puritan colony in the New World; so he decided to leave his home and come to work among them. Among his fellow-passengers in the long sailing voyage to this country were the wife and children of John Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts.

He preached first for a church in Boston, and afterwards for one in Roxbury; but though successful and popular in both those places, it was not in them, but by his work among the Indians, that he became famous. From his first entrance into this new, wild, and almost unknown country, he had been interested in the welfare of the savages that then occupied the land. They were very ignorant and uncivilized. They roamed over the country and had no settled homes. They lived almost entirely by hunting and fishing, and knew very little about farming, and nothing of the useful trades and arts, such as house-building, cloth-weaving, or road-building, while the very words "education" and "religion" as we understand them were unknown to them. They lived in rude tents, called wigwams, and were only half-covered by the animal skins they wore for clothes.

Their only religion was made up of superstitions about dead people; their chiefs or sachems were often men a little more cunning and shrewd than the other Indians, who used their power to abuse and deceive their followers. John Eliot saw their degradation and longed to convert them to Christianity and to civilize them.

Finally he resolved to give up his regular and—for a Puritan pastor—his comfortable position in Roxbury to go into the wilderness and minister to them. But before doing this he spent a great deal of time and patient work upon learning the Indian language, in order to be able to speak to the savages in their own tongue, to have them feel that he understood them and was almost one of them. It is believed that he came to know this language far better than any white man who ever lived, and his great feat of putting it into written words and letters was a wonderful piece of work. He not only translated the whole of the Bible into the Indian language, but he made an Indian grammar to help others to get acquainted with the strange language of the first Americans. At the end of the grammar he wrote, "Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything."

Many of the Indians were glad to listen to Eliot's preaching, and gathered about him, eager to hear all that he said and to see all that he did. In the quaint old records of his work, there are many stories of the curious questions they asked him. One Indian wanted to know if Jesus Christ could understand prayer in the Indian language, and another asked how all the world became full of people if they were once all drowned.

But the grand old missionary did not find all ready to bid him welcome. There was great opposition to him and his teachings among some of the red men, so that he was in great dangers for his life in staying among them. John Eliot needed to be the brave man that he was to face the experiences he endured. Often the Indian chiefs did all they could to put difficulties in his way, by hindering him from carrying out his work and to scare him into giving it up, because they were afraid of losing their power through his influence. He made long journeys alone on foot through the wilderness, and bore all the hardships of hunger and danger and exposure, without a word of complaint, even cheerfully, saying, "I am about the work of God, I need not fear."

One of Eliot's dearest hopes was to establish towns for the men and women he had taught to believe in Christianity, where they might leave their old savage life, and dwell more as civilized people do. He did not wish to have these towns, when they were finally founded, too near the English settlements. It would be better, he thought, for them to be by themselves, and to learn to live according to their own understanding of religion rather than to copy the ways of any of the

white people. He obtained tracts of land for his "praying Indians," as they were called, and he taught them to raise crops, and pursue other peaceful industries.

His first town was settled at Natick, Massachusetts, in the year 1660; and the meeting-house built there was the first ever raised by Protestants for the use of American Indians. The Jesuits already had several stations along the St. Lawrence and the great lakes. Eliot also established a government in at least thirteen other little communities, all on purely religious principles, aiming to make the Bible their only law-book.

In 1663 his complete translation of the Bible was published. Only two editions were ever printed. Indian disturbances and wars came on that greatly interfered with the great missionary's efforts. In about eight years the bloody struggle known as King Philip's War began, and through the unfairness and cruelty of the whites all missionary work among the tribes was now in vain. It is believed that there were about five thousand "praying Indians" in America at this time.

Eliot did all he could to save his converts from the injustices of the colonists, but the feeling against all Indians was very bitter, and many of them were sold into slavery.

He was now an old man, and his life-work was destroyed. Still he kept on hoping that some one would yet contrive to bring about the salvation and civilization of the Indian race, and he was comforted by the thought of the souls he believed already saved.

For some time after he became too feeble to preach, he continued writing religious books, anxious that to the very last his life should be a useful one in the great calling of saving the souls of men.

John Eliot was born at Nasing, Essex County, England, in 1604. He died at Roxbury, Massachusetts, on the 20th of May, 1690.

Increase Mather was one of a famous family of early New England preachers. His father was an English Puritan preacher, his brothers were preachers, and in the prime of his own life he saw his son Cotton one of the most noted of all the Puritan clergymen. He was a lad of seventeen, just graduated from Harvard College, when the honored John Eliot was past middle life and his work among the Indians almost over.

Mather was a studious young man, and clever, but an education at Harvard College meant much less then than it does now. The great school, like the country, was young then, and did not teach nearly so many things, nor so thoroughly, as it does now—for no matter how bright a boy might be, it would be impossible for him to graduate there now by the time he was seventeen years old.

The year after Increase Mather finished his college course he began to preach in Massachusetts, but he went to the mother country to assist a brother of his, who was settled as a clergyman in Dublin, Ireland. After four years' stay, he returned to America, with a good deal more knowledge and experience than when he left it, and began preaching in a church in Boston.

Dr. Mather was a patriot as well as a clergyman. At this time Charles II. was King of England, and as those were the days when all New England was made up of British colonies, he had authority over it. King Charles was not a good monarch; he was a selfish man, and, to raise more money for his own use, began to interfere with the rights of the American Colonies by taking away some of their liberties and making them pay heavier taxes than they were then doing. Dr. Mather was fair and honest-minded; he said this was unjust, and, as he had a wide influence over the people, he did a great deal to oppose the king, and to make the people of Massachusetts careful of their rights. When the trouble between them and the king kept on, Dr. Mather went to England as their agent, to try and show the king and his ministers how wrongly the Americans were being treated and to get him to be more just to them. He succeeded very well, and when he came back there was a day of thanksgiving appointed, in which all the colonists joined in thanking God for his safe return and for the good he had done them in England.

Our regular Thanksgiving Day began way back in these times. This is a holiday all our own, for no other country has just such a day, just such a good time as we on the last Thursday in November. The first Thanksgiving was held for a whole week in the autumn of 1621, about ten months after the Pilgrims landed, and after that it was the custom to hold them whenever the people felt that they had anything to be especially thankful for. Sometimes there would be two or three in a year, and again there would be none for several years. But gradually, after about the year 1660—twenty-five years before Dr. Mather's visit to the King of England—the Colonies came to hold a regular Thanksgiving festival every autumn, sometimes in August and sometimes as late as December; and in addition to these, there were special days of thanksgiving proclaimed like this one, all of which the people were commanded by law to keep faithfully. Special fast-days were also set by the Governor, for the people to pray to have great needs supplied or trials removed.

The Pilgrims had come to this country to be by themselves in a land where they could worship God as seemed to them right, not according to the rites of the Established Church, as the laws of England commanded; they were very plain and rigid in their ideas of what true religion is, and were also extremely strict in the ordering of their lives. Very few of them believed that any other way than their

own was right. Their religion was the one great matter of their lives, and those who did not believe as they did were considered by many as "servants of the Evil One," which was a terrible thing. Little was known of science and the natural wonders that are now perfectly understood, and if people seemed to have extraordinary power in attracting the liking of others, or were more successful than their neighbors in almost any way, they were more than likely to be accused of having the "Evil Spirit" in them, and of being called witches. Odd and lonely old people were especially dreaded on this account. There was great excitement about this in New England at one time, and many poor, innocent men and women were imprisoned and actually hung for witchcraft, for it was declared that they had the power and the will to charm others and that they would do them no end of evil if they were allowed to live. The greatest of this excitement came up during Dr. Mather's life. But he had no part in it. He had too broad and fair a mind to believe in any such things, and he spoke very strongly against the cruelties which the people were ready to practice on the poor old women whom they thought were witches. He wrote a book about it that had a good deal of influence, and certainly saved many people's lives.

He became President of Harvard College when he was forty-two years old, and both as the head of that famous institution and as a minister he held a very high rank among the people of the New England Colonies. His books, which were upon religious matters and politics, were very many and important; and for his great learning he received the first degree of Doctor of Divinity ever given to a man in this country.

He was both able and devout, and a good speaker, often preaching without notes, though at that time most ministers read their sermons.

Increase Mather was born at Portchester, Massachusetts, on the 21st of January, 1639. He died in Boston on the 23d of August, 1723.

Cotton Mather, brought up in the strict, religious household of his devout and honored father, was very pious from his earliest youth. When he was a school-boy he would pray with his playmates and try and get them to be good. When he was fourteen he began for himself to observe days of fasting and prayer. These were not only the regular fast-days that all the New Englanders kept at that time, but other days about which he told no one, and during which he repented of his sins and prayed God to help him to forsake them.

He was sedate and studious, and, of course, went to Harvard College, as soon as he was prepared. His classmates and his teachers thought him very bright and unusually well educated, and so he was for a New Englander of those times. It seems very strange to us to learn that he went through the course there and

graduated by the time he was fifteen, which is a younger age than any student can now enter.

He studied theology for some time after leaving college, and then was ordained minister to the same church where his father preached ; the two men, father and son, worked together in this church for many years.

Dr. Cotton Mather was a man of great learning and was also very fond of



COTTON MATHER.

reading. He had the largest library then in America, read continually, and had a wonderful memory. He thought it was such a pity to waste time in common talk that he wrote over his study door: "Be Short," so as to prevent people staying too long when they came to see him. Still his manner was not rude or cross, as this might make one think ; he was kind and gentle, and was an uncommonly

interesting talker ; he had more fun in him than most Puritans, and even liked to joke a little.

All his learning and good feeling did not keep him, however, from believing much too easily almost everything that was told him. He did not understand different sorts of people and had not good judgment in dealing with them. These faults made him much less wise than his father when the excitement about witches began. Like many other clergymen of his time, he believed the stories that were told about witchcraft and charms and unseen power working evil among men. Though the New England people were noted for honesty and religion, they were in some things superstitious and unchristian, and Cotton Mather, learned and thoughtful though he was, joined in the general belief that various persons were witches, and that they did things to hurt others ; that they made some folks lame and others sick without ever going near them, and that they caused the cows to go dry and the houses to burn down in the same way. Every misfortune that came was laid to the power of some witch.

Of course the poor people who were called witches could no more do these things than any one else, but their neighbors believed they did and that the devil helped them, and so many cruel and wicked things were done to them. Sometimes they were even killed. The clergymen were often as much deceived as any others, and actually believed these foolish stories, and took part against the poor, helpless persons accused of witchcraft. Among them no one was more cruel than Cotton Mather, for he thought that in persecuting them he was punishing the devil. Still it seems certain that if he had tried to feel more as Christ felt toward everybody, even sinners, if he had loved them and felt sorry for them, it would have kept him from burning and hanging and torturing his fellow-creatures.

He was even more deceived about them and more in earnest to have them punished than were the most of people ; and when others began to feel that perhaps they were unjust and doing wrong in being so cruel, Dr. Mather tried very hard—though in vain—to still keep up the popular feeling of persecution.

This is the only blot on the great man's memory ; and in thinking of it we must remember that many other good people acted then as he did, because they thought it right. They actually believed that there were witches, that there were people who had ceased to be real men and women, but had become other beings, filled with the devil, or a wicked spirit, against whom the Bible has many commands. That was less than two centuries ago, and yet now everybody knows that there are no such things as witches.

In some other things, Dr. Mather was a progressive man—even with the times, as we say. It was in his day that inoculation was discovered in the East, as a means of preventing people from having the small-pox. He was one of the first

to realize the value of this discovery, and laid it before famous old Dr. Boylston and other New England physicians of his time. He also did much to persuade people to be inoculated and so stop the spread of this terrible disease. He was always benevolent and kind to the poor when he did not think they were witches.

He wrote many books; the principal one has a Latin title, "*Magnolia Christa Americana*," and one edition of it was printed as late as 1855.

Cotton Mather was born the 12th of February, 1663, in Boston, where he died on the 13th of February, 1728.



JONATHAN EDWARDS.

One of the greatest of New England clergymen, and, in some respects, the greatest of all American thinkers, was **Jonathan Edwards**. He was what is called a metaphysician, or a scholar learned in the philosophy of the mind; and it is said that few people so great as he in this deep and difficult science have ever lived. His mind was uncommonly powerful, from the time he was a little child—the only boy among twelve sisters. He was only six years old when he began to study Latin; at ten he read Locke's essay on the Human Understanding; and although this is a work that most grown people find too hard to comprehend, it gave little Jonathan as much delight as boys of his age nowadays feel in the stories in the *Youth's Companion* or *Golden Days*.

When he was thirteen years old he entered Yale College. In addition to the

regular course he took up some deep studies on his own account, carrying on both successfully and graduating before he was seventeen.

Although his father was a minister and a devout man of rare learning for an American two hundred years ago, and Jonathan had always been very religious, he did not feel that he really became a Christian until during the last year at college. Then, he said, the whole universe seemed changed to him; he resolved to become a minister; and, staying on in New Haven after he graduated, he spent the next two years in studying theology. At the age of nineteen he was licensed to preach, and began his first work in a small Presbyterian church in New York City. He still kept up his studies, and, not long after receiving the degree of Master of Arts, he was appointed to be a tutor at his old college of Yale. Although not yet much over twenty years of age, he was already becoming known, and in a short time he was called away from New Haven to become an assistant clergyman to his grandfather, the Reverend Solomon Stoddard, in a Congregationalist church in Northampton, Massachusetts.

Old Mr. Stoddard had been pastor of that church for more than fifty years, and now the charge of it was passed into the hands of his promising young grandson. Here Edwards married Sarah Pierrepont, a sweet young Puritan, who will always be spoken of with the greatest respect, for she was one of the purest, most high-minded, and noblest women that ever lived; and here he labored with earnestness and devotion for twenty-three years.

It was not an easy, but it was a happy, earnest, useful life, that flowed smoothly on, until one day Dr. Edwards spoke out to his people what had been in his mind for some time—he refused to overlook in the rich and influential people wrongdoing which is forbidden to all church-members, and said plainly that he could not permit those whose lives were inconsistent and unchristian to take places in the church as if they were all that they professed to be. Many in his congregation were very angry, and a long and bitter quarrel arose. Finally he was forced to leave the church, with a large family and no means of support. But there were friends in Scotland who sympathized with him and sent him money, while Mrs. Edwards and her daughters did sewing and sent beautiful handiwork to Boston, where it was sold and added to the scant income from his new field of work, for of course Mr. Edwards was not idle. He had soon been asked to go as a missionary to the Stockbridge Indians in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, and was laboring there as devotedly as in the Northampton parish, although it did not support his family as well.

One good thing in this change was that it gave him more time to study and write, and it was really as a writer that he had the greatest power. He did not have a very good voice for public speaking, and he was thin and not particularly

pleasing in his looks, except as people liked the earnestness, the gentleness, and goodness they saw there; and, though he was not an orator, they loved to hear him preach because he understood so well what he believed and told it to them so clearly and forcibly.

While in Berkshire County he found time to write his great book on "The Freedom of the Will," which has made him famous ever since, and has been read by the most learned men both here and in Europe. He studied very hard at this time, spending usually thirteen hours a day with his books and manuscripts. Then when his health was threatened by this confinement he would take long horseback rides, and study and read and pray in the woods. His wife was very devoted to him, and wanted him to have all his time for his sermons and his books, and so she attended to all the business of the house herself, and did not let people interrupt him about little things.

Mr. Edwards was not content to believe in his religion in any half-hearted way. He believed in it more than in anything else in the world. He felt sure that people who followed the teachings of the New Testament would be saved from everlasting distress, and that people who did not would lose eternal happiness; and he felt so dreadfully to think that people whom he knew and preached to should be punished through all eternity for their sins, that at times the thought almost crazed him. He would walk the floor through long hours of the night weeping over the unconverted members of his flock and praying for them.

People who were in trouble, or anxious about the sins they had committed, or wished to inquire the way to become Christians, always found a sympathetic friend and a wise adviser in him. There were many such people to gather around him, and men and women often came long distances to see him.

In those days ministers had more arguments with each other than they do now. One minister, thinking one way, would write out his views or preach them, and some other minister who did not altogether agree with him would reply and say what he thought; then the first one would answer back; and thus they would go on in long debates, each trying to convince the other of what he thought true, and also trying to bring every one interested in the discussion to his way of thinking. In these arguments even ministers often lost their tempers and really came to have ill-feeling toward those who did not agree with them.

Mr. Edwards, being known as an eminent divine and a great thinker, often took part in such debates as these; but he was far too Christ-like a gentleman to allow himself to be rude to his opponents, and although he tried hard to prove the truth of his belief and to make others see it as he did, he always treated his opponents politely. When they were unkind to him he did not get angry, but did good for evil. This now does him as much honor as all his religious writings.

When he was past fifty years old the death of his son-in-law, the Reverend Aaron Burr, left Princeton College without a president, and he was called to fill the place. He did not want to go, for a quiet life in which he could read and study and write seemed much better to him than the honor of being a college president, but he felt that he ought to accept a place that would give him so many chances to do good.

Mr. Edwards only held this position for five weeks. Soon after he accepted it he was taken sick with the small-pox, and died in a very short time. His last words were, "Trust in God and ye need not fear."

Jonathan Edwards was born at East Windsor, Connecticut, on the 5th of October, 1703. He died in Princeton, New Jersey, on the 22d of March, 1758.

When the Continental Congress declared the American Colonies independent of Great Britain, there was one clergyman in their midst, **John Witherspoon**, a Scotchman, who fixed his name to the great paper with as much devotion as if he had been born and bred in the most patriotic of New England families. Yet he had only been in America ten years. He had come here when he was over forty years old, as an eminent Presbyterian clergyman and scholar, in answer to an invitation to become president of Princeton College.

He was a native of the Scottish Lowlands and was of fine old stock, for the great John Knox was his ancestor. At the age of fourteen he entered the famous University of Edinburgh and there studied until he was twenty-one, for in those days the course of study and the teaching of those old schools far outstripped the standard of the little American colleges. The finest scholars in the world went there to study, and a student must be very able indeed to become noted among them; yet while Witherspoon was studying theology he actually astonished his teachers when they found how much he had thought about different matters in theology, how deep and wise his understanding of them was, and how clearly he was able to express himself about them.

In the first two churches that he had charge of after he entered the university, he soon made such a reputation by his preaching and writing that he had calls to go to several foreign countries. He was invited to Dublin and to Rotterdam about the same time that the trustees of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, asked him to become its President. Both the other places offered would have given him more money, pleasanter surroundings, and friends of more wealth, learning, and importance, than the new little college of New Jersey could afford. But Dr. Witherspoon thought that he could do more good in this country than in learned Dublin or wealthy Rotterdam; so here he came and settled in the little out-of-the-way New Jersey village. He was so well known for piety and learning

even here—far as it was from where he had been living—that as soon as he took charge of the college a great many new students began to go to it from all parts of the Colonies. He was a great and successful worker, and his labors soon began to tell in the college. Money and students poured into it, so that by the time the Revolution began it was in a very flourishing condition.

But this great event turned the thoughts of all our people, young and old, from the education and future of the rising generation to the great needs and perils of the present; throughout the length and breadth of the land, schools and colleges were almost forgotten, Princeton with the rest. Many of her young men went into the army, and her patrons gave all the money they could raise to the Government to help buy powder and lead and guns to fight the English with. Dr. Witherspoon himself joined in with the patriots. The citizens of New Jersey were so sure of his wisdom and his loyalty to his adopted country that they sent him to the convention called to make their State Constitution. Here he did so well, showing that he understood statesmanship as well as theology, that he was sent to the Continental Congress, where he signed the Declaration of Independence. But while he was busy with State and National politics he did not lay aside the ministry. He always thought that to preach the Gospel was the highest privilege a man could have.

As soon as the country was once more at peace, he went back to Princeton to again help to build up his beloved college. Many people thought that if he would go to England and Scotland he could get a good deal of money to help the work along, from people who were interested in America and who wanted to help educate its youth. He thought himself that it was too soon after the war for the British people to want to do anything for the United States; but on the advice of his friends he went. It proved that he was right, for, although he raised a little money for the college, the journey was an unprofitable one.

After he came back, the rest of his life was spent in Princeton, quietly at work, teaching and preaching and writing. During the last two years he was blind, but he was often led to the pulpit, where he preached with all his usual ease and power.

John Witherspoon was born in Tester, Scotland, February 5, 1722. He died in Princeton, New Jersey, November 15, 1794.

Timothy Dwight, one of the greatest of American theologians, was a grandson of Jonathan Edwards. His mother was Mr. Edwards's daughter, and Dr. Dwight always thought that he owed more to his mother's good influence over him when he was a child than to any other one earthly thing. Mrs. Dwight was not only a good and pious woman, but she had a fine mind, and was so well

educated that she taught her son through all his early years. He was a very bright child and learned so easily that when he was four years old he could read the Bible very well. He was sent to Yale College when he was fourteen, and there, away from the influence of his good mother, he was for a time led into idleness and wrong-doing. But he soon found that it is neither pleasant nor profitable to misbehave, and so he gave up his newly learned evil ways and began to study hard to make up for lost time.

After he graduated he taught school in New Haven for awhile, and even when teaching was so anxious to keep on learning himself that he studied eight hours a day.

When he was nineteen years old he was chosen to be a tutor in Yale College, and he kept that position for six years.

After the Declaration of Independence was adopted by the Continental Congress, and the news of it spread to New Haven, Dwight—then twenty years old—procured a copy of the great document, read it over, and made a speech to the students about the important step which Congress had taken. He spoke with great wisdom and foresight of the future of this country. The Colonies, or the United States as they were to be called, were very small and held but few people then, but, said Mr. Dwight, the growth of the country will be enormous; and he even foretold the manner in which certain States, such as Texas and California, would come under the authority of the republic then making its first bold effort to become an independent government.

About this time Mr. Dwight began to attract the attention of learned and thoughtful people by his knowledge of the Bible and his taste and eloquence in talking and writing about it. While he was a tutor at Yale he wrote an epic poem called "The Conquest of Canaan." He was noted as a fine teacher of mathematics, but he was even more interested in studying and teaching oratory and rhetoric. He did not understand taking care of his health, but worked so hard, teaching and studying, and took so little exercise out-of-doors that his health broke down, and it seemed for awhile that he would never be able to do much more. He began to think about taking care of his body now, and to try and do what was good for himself, and in a year or so he was well again. After that serious lesson he never again neglected his health, but took care to keep as well and strong as he could, so that he was able to work for the next forty years.

During the second year of the Revolution he married, and was also licensed to preach by the Congregationalist Church. His first work as a minister was in the army, where he was made chaplain to one of the brigades in General Putnam's division of the Continental forces. While in the army he wrote several patriotic songs; one of them, called "Columbia," was once quite celebrated.

He was called away from the war by the death of his father. His mother was now aged, and he was her chief comfort and support; he thought it right to stay with her, and for several years his life was spent on the old homestead near Northampton; he worked on the farm, read and studied, and once in awhile preached in the neighboring villages. He was a man of so much learning and wisdom and ability that his neighbors felt that he ought to have a more prominent place before the world than this, so they elected him to the Massachusetts Legislature. He proved a wise law-maker, but his life was devoted to the ministry, and



TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

he soon wanted to leave political affairs and go back to preaching. Instead of settling again on the farm, he accepted a call to a church at Greenfield, Connecticut, where he received a salary of five hundred dollars a year. This would now seem a small sum for any good clergyman, yet a hundred years ago it was all that this great man could command, scholar, preacher, and writer though he was.

As he had now a large family of children to bring up and educate, he opened a school in which he could teach them and by having other pupils make a little money to add to his income at the same time. He stayed in Greenfield for twelve years, teaching and preaching and earnestly trying to do all the good he could.

During this time his poem, the "Conquest of Canaan," which he had written so many years before, was published for the first time. Soon after he published another poem, called "Greenfield Hill," from the hill where his school-house stood. Both of these added to his reputation as a skilled literary scholar and gave him a place among American poets.

Dr. Dwight's great talent was for teaching young people. After awhile this became known beyond the little Connecticut village, and he was called to leave Greenfield Hill and become president of Yale College. He was asked to undertake even more than that, and while he stood at the head of the college, he was also Professor of Theology in the Divinity School.

For five years, near the close of his life, he spent his summer vacations in traveling through New York and the New England States. There were then no steamboats or railroads. Sometimes people journeyed in their own carriages or rode their own horses, and sometimes they went in public stage-coaches that charged a fare as railroads do now; but whatever was the conveyance, travelers could go no faster on land than horses could take them, or on water than men could row or the wind could blow their sails. So, to travel even a little took a great deal of time and also patience and endurance.

Dr. Dwight traveled far more than most men did at that time; when he got as far west as Utica, New York, it was thought wonderful that anybody, but especially a man of his years, should see so much of the world.

He wrote about all he saw, and published a description of his wanderings that filled four volumes, and were among the most important books on America brought out during the early part of this century. Dr. Dwight gave a great deal of time to writing in the later years of his life, only laying aside the pen toward the very last months. His character was full of faith and humility, and, although he had been such a good and useful man all his life, he sorrowed that he had not been better and done more for Christ and for his fellow-men.

Dr. Dwight was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 14th of May, 1752. He died at New Haven, Connecticut, on the 11th of January, 1817.

About four months before the War of 1812 broke out in this country against Great Britain, the first American missionary party to India was made up, and sailed for Calcutta. Among them was **Adoniram Judson**, a young man of twenty-four years, who had been ordained a minister in the Congregational Church, just two weeks before. He and his young wife were the leading members of the devout and zealous little band. He had been the means of bringing about their undertaking by writing a letter to the Congregational Society in Massachusetts, saying that he and five other young men wanted to go and preach to

the heathen, and asking advice about how to set about it. Soon after receiving this letter the society formed the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and Mr. Judson was sent to talk the matter over with the London Missionary Society, and to see if they would aid the Americans.

Although young, he was already fitted for the work to which he had offered himself. His father, a Congregationalist clergyman in Massachusetts, had taken great care to train him to become a good and useful man. His mother, too, gave a great deal of time to his education. She taught him to read when he was only three years old, and took much pains to turn his interests in the right direction. Even then he learned remarkably quickly and easily. His first reading-book was the Bible. When only a half-grown lad, he was ready for college, and went to the one at Providence, Rhode Island, which is now called Brown University. When he was a little boy he used to like to play that he was a preacher; and standing in a chair for a pulpit he would deliver long sermons to other children. He would go through all the service as he saw his father do at church, but when the time for singing came, he almost always chose the same hymn—one whose first line is "Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord."

By the time Adoniram was nineteen he graduated from college with the highest honors. But instead of planning to be a minister, as he had wanted to be when he was a child, he was for some time uncertain about the truth of the Christian religion. He thought a great deal about it, and there seemed to him many reasons why he could not believe it. In this state of mind he thought it would be a good thing to go to the Andover Theological Seminary and try to learn from the teachers there what evidence there was that Christianity was the only true religion. The Andover professors welcomed him, for they were sure that any one who was honestly trying to learn the truth would soon become a Christian. They were not disappointed in Mr. Judson. Soon all doubt left his mind. In six weeks he was converted, and soon resolved to become a minister himself.

From the first he wanted to go to heathen countries as a missionary. His interest in foreign missions helped to make some other students think about the need of doing good to the heathen, and not long after they offered themselves to the work the first foreign missionary society in America was formed.

The Miss Hasseltine who married Mr. Judson was a lovely Christian woman, who was as much interested in missions as he was. After her marriage she became one of the most celebrated, devout, and successful missionaries the world has ever had.

With this helpful wife, and with another devout minister and his wife, who were also going to work in the missionary cause, Mr. Judson started for India to preach the Gospel to those who had never heard of Christ.

On the voyage Mr. and Mrs. Judson, through their own studies, changed their opinions about baptism. They became convinced that to be immersed was the only true way to unite with the Christian Church, and that they were no longer Congregationalists, but Baptists. So, very soon after their vessel arrived at Calcutta, they were immersed and joined a Baptist church. The influence of this step extended to America, and, with other things, awakened a new feeling here in regard to missions, and led to the forming of the American Baptist Missionary Union, which has been a powerful society for the spreading of the Gospel in many lands.

Mr. Judson soon went to Burmah, where he worked many years, doing everything he could to teach the nations about Christianity, and to convert them to believing in God and Christ. His first convert was baptized about a month after he began preaching, and it made him very glad to feel that he had really begun to succeed. All the time he diligently studied the Burmese language, translating into it passages of Scripture and other writings that taught the natives the Christian religion. He obtained a printing-press, and printed copies of the Gospel of Matthew, which he gave out among the people.

He and his wife had to endure many hardships; in writing about him afterwards Mrs. Judson told how unpleasant it was for him to bear the dirty, rude habits of the native people among whom he worked and lived. He was always a very fastidious, neat, orderly person. While he did not care what his clothes were made of, or how old-fashioned they might be, they had to be clean, if he washed them himself. But when he chose this life he expected to take whatever it might bring of personal unpleasantness or discomfort, and year after year he labored devotedly on.

After a while he had gathered a church of eighteen members, while the interest and friendship of many other natives had been won by the helpful kindness and other good traits of character they saw in the Christian missionary and his followers. He was just getting well established, when a war broke out between the East India Company and Burmah which brought great distress and danger to the foreigners in the land. At that time Dr. Judson was at Ava, the capital; the Burmese officers went to his house, seized him and, binding him with chains, carried him off to prison. For two years he was kept in this wretched condition, not only away from his work, but cruelly treated and neglected. He was barely saved by Mrs. Judson from dying of hunger and suffering. She begged the king's favor and made presents to him, and was sometimes allowed to visit her poor husband and take things to him. At last he was set free, and began a new mission at Amherst. Before long he was again called to Ava to act as interpreter—the same errand that took him there before—and this time met with another afflic-

tion. Mrs. Judson, worn out with work and one attack of fever after another, died while he was away.

The next dozen years were spent in very hard but successful ministering and preaching. In the city of Maulmein he was often seen in public preaching and reading the Scriptures to any who would stop to listen. Many gathered about him, and a great deal of knowledge was spread among the people in this way. Meanwhile Mr. Wade, another missionary, did the same thing in another part of the town, and together they formed quite a little church among the natives, although there was such strong opposition to Christianity that it took a great deal of courage for the Burmese to leave their people and acknowledge themselves of the missionaries' religion.

In addition to his labors in the city, Dr. Judson made several trips into the country, and lent his powerful aid to many branches of the good work; but soon after he reached the age of fifty he began to have a great deal of trouble in bad health. He made several changes, but finally, in 1845, he left Burmah with his whole family. There was now a new Mrs. Judson, who was the widow of Dr. Boardman, and a great and noble woman. She had been for many years earnest and active in mission work in Burmah with her first husband, but now she was in bad health and her life, it was thought, could only be saved by returning at once to America. Even this was in vain; she died at sea, and, leaving her buried on the island of St. Helena, her husband came on to America with his motherless children.

It was thirty-four years since he had left home. The people who remembered him as a fair-faced young student of twenty-four, now saw a middle-aged man, so tanned that he was almost as dark as a native of the sunny land from which he had come. If the people who remembered him when he left them were surprised at the change time had made in him, so also was he surprised at many great changes in the land and the people he had left. The greatest difference he saw was in the way Christian people had grown to feel about foreign missions. When he had gone away few persons took any interest in them, and many did not believe in them; when he came back he found all the churches eager to do all they could to make Christians of the heathen. Besides this, he was surprised to find that he and his work were so well known that thousands of people were eager to see and hear him.

He stayed here less than a year and then went back to Burmah, with the celebrated writer, "Fanny Forrester"—whose real name had been Miss Emily Chubbuck—for his wife. But he was not to work there much longer. In a few years his health failed, and he died while trying to regain it so as to be able to go on with the missionary work which he loved above almost anything else in the world.

But he had already done so much that it did not stop with his death. He left many native Christians, anxious to lead their countrymen, a number of good native teachers and pastors whom he had trained, a Burmese Bible, and other good books, and a large Burmese-English dictionary that was not quite finished. With these the good work was started to go on forever.

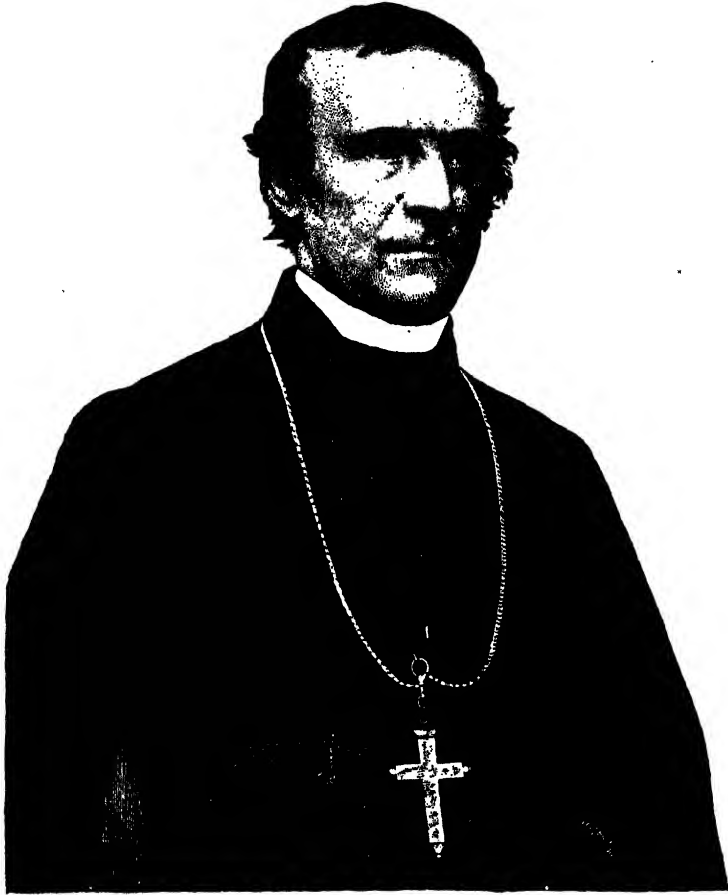
Mr. Judson was born in Malden, Massachusetts, on the 9th of August, 1788. He died on ship-board on the Indian seas on the 12th of April, 1850.

One of the most gifted and celebrated clergymen who ever preached the Gospel and worked for Christianity in this country was **John Joseph Hughes**, the first Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York. He was born in Ireland near the end of the last century, and came to this country when he was twenty years old. His chief desire from the time he was a very little boy was to become a priest in the Catholic Church. He was encouraged in this by his father and mother. They were good, upright, industrious people of the small farming class of Ulster, Ireland. Both were earnest and devout, and the father was fond of reading and was better educated than many of the men of his standing. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hughes took the greatest pains to train their children to be pious and firm in their faith in the Catholic Church.

As soon as John was old enough he was sent with his older brothers to a day-school near their home, and after that he went to a grammar-school at a town two or three miles away. In both places he was a serious, hard-working student, but a jolly playfellow when he left his books, and a leader in the boys' sports. Whatever he did was done in earnest, whether it was work, study, or play. In these days at his old home John Hughes laid the foundation of a good English education, but of Latin and Greek he knew very little, perhaps nothing; yet these and many more things must be studied before he could enter the ministry; and meanwhile his father's farms—for Patrick Hughes owned two sizable places at one time—had fared ill, the household was in distress, John had to be brought home from school. The neighbors offered to make up a purse to help him along in his study for the priesthood, but both father and son felt too proud to accept it. So he took his share of manual work with the other boys, but was told to save a little time for his studies.

This was two years before he came to America, and he was eighteen years old. Obediently, but not cheerfully, he returned to the farm, but before long, seeing he felt very unhappy, his father got a place for him on a great country-seat near by, where the gardener had said he would teach the lad gardening—a very good thing for him it proved in another country. He did his duty here, found time to help in light tasks about the home-farm beside, and, in addition to both, spent

most of his night hours in study. This was not because he was very fond of study for its own sake, but because a priest must have some learning, and he was resolved to be a priest in spite of all difficulties.



JOHN JOSEPH HUGHES.

As time went on the Hughes's farm seemed to do no better. Crops did not improve; and at last, after many talks about it, the father decided to see what he could find in the new country across the sea. He took one son with him, leaving his wife and daughters with John and another boy to look after their place.

There was another great reason with them why they hoped to find a home in America. There, they knew, the Catholic religion was free from persecution, while in Ireland its followers were sometimes ill-used by the Protestants of the Established Church of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. When the father sent word for them to follow him John was probably the happiest of all the family in the prospect of living in the great free country.

He came by himself, a year after the father, and reached the United States in 1817, when he was twenty years old. He soon got to work, although for quite a long while it was mostly hard labor at ditch-digging, road-mending, and stone-breaking, any honest thing he could find to do. But all the time he was longing to continue his education so that he might become a priest in the Catholic Church. He tried to save up money to go to college, but his wages were so small that his savings accumulated very slowly.

He heard when he was about twenty-one that poor students were sometimes admitted free to Mount St. Mary's Catholic College and Theological Seminary, near Emmitsburg, Maryland.

John Hughes had no powerful friends to introduce or recommend him, so he went there alone and asked if he could enter. But the college could only take a limited number of free students at a time, and the list was already full when he applied. He was not easily discouraged, and went there again and again to see if any vacancy had occurred. Finally, lest he should miss the priceless chance when it did come, he went to Emmitsburg to stay, getting whatever work he could to support himself till the longed-for opportunity should come. Though he worked as an ordinary day-laborer, he showed so much mind and character, and was so gentlemanly in his behavior that his society was sought by people much above him in worldly position. He boarded in the house of the village school-master, and spent much time with the parish priest.

Finally he got so tired waiting for a vacancy in the free list that he went to the president and begged him to let him enter the college and pay his tuition by work; he was willing to do anything that was needed about the place.

President Du Bois said there was only one such situation then vacant; that was the gardener's: the college needed a gardener. John Hughes said that gardening was not his regular business, but he knew something about the work, and thought he could fill the place satisfactorily. So, at the age of twenty-two, as head gardener and special student he entered Mount St. Mary's College. He was not fitted to enter the classes at once, but studied with a private teacher for some months before becoming a regular student.

This happy life of hard study and careful superintending the laborers on the college grounds had been going on for almost a year, when one day President

Du Bois found Hughes in the garden at dinner-time, poring over his book, instead of eating his meal. "This," thought the good president, "is wonderful industry," and he began to question the young man upon his studies. The answers astonished him; the rapid progress Hughes had made revealed to him that this capable gardener and eager student was much more than an ordinary person. He resolved that in future he should have very little gardening to do, and should have the chance to devote most of his time to his books.

Here at college John Hughes showed something of that love of argument and devotion in defending his Church which were most marked traits in his character when he became a great and noted man.

About four years after he first worked his way into the college, he began to study theology and to feel that the great desire of his life was surely coming within his grasp. In two years more he was made a deacon and began to preach, and in the next year—1826—he was ordained priest. He was then about twenty-nine years old. The first parish put in his charge was in a rough, thinly-settled mountain district of Pennsylvania, which he soon left to go to Philadelphia.

His tireless zeal and devotion, together with his bright mind and increasing eloquence had already impressed many people. There had been much trouble and dissension in the Catholic congregations of Philadelphia before he went there, and the place he was to fill needed a man of sound wisdom and Christian feeling. Mr. Hughes acted with a great deal of discretion and made many friends. He then—as always—devoted every moment that he could to such reading and study as he hoped would better fit him for his life-work. He was so successful that he soon became a noted man in the Catholic Church of America; he worked for everything that he felt to be the good of religion, and was so unceasing in his labors that if he had not been an uncommonly strong man he would have broken down his health.

At the age of forty he was appointed Bishop of New York. When he was about to leave Philadelphia to take his new office and settle in a new home, he had many invitations to spend his last evening in the city with prominent people; but refusing them all, he chose instead to pass it with a humble old friend whom he had first known when they were both day-laborers. Thus, in pure friendship, he quietly spent his last hours before coming to New York to receive in St. Patrick's Cathedral the great and solemn honor of being consecrated a Bishop of the Church of Rome, over the most important State in the Union.

After twelve years of earnest, able work in the duties of this office, the Bishop rose to a still higher place of honor, and became Archbishop of New York. He now grew to be more widely known to the nation than ever before. During the War of the Rebellion he was strongly in favor of the Union, and from the time the

conflict began he was in constant correspondence with Secretary Seward, and exchanged a number of letters with the President on matters connected with the war. At this time he even fulfilled some public duties, going to Europe for the Government on a special mission, for the purpose of strengthening France and England in their friendly attitude to the United States. *

John Joseph Hughes was born at Annalaghan, Ireland, on June 24, 1797. He died in New York City, January 5, 1864.

During the Revolutionary War a baby came into the Channing family at Newport, Rhode Island, that grew up to be one of the most noble and influential men in American history. He was named for his uncle, William Ellery, one of the patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence; and both his parents were people of high principles, pure character, and able minds. All these good qualities their son inherited, and from his babyhood **William Ellery Channing** showed a lovely, gentle, generous character, as well as extraordinary intellect. He was also very beautiful, with a charm of personal attractiveness that he kept through life. He was not very tall, but had a muscular and graceful figure, a handsome head, and bright and expressive eyes. His loving nature seemed to feel for everything as well as everybody. At the age when most boys like to tease cats and set dogs on each other, the little Channing lad was full of kindness to animals; he could not bear to see anything suffer, and wanted to make the birds, the dogs, the cats, as well as the people about him, as happy as he could. He was so orderly and studious at school that his teachers used to wish all their pupils were like him.

When he was fifteen years old he was sent to Harvard College. Here it was said that, altogether, he was the best scholar in his class, although the class was a particularly brilliant one. Many of its members afterward came to be among the most important and famous men of their time. Harvard points with pride to her list of graduates in 1798, for beside the name of Channing and several others almost as well known throughout the country, were those of Judge Story, the great jurist, and Dr. Tuckerman, the Unitarian divine, who helped to found the American Seamen's Friend Society.

There was a great deal of interest kept up among the members of this famous class, and the friendship between some of its great members lasted as long as they lived. Dr. Channing said that among all the able young men in it, Story took the lead, but the opinion of the great Judge was that Channing was its best scholar. In certain things there is no doubt that he was superior to all the others. He was the best orator and could translate Latin into more graceful, poetical English than any of them. He took great pains to learn to use the English language

well, and his writings finally came to have a most beautiful style. They have a lasting value, too, and will be read with admiration for many years to come. He did not learn this art without giving a great deal of study and effort to it. He said himself that when he first began to write essays at college he could not say what he wanted to, and that his sentences were awkward and hard to understand. But he overcame all that and rose to an eminent place among the best authors in the English language. His style was not only clear and forcible, but elegant and sometimes even lofty and stirring in its eloquence. An able English critic said he was unquestionably the finest writer of his age. In his works are some of the richest poetry and most beautiful of thoughts, clothed in language which few writers have equaled. Yet his writings are all as remarkable for their simplicity as for the poetical grace that is noticed even in his plainest prose. Many of his essays are upon books and authors, for he took a great deal of interest in literary subjects. His favorite poets were Shakespeare and Wordsworth. The sweet verses of the great Lake Poet were not then as well known or as much admired as they are now, but from his first acquaintance with him Channing thought him one of the greatest poets in the English language.

After leaving college Mr. Channing was tutor in a Virginia family for awhile, and then, returning to the North, he became Regent of Harvard, at the same time studying theology. He said once that he thought religion was the only treasure worth pursuing, and that the man who spreads it among people was more useful than the greatest sage and patriot who adorned the page of history. But he could not quite make up his mind about becoming a minister himself. Finally, seeing that there were around him so many people who did not believe in God, he resolved to look more closely into the Christian religion than he had ever done before. It was in this way that he came to understand its truth and beauty, and at last to be filled with the idea that he ought to devote his life to showing it forth to others.

Before this he had spent a good deal of time in the company of his uncle, Henry Channing, who was a minister, and who was very gentle and liberal, and felt that other people who were honestly seeking the truth had as good a right to their views as he had to his. This spirit was very like Mr. Channing's own feeling, and being with his uncle must have made him still more tolerant. Through all his ministry he was noted for this sweet, Christian spirit.

After he was licensed to preach, he became pastor of the Federal Street Unitarian Society. For twenty years he fulfilled the duties and carried the cares of this large church without an assistant. But in 1822—when the famous preacher was thirty-two years old—his congregation had grown so large and his duties so heavy that his people—who loved him as a father—determined to employ

another minister to help him. This gave Dr. Channing an opportunity to visit Europe.

Two years before this, Harvard University had conferred on him the title of Doctor of Divinity, for he was now a very profound and learned man. His fame extended throughout this and several other countries. His writings and the accounts of his preaching had made for him many friends, and some of the greatest authors and statesmen in Europe were glad of a chance to meet him and talk with him. He saw Coleridge and Wordsworth, the poets, and was made a welcome guest in England, France, Switzerland, and Italy.

After about a year's stay, he came back, as devoted to his church as ever and better able to do good to his people than before. His pastorate with them lasted for nearly twenty years longer—years full of good work and honorable public service.

While he labored hardest to spread and teach the Christian religion, there was scarcely any good work of public reform in which he was not a helper. Temperance, peace, and anti-slavery were causes that he felt deeply interested in; and no man of his time—or perhaps any time, in this country—has done more than he to increase the feeling of good-will among our people, and to keep down narrowness and bigotry. He was very much opposed to debates for the sake of showing off opinions or of trying to talk people into his own beliefs. He wanted, above almost anything else, to have his hearers be true to their own thoughts and convictions, not to blindly adopt his.

He was one of the most eloquent speakers we have ever had, and strangers in Boston crowded to hear him; while his regular congregation grew larger and larger. His was such a gentle, generous nature that he made very few enemies even among the people whose actions he condemned. The poet Coleridge put into words the thoughts of many when he said that Channing had the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love. Everything he ever wrote or said showed the desire to make people better and happier.

He was never very strong, and in the later years of his life suffered much from ill-health. While taking a journey in the hope of getting stronger, he was taken ill at Bennington, Vermont. When he found that he was so sick that he might die there, he said: "I should wish, if it is the will of Providence, to be able to return home to die there." Then after a moment he added, "But it will all be well—it is all well." In his last hours of consciousness he asked that the Bible might be read to him, and the Sermon on the Mount was what he wanted to hear; when the reader came to the Lord's Prayer, he said it comforted him to hear it. These words were his last.

Dr. Channing was born at Newport, Rhode Island, on the 7th of April, 1780. He died at Bennington, Vermont, on the 2d of October, 1842.

After Dr. Channing had been preaching in Boston for about twenty-three years, a celebrated Congregationalist clergyman went up from Litchfield, Connecticut, and took charge of the Hanover Street Church. He had been called there to uphold the old orthodox faith, based upon belief in the Trinity, against the power of the Unitarians, who do not believe in the Trinity and had at that time grown to be a very large body in Boston, exerting a strong influence far beyond the city. This clergyman was **Lyman Beecher**. He was an earnest and able preacher, with a very clear and logical way of presenting the truth, which to him was the Congregationalists' form of the Christian religion. He was five years older than Dr. Channing, and a man very much honored.

During the greater part of this century he and his children have been among the most famous and influential men and women in America. Their intellect and their benevolence have been at the service of the greatest reforms of the age.

Lyman Beecher came into this world only to go out immediately, it was thought. When the life of his sick mother passed away, it seemed as if her newborn baby would soon follow her; he was so weak and feeble that he seemed almost dead, anyway, and in the greater care about his mother, he was pretty nearly forgotten. But he lived for more than three score and ten years—and the world has been the better for it.

The little motherless baby was brought up by an uncle and aunt, though he lived near his father's home and passed a good deal of his time with him. His uncle was a farmer, and Lyman was taught to help about the place, in-doors and out; but he never was very good help. He tried to do his best, but he would fall to thinking so deeply while he was plowing that he would forget altogether what he was about, till his uncle would come up and rouse him by putting the plow back in the furrow and giving his nephew a shake to waken him from his day-dreams. Then sometimes when he was not plowing, he would suppose that he was and, as he walked along, thinking deeply about other things, he would call out "Whoa!" "Haw!" to his imaginary oxen.

Finally, after things of this kind had happened again and again, his uncle made up his mind that "the boy was never meant for a farmer," and that the only way he could succeed would be to put him at something where what he called "book knowledge" would be useful, for Lyman was even then fond of books—fonder of them than of oxen and plows. So he asked him if he would like to go to college. Lyman said "yes;" and when he was eighteen years old he was sent to Yale College.

Soon after he entered it, Timothy Dwight became President of Yale, and he had a great influence over the young student. Dr. Beecher always felt that his success was due to the training and inspiration he got from Dr. Dwight.

He was not a brilliant scholar at college. He could not learn mathematics

easily, or indeed after he went beyond arithmetic hardly at all; and as mathematics were the test of scholarship in the college, his standing was very low. When he graduated he received no honors from the faculty, but his classmates had found out that, though he was no mathematician, he could talk in such a way that people listened to him with delight, and they chose him to deliver the valedictory address on Presentation day.

When he had entered college he was undecided as to whether he would be a lawyer or a minister, but during his course he became more than ever devoted to the cause of religion and determined to preach the Gospel.

His first church was at East Hampton, Long Island. He stayed there twelve years, and although it was a small place, far away from any important city, he made in it a reputation.

When he was about thirty-five years old he took charge of a larger church in Litchfield, Connecticut. There his fame as a preacher and writer increased, but it was not till sixteen years later that he moved to Boston and entered upon the most important, or at least most noted work of his life.

The six years that he spent here were devoted to showing that the Unitarians were wrong in their doctrines and to persuading people to become or remain "orthodox"—that is, within the old Congregationalist Church. Sometimes in his arguments he was too heated, and said more against the people who differed from him than was best or right, but on the whole he was generous and charitable.

When the Lane Theological Seminary was established in the West he was asked to take charge of it; and, undertaking at the same time to become pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, he moved to Ohio, in 1832. For ten years he was the honored head and the able teacher of theology in this great school, whose name will forever be connected with some of the most zealous reformers—especially Abolitionists—and most eloquent ministers in the orthodox church of America.

Dr. Beecher was one of the very first movers in the great temperance reform. In his early ministry Christians and even ministers of the Gospel drank a great deal of liquor. Dr. Beecher, seeing how much harm came out of the custom, did a great deal to change people's minds about it, and make a public sentiment against it. His sermons on temperance have been printed and read far and wide over the world; besides the vast numbers of copies of them that have been scattered in this country, they have been translated into several foreign languages.

His last seven years were spent entirely out of public life, in a quiet little home circle in Brooklyn, New York, near his famous son, Henry Ward Beecher.

Lyman Beecher was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, October 12, 1775. He died in Brooklyn, New York, January 10, 1863.

For the last fifty years **Henry Ward Beecher** has probably been the most widely known of all American clergymen.

He was born during our second war with England, while his father was preaching the Gospel in Litchfield; so his life began almost with this century, and, growing with his country, he has been prominently connected with almost all the



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

great national events of his time, especially all great reforms. He was one of the youngest children of a large family, and was not thought to be as bright or as gifted as his brothers and sisters. He had a poor memory and was so shy and bashful that for a long time he was called particularly dull. Although he has long been one of the most popular preachers and lecturers of this country, when he was a boy he had a very indistinct way of speaking in addition to his other drawbacks. His parents never thought that there was anything great in him to reward them

for helping him to overcome his defects, but they were patient with what they supposed was his stupidity, because he was good and obedient.

In Litchfield, as in all small New England towns at that time, a boy had very few temptations to get into mischief; the families were mostly of God-fearing, orderly citizens, among whom a boy could hardly find a bad companion. Everybody Henry Ward Beecher had anything to do with was religious; he heard more talk about religious matters than almost anything else, and saw that religious principles governed his parents in all things, great and small.

The family moved to Boston when he was twelve years old, and, soon after this, he became discouraged at his getting on so poorly at school, and made up his mind that he would like to go to sea and become a sailor. His father, finding this out, talked to him about it. He asked him if he thought he would always be willing to remain a common sailor. The boy said no, he wanted to be a commodore. Then his father showed him that to become a commodore he would need to understand a great deal about mathematics and navigation. But he offered to send him to a school where he could learn these things, and told him that when he knew enough to be able to take a good position on board a ship that he could probably get him one. So, Henry was sent back to school with his mind made up to study harder than he had ever done before. It was a school in the country, which he liked much better than being in Boston, because he always loved flowers and green fields and woods. Here he also had the good fortune to come under the charge of one good elocution teacher, who taught him how to use and to cultivate his voice, and trained him to speaking well in public.

At the close of his first year at this school there was a revival of religion in the place, and young Beecher became a thorough, earnest Christian. He joined his father's church when he went home, and from that time the idea of going to sea was given up; in its place, he began to hope that he might sometime be a minister like his father.

A few years more of hard study so far conquered his natural slowness, that he was a fair scholar for his years. He even prepared himself for Amherst College, and got through the four years' course by the time he was twenty-one. He did not care much about Greek and Latin, but put most of his energies into studying oratory and rhetoric, for he had by this time made up his mind that he was more interested in what to say and how to say it than in learning and scholarship for their own sakes. He read carefully the works of the great English writers, Milton, Bacon, Shakespeare, and others from which he could learn how best to use the English language.

Even in college he was a reformer, getting other students to join him in putting down disorderliness, gambling, drinking, and all other vices. He had a good

deal of success in this, as he was a popular student; for while he was very religious, he was also full of fun and merriment. It is said that he was so lively and gay that those about him who thought that Christians ought always to be very solemn, never understood how really devout he was.

From Amherst he went to Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati, Ohio. Here he met and became the intimate friend of Professor C. E. Stowe, who was very learned in the Bible and a fine scholar, and who gave the young theological student some most valuable help in his studies. They afterwards became brothers-in-law, through Professor Stowe's marriage with Mr. Beecher's famous sister, Harriet, who wrote "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" and many other popular books.

As soon as Mr. Beecher's theological course was finished, he married and took charge of a small church in Lawrenceburg, a little town near Cincinnati. Here he not only preached, but did most of the work of the church, even to ringing the bell, making the fires, and taking care of the church lamps.

He was soon called from there to Indianapolis, where he labored for eight years. It was in this second place that he began to make his reputation as a preacher.

Long before he was a minister he had come to see the wrong and cruelty of the negro slavery in the Southern States, and not long after he settled in Indianapolis he made a great sensation by preaching against it. At that time even Northern people did not condemn slavery, and for many years there was scarcely anything that would make a person more unpopular than to take up the cause of the negroes. Mr. Beecher knew this perfectly, but as long as he felt it was right to use his influence toward gaining their rights for them, he was going to do so, though it was the cause of many people hating him and trying to do him injury.

After eight years in Indianapolis, he received an important call to come East. It was a request that he would take charge of a new little church in Brooklyn, New York. He loved the West, and did not want to leave his church there, but the health of his family was not good, and he felt that he must make a change; so he accepted the call, and moving to Brooklyn in 1847, became pastor of Plymouth Church, where he has been ever since, a period of about forty years.

Altogether this is one of the most remarkable pastorates in all the church history of America; for, beside being one of the most popular and influential men of his age, Mr. Beecher's zeal and industry and untiring labors for the good of his own people, his country, and all mankind has been more powerful and far-reaching than the labors of almost any other man in America. There are many people who question the real greatness of his work, but no one doubts the extent of it or the famous preacher's sincere earnestness and devotion of his purpose.

His opinions and beliefs have long been considered as not according to the doctrines of the Congregationalist Church, and he is often condemned for this—

which is called being unorthodox — by many people of strict religious views. But he acts and preaches according to what seems to him the right way, whether it differs from the principles laid down by any sect or not. Moreover, like grand old Dr. Channing, he is willing to treat the honest belief of any other person as respectfully as he does his own.

The council that ordained him pastor over Plymouth Church wished that he cared more for what they called doctrine, but as he believed in Christ and in making people Christians, they encouraged him to go on preaching in his own way. His way was a very wonderful one, so that his little church was soon overflowing every Sunday with people who wanted to hear him.

He has a kindly, pleasant face, a fine, manly figure, while his bearing is stately and dignified. His voice is rich and powerful, and he speaks so simply and naturally that ignorant people and little children understand every word he says as clearly as the best educated person in his pews.

During the years before the Civil War he used his wonderful oratory both in lecturing and preaching against slavery with great effect; his voice is continually being raised against intemperance, crime, and all sorts of evil, while the oppressed and suffering have ever found in him a friend. He has had enemies, but his church has at all times loved him and been grateful to him for the good he has done them and the nation. All over the world there are many who, though they know him only through his deeds and writings, look upon him with the greatest respect, and read his printed sermons every week.

Henry Ward Beecher was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, January 24, 1813.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

THE first distinguished physician in America was **Zabdiel Boylston**, who lived in New England in the old Puritan times when Cotton Mather was in his prime. Medicine was but little understood then, even by the most learned, and to plain people it was a deep and mysterious secret. Moreover, men and women were so stubbornly set in their own way of thinking and so suspicious of anything they were not accustomed to that a doctor who made use of any new discoveries in his practice often did so at the risk of his life.

This is why the name of Zabdiel Boylston is great in American history. In the face of the bitterest opposition, he succeeded in introducing here the practice of inoculation, to prevent people from taking small-pox. This remedy is called inoculation because a piece of matter taken from a small-pox pimple after the patient has had the disease for eight days, and inserted—or inoculated—under the skin of a well person, will prevent him from taking the fever by giving him a very light and usually harmless touch of it, which soon passes off and leaves him so that even if he is exposed he will not take the regular painful and offensive fever from which so many people die. This practice, in an improved way, discovered by Dr. Edward Jenner, of England, is very common now, and a great many boys and girls know themselves what it is to be vaccinated. But one hundred and fifty years ago it was an almost unheard-of thing, believed by most of the superstitious people of New England to be connected with evil of some kind.

Dr. Boylston first heard of inoculation from the clergyman, Dr. Cotton Mather, who, being a great reader, had somewhere seen an account of inoculation being successfully practiced at Smyrna, in Turkey in Asia. When the small-pox broke out with great violence in Boston he told the physicians how it had been checked in the East. In those days—as in these, too, sometimes—physicians were very jealous of their profession, and would neither follow the suggestions of any outsider nor give to him any of their knowledge of the healing art. But Dr. Boylston was an exception. He had a simple, earnest nature, and was more interested in

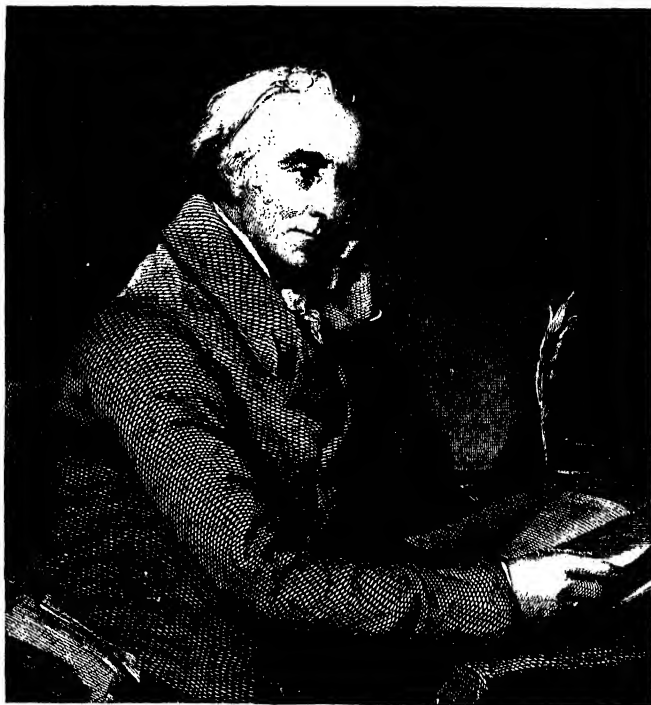
curing his patients than in appearing important himself. So, he began to think over what Dr. Mather had said, and lost no time in looking into the merits of inoculation. He discovered that there must be a great deal of virtue in it, and in 1721 he inoculated his little six-year-old son and two servants. In the same year, Lady Mary Montague, whose son had been saved from having small-pox by inoculation in Constantinople, began to try it as an experiment upon some convicts in England. But Dr. Boylston thought he was working alone, for he knew nothing of the work of the celebrated Englishwoman.

His experiments were successful; the patients soon got well of the slight sickness caused by the inoculation, and yet they were as much secured against having the small-pox as if they had already had it in the usual way, for this is a disease people very rarely have a second time. Out of bigotry and prejudice, the other Boston physicians became very bitter against Dr. Boylston, condemning his discovery and doing all they could to oppose him. They so used their influence that in the course of the next month they induced the Selectmen of Boston to forbid the practice of inoculation. By this time it had been talked about a good deal. Six of the clergymen of the city made up their minds that it was a valuable discovery, and that it would save many lives, so they did all they could to change the minds of the Selectmen, and soon Dr. Boylston was allowed to go on inoculating people. Within a year from this time he inoculated more than two hundred and forty people. A very few other physicians followed in his footsteps. The practice proved very successful. There are records of the different cases, showing that only about one-seventh as many people died of the inoculation as died of small-pox taken in the usual way. But this did not in the least alter the opinions of the physicians who had opposed the practice before they knew anything about it. They still went on fighting it more violently than ever. They said so much about it that ignorant people came to think that Dr. Boylston must be a wicked-hearted man, who wanted to do something very dreadful to everybody. At last they became so excited against him that it was unsafe for him to go out after dark. He was threatened with hanging, and people who let him inoculate them were insulted in the streets. But Dr. Mather and other intelligent people supported him, and so he kept on saving lives.

In 1776 ten years after this heroic old physician's death—a better method of inoculation, called vaccination, was discovered in England by Dr. Jenner; and that proved beyond a doubt the value of the practice.

For many generations all the great scientists and physicians in the world have approved the method for which Dr. Boylston was so persecuted, and honor his memory for the help he gave to his fellow-creatures, and the wisdom and courage he showed when so many influential men of his own profession were doing all in

their power to overcome his efforts. Happily all his life was not passed in strife and opposition. Almost from the first he received the credit abroad that his own countrymen withheld, and when he went to England, about four years after he began to inoculate, he was warmly welcomed and was made a member of the Royal Medical Society. When he came home much prejudice against him had died out, and it was generally acknowledged that he was the first physician in America.



BENJAMIN RUSH.

When he became too old and infirm to practice, he read and wrote on literary and scientific subjects and took an interest in farming.

Dr. Boylston was born in 1680, at Brookline, Massachusetts, where he died March 1, 1766.

The name of **Benjamin Rush** is famous among us for more than one great reason. Beside being a remarkable physician, he was a patriot, an author, and a polished Christian gentleman. He was born near the middle of the last century,

and was in the prime of his early manhood when the Revolutionary War began. His earnestness and zeal were all for the cause of the Colonies, and he lent a strong hand to help rouse the people to feeling the need of that war. He was a member of the Continental Congress when the Declaration of Independence was drawn up, and fixed his name upon it with the other signers.

Dr. Rush's memory is more closely connected with Philadelphia than with any other city. He was born near it and spent most of his useful life in it. Losing his father when he was six years old, he was but a little boy when he went to live with his mother's brother, Dr. Finley, who was at the head of an academy in Maryland.

His ancestors for generations had been honorable men who held positions of trust and respect in the various places where they lived, and his mother spared herself nothing to make him worthy of his honorable family. It was to her, he felt, that he owed his success in life; for she worked hard and sacrificed much to obtain the money for his education. When he was fourteen, thanks to his uncle's good teaching, he was able to enter the junior class at Princeton College, where Mrs. Rush sent him. He was a very good speaker and debater, and many of his friends thought, as he was so eloquent, he ought to be a lawyer. But he decided to be a doctor of medicine, and began studying with the most eminent physicians in Philadelphia, soon after he graduated—at the early age of fifteen. These studies he kept up for six years, applying himself so diligently that during the whole time he only lost two days. After this he went to the medical schools of Edinburgh, where his pleasant disposition, bright mind, and industrious habits made him a favorite with his teachers. When his old friends among the authorities at Princeton were trying to engage Dr. Witherspoon to come to America to become president of their college, they chose this young student to negotiate with the famous scholar for them; and it was finally through his efforts that the matter was settled and Dr. Witherspoon came. They became intimate friends during this time, and kept up the acquaintance as long as they lived.

Before he returned to America, young Dr. Rush went to London to attend medical lectures, and there he met Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who was very kind to him. He advised him to finish his studies among the great French physicians, and when he found that he had not the money to do so, he offered to lend it to him. The young man hesitated, but Dr. Franklin urged it upon him, and finally he accepted it and went to Paris. From there he came home and began practicing in Philadelphia. His skill and his kindness, both of which he bestowed alike upon all classes of people, rich or poor, were so great that he soon had a very large practice, and was highly respected. It was only the next year after his return that he was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the new Medical College of

Philadelphia. This was the first college for the education of physicians ever opened in this country, and for a long time this and one soon afterwards established in New York by Dr. Bard, were the only medical schools in America.

From the time that Dr. Rush came back to his native country, he was full of sympathy with the Colonists in their struggle against the injustices of the English king, and he wrote and talked against Americans submitting to these wrongs.

The year before the war began he was offered a seat in the Continental Congress, but he declined it. Next year, though, when the need of patriotic delegates was greater, he became a member, and was there to sign his name to the Declaration of Independence. The following year Congress appointed him physician-general to the middle department of the army; like Washington, he would receive no pay for his services, and when the war was over he again took up his work in the medical college, becoming more important there than ever before. His lectures were so beautifully delivered that they were as entertaining as they were instructive, and students flocked from all parts of the country to hear him. He charmed them as a man as well as a teacher, as he did almost every one who knew him. He was about the middle height, very erect, slender, with handsome aquiline features, and beautiful clear blue eyes, and a manner of the greatest gentleness and polish.

When, in 1793, the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, Dr. Rush endeared himself to his fellow-citizens even more than ever before by his courage and kindness. He stayed and attended upon the sick when many other physicians left the city. He and his pupils had the happiness of being more successful than any one else there in fighting this dreadful disease. Up to the last days of his life, Dr. Rush was active in his profession and full of interest in all things concerning the welfare of his country. He died in the fullest trust in the Christian religion, which he had always faithfully followed.

Benjamin Rush was born in Byberry, Pennsylvania, December 24, 1745. He died in Philadelphia, April 19, 1813.

The first medical college in New York City, and the first one in this country with a full number of teachers—that is, a complete faculty—was founded through the efforts of **Samuel Bard**. He lived from about the middle of the last century almost through the first quarter of this. When he was four years old, his father, who was a Philadelphia physician, moved to New York, and it was in this city that Samuel Bard built up his great medical success. His father was an able man, an intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin, and with careful oversight his son grew up among right-minded companions.

When he was about fourteen he made a long visit at the house of Cadwallader

Colden, the Lieutenant-Governor of the province. It was before New York was a State. His host's daughter was a young lady very fond of botany, and of so much knowledge in that study that she was in correspondence with the scientific men in Europe about American plants and flowers. Becoming friendly with her young guest, she soon made him enthusiastically interested in her favorite study. He not only learned a great deal while with her, but when his visit ended he carried away with him a taste for botanical study that he kept all his life. At fifteen he entered Columbia College, where he was never very particularly noted, although he stood fairly well in his classes. After he graduated he made up his mind to become a physician. This pleased his father, who sent him when he was nineteen to study at Edinburgh. This famous city was then thought to have the finest medical college in Great Britain and one of the best in Europe.

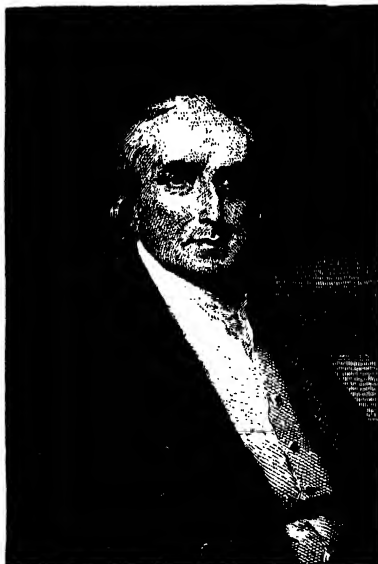
At this time England and France were at war, and the English vessel that young Bard sailed in was captured by the French, and taken to one of their ports. He was kept a prisoner in France for four months, and might have been held longer but for Benjamin Franklin. He was then in London, and when he heard of the plight his fellow-countryman was in, he set to work at once to get him released.

As old Dr. Bard was not a rich man, and had to stint himself to pay for his son's advantages, when Samuel wrote to his father after his release, he gave him an account of the money he had, and what he had spent. This letter is still preserved, and is most interesting for its quaintness and dutiful spirit as well as for its age and interest to all who know anything about the honored author of it. He says that his only extravagance in France was buying a flute to amuse himself with during the long four months in prison; and he does not seem to have felt at all sure that he was right to do even this.

During all his life, Dr. Bard took a great deal of interest in every branch of knowledge. Besides his love for medicine and all that belonged to the progress of his profession, he was fond of painting, literature, and science for their own sakes. While in Edinburgh he obtained the medal that was given once a year by Professor Hope for the best collection of plants.

After an absence of five years he came back to America with an excellent education and every promise of becoming a leading physician. He married his cousin, who had come to live at his home during his stay abroad, and whom he had never before seen. Then he went into partnership with his father and, saving only barely enough money to live on, gave him all he made till all the debts which had been contracted to pay for the Edinburgh education had been paid—for it had been necessary to borrow considerable money before the young doctor's studies abroad were completed.

Meanwhile he began to carry out the great desire of his life, which was to establish a School of Medicine in New York. He had begun to think about it while he was himself a student in Scotland, and as soon as he returned he began working to bring it about. He was successful, and in four years after he entered his profession he had not only founded the Medical School, which was united to King's College (now Columbia), but had it in such good working order that physicians were graduated from it. It kept on steadily growing for about five years after that, but when the Revolutionary War broke out all its arrangements were disturbed. As Dr. Bard was on the side of the king and not of the patriots,



PHILIP SYNG PHYSICK.

in the first of the trouble he took his family to his father's house, out in Dutchess County, and during the whole of the war he only spent a part of his time practicing in the city. There was great sickness in his own family at that time; four of his children died of scarlatina, and after this his wife was very ill indeed. For a whole year he did scarcely anything beside taking care of her, until she grew well again.

After the war closed, and he tried to take up his business again in New York, he found very little to do. Most of his friends now differed from him in politics, and were very cool to him. Finally, however, he found a few who were more generous, and he slowly regained his practice. He was Washington's family physi-

cian while the President of the United States lived in New York, and after awhile he once more became an honored and useful citizen. He helped to found the first dispensary in the city, and when the College of Physicians and Surgeons was opened he was made president of it.

He and his wife were so fond of each other that they often said they hoped they would die together. They had this wish. Dr. Bard only lived one day after his wife had passed away, and the aged couple were buried in the same grave.

Dr. Bard was born in Philadelphia, April 1, 1742. He died in New York City, March 24, 1821.

Because of his wisdom and his energy **Philip Syng Physick** has been called the Washington of his profession. His father was a man of note and good position both before and after the Revolutionary War, and he took unusual pains with the education of his son. He engaged a tutor, to whom he offered and paid double the price usually given to teachers, because he thought that the best way to get good work was to pay liberally for it, and it was not an ordinary man that he wanted to begin the education of his son. After awhile the tutor was exchanged for a school in Philadelphia. Philip boarded in the city then, for his father's house was some miles out of town. He went home on Saturday night and stayed till Monday morning, and though he had to walk all of the long distance, it is said that he never went back late for school. So it was at an early age that he showed the strong and exact sense of duty which was so marked in him when he became a man.

He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania when he was eighteen years old, and at once began to study medicine. He did not choose this life for himself. At that time he did not care for the profession in which he afterwards became famous, but as his father wanted him to become a physician, he agreed to do his best to please him. The first time he saw a limb taken off he nearly fainted and had to be taken out of the hospital. Yet he saw no reason why he should not keep faithfully on, so he studied hard and made the most of every chance to fit himself thoroughly for his profession. Once, when his teacher spoke to him of Collins's "First Lines of the Practice of Physic" as a book he ought to study very carefully, the young student committed the whole book to memory, word for word, from beginning to end. He attended Dr. Rush's lectures among others in Philadelphia, and when he had finished the course and was ready to graduate, he felt that he was not yet prepared to begin the actual practice of medicine, so he refused to take his degree when it was offered him, but went to London to continue his studies under the great English surgeon, John Hunter.

His new teacher was much pleased with him, and obtained for him, before

long, the position of house surgeon to St. George's Hospital. Later, when Dr. Physick was preparing to return to America, Dr. Hunter tried very hard to persuade him to remain in England. But after staying away for five years, he was still determined to make his home in America. One last year he spent in Edinburgh, and then with the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the greatest of medical colleges, returned to Philadelphia in the fall of 1792.

He had a hard time for three years after his return; he was not a man who was liked by everybody; he had a distant, dignified manner, and was intimate with no one. His ability was then unknown, and during these first three years he got almost no practice, after all the faithfulness and care he had given to preparing himself to do his work well. Probably the disappointment of this time made him rather bitter in feeling, for he was known the rest of his life as a somewhat melancholy and unsocial man. When the yellow fever broke out the year after his return, he showed how good and brave he was in the face of danger, but it was not till the second epidemic of this dreadful disease came, five years later, that his fellow-townsmen began to generally appreciate him. He was so helpful and kind to the sick then, the poor as well as the rich, that after the terrible time was over he received a number of valuable pieces of silver plate from the managers of two hospitals as a testimony of their gratitude for his self-sacrificing services. Soon after this he began to lecture on surgery, and for twenty-five years from that time he stood at the head of that branch of his profession in Philadelphia, and it was believed that there was not a better surgeon than he in this country.

He was a peculiarly clear and simple lecturer, so that the dullest students could understand him; in the lecture-room, as in all other places, his manner was very dignified. He was tall, thin, and boyish looking, held himself very erect, wore his hair in queue, and spoke in slow and measured tones with his patients. He was always courteous and he could be very sympathetic, but he could also be stern, and often refused to treat people who did not mind his directions and take their medicine regularly. When his patients disobeyed him he left them to get well as best they could.

He received many honors in this country and from foreign societies. Excepting his lectures, he wrote but little; he led too busy a life to become an author.

Doctor Physick was born July 7, 1768, in Philadelphia, where he also died, December 15, 1837.

Samuel Latham Mitchell, one of the great physicians and naturalists of the early days of this republic, brought honor upon his country in many ways. He was born into a Quaker family of Long Island, when this country was in the midst of the troubles that finally led to the Revolutionary War. His uncle, Dr.

Samuel Latham—for whom he was named—was always very fond of him; even when he was a little boy he thought he would make a name in the world sometime, he was so bright and quick to notice things about him. So, the good doctor took charge of his nephew's education, often teaching him himself. Under this good and loving influence it was very natural that, when Samuel became a young man, he decided to become a physician. He had an excellent start. At the age of sixteen he began studying medicine under the celebrated Dr. Samuel Bard, of New York, and after three years he started for Edinburgh.

He left this great university with the highest honors, and so much fame as a student that it reached America before him. The most intellectual and learned men in New York received him with marked attentions when he came home, and after one year spent in studying the laws and constitution of his country, he began to practice medicine and to make those investigations in natural sciences which were his most valuable work. When he was twenty-six years old he was elected to the Legislature of the State of New York, and two years later was appointed professor in Columbia College. Even then, young as he was, he was considered the best naturalist and practical chemist in America.

He soon began to publish the *Medical Repository*, and he remained its chief editor for sixteen years. He founded and was for a long time president of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and was interested in everything connected with the public good. All sorts of people came to him for advice and help, especially when they had some new idea or invention that they wanted to bring before the world. He encouraged Robert Fulton in his plan for making a steamboat, when nearly everybody was laughing at him and saying such a thing could not be done; and finally, when the steamboat was built, he went with Fulton on its first trip. He was also especially interested in agriculture, and in the midst of his busy labors in his own profession, he found time to write useful and helpful papers about farming and the best ways to cultivate different crops.

The scientific work he did attracted great attention in Europe, and such men as Sir Humphrey Davy and Baron Cuvier said they learned much from what he wrote. His elaborate account of the fish found in the waters about and near New York was one of the things that advanced his reputation in Europe, and in geology he led the way before all who have since done their great work in this country. For twenty years Dr. Mitchell was one of the physicians of the New York Hospital. His political experience in his early manhood in the New York Legislature was afterwards followed by an acquaintance with Congress, where he represented New York City for six years without a break. After that he became a United States Senator. In the later years of his life he was Professor of *Materia Medica* and Botany in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he won

the regard of all by his kindly, friendly manners; and the closest attention of the students to his lectures, for he was an unusually entertaining speaker, even on deep and very "dry" subjects.

Samuel Latham Mitchell was born at North Hempstead, Long Island, on August 20, 1764, and died in New York City on September 7, 1831.

One of the boldest and most successful surgeons of any age or country was **Valentine Mott**. He was born on Long Island soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, and his life history has been closely connected with the progress of surgery in New York City, where his father before him was a physician for many years. When Valentine was nineteen he entered Columbia College, and after graduating there from a course in medicine, he followed the example of most of the ambitious students of his day, and went to London and Edinburgh to finish his training.

In the early part of this century it was a crime that the law punished by imprisonment for any one to be found with the limb of a dead man; people were so ignorant that they called dissection a fearful and a wicked practice, although it is the only way that a thorough knowledge of the human body can be obtained. Dr. Mott fully realized its importance. Knowing that no one could become a skillful surgeon without it, he risked life and good name to smuggle bodies into the hospital so that he and the other students might work over them and learn how best to relieve the sufferings of the living.

Nowadays dissection is a regular part of every medical student's preparation for his profession, and is so well understood as a great necessity that there is no need of its being done in secret. Much of this change of feeling is due to Dr. Mott, who had the courage and zeal to push his way against difficulties, and the ability to prove by his own wonderful operations the value of knowing from actual sight the secrets of the human body. From the very first, he began to take great steps forward in the surgeon's art. He worked hard and faithfully; the new operations and discoveries of the eminent European doctors of his time were carefully studied, and before long some of them were undertaken by himself; successful in these, he went on with new methods of his own, most of which have proved to be of everlasting benefit to mankind.

He was also the first to introduce in this country what is called clinical instruction—that is, giving lectures at the bedside of the patient or performing operations before students and explaining what is done to them. In this he opened another great avenue of instruction to medical students of America, where the profession is now becoming of importance before the whole world, while in Dr. Mott's youth its standing was very low.

At that time, if a man were aiming to become a good surgeon, it was necessary for him to go abroad to study, for there were no opportunities for him to learn his art in this country. In London, which was one of the best places in the world for such study, and in Edinburgh, Dr. Mott worked so faithfully and successfully that as soon as he returned to America he was asked to become Professor of Surgery in Columbia College.

From that time on, throughout his long life, he was one of the best medical lecturers in New York. His students always found him entertaining as well as instructive, and while they respected him and admired him for the great learning and ability he possessed, they were also very fond of him as a man. He had a rare nature, made up of old-fashioned dignity combined with easy, kindly good humor. Being of fine figure and bearing, handsome face, and extreme neatness in his dress, he was also a man whose looks were always pleasing. As a surgeon, he was both daring and cautious; he would undertake bravely whatever seemed best to be done, but he was always anxious to do no cutting that was not absolutely necessary. He performed most of his operations before it was discovered that ether and chloroform will deaden the senses. Then, when the patient had to endure terrible suffering under an operation, it was much more difficult for a surgeon to work than now; but Dr. Mott was always quiet and self-possessed, and always treated his pupils or assistants with the same politeness that he showed on all ordinary occasions. Some of the great surgical operations that are now commonly made were first thought of and undertaken by him. A celebrated English surgeon said: "Dr. Valentine Mott has performed more of the great operations than any man living, or that ever did live."

One of the most marked traits of his character was promptness. He was always on time. His students used to say that they could set their watches by Dr. Mott's bow before the class.

Beside his long and honorable connection with the Medical School at Columbia College, which began when he was about thirty-five years old, he was one of the founders of Rutgers Medical College, at the university in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and was also a professor of two departments in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City.

During the Civil War Dr. Mott was ardently devoted to the Union, and served the Government in working for the good of the soldiers. His family thought that his death was hastened by the shock he suffered in hearing of President Lincoln's assassination.

Dr. Mott was born at Glen Cove, Long Island, on August 20, 1785. He died in New York City, April 26, 1865.

The life of **John Wakefield Francis** covered a period almost as long as that of our nation. It began in the first year that Washington was President, and only closed just before the beginning of the Civil War. His father was a German, and his mother was the daughter of a Swiss family. They lived in New York City, and began to give their son a good education. The father died before John was grown, and, feeling it to be his duty to earn something to support himself and help his widowed mother, he bound himself out to a printer. But in a short time circumstances changed so that he could go on with his studies. For a time he was at school—with Washington Irving—and afterwards he went to Columbia College, where he took the regular course and graduated. Meanwhile he had taken up medicine by himself, and when out of Columbia began to attend the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, three years later.

This was in the year 1812, and it was the first degree ever given by that school. Young Francis had shown so much ability and industry while he was studying, that, as soon as he began to practice, the way opened to success. He was taken into partnership by a physician of good standing and established position, and soon proved himself a great man in his profession. When he was only twenty-four years old he was appointed to lecture at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and soon after became a professor there, when the medical department of Columbia was united with that college.

He was always full of sympathy for young men trying to get an education, and for some of the lectures that he delivered at the College of Physicians and Surgeons he would take no fees, lest some students would have to miss them because of the expense. His devotion to his profession and sincere desire to advance in it was unlimited. Five years after he graduated in medicine, and after he had filled these responsible positions as teacher, he went to Europe to push his own studies still further. When he returned the College of Physicians and Surgeons offered him a still more important professorship than he had held before, which he filled with ever-growing ability and great popularity among faculty and students. When he was about forty years old, he gave up lecturing and school-work so as to be able to devote his time to treating the sick and to writing. For two years he edited the *New York Medical and Physical Journal*.

While Dr. Francis was deeply occupied by the great healing art he was also a helper in many good works outside of his profession. Besides being a useful friend to the Woman's Hospital and the State asylum for drunkards, he was an active member of the New York Historical Society, was very much interested in the progress of the study of Natural History, and lent a strong hand to many other movements not nearly so closely connected with his profession. In his

leisure pictures and reading gave him a great deal of pleasure. Nearly all the literary and scientific institutions of New York have been benefited by his aid and interest. He was one of the founders of the Academy of Medicine, of which he became president about fifteen years before his death.

He was a maker of books as well as a lover of them, and beside many valuable articles on medicine that came from his pen—appearing in his own and other journals—he wrote several important books for the profession and a volume for other readers, on “Old New York; or, Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years.”

Dr. Francis was born November 17, 1789, in New York City, where he also died, February 8, 1861.

Theodoric Romeyn Beck, who was marked by diligence, intellect, and goodness as one of the most prominent American physicians, was also one of the greatest medical writers of this century. It has been said by some one who knew him well that he never wasted a minute, and this must be true, else he never could have accomplished so much valuable writing while his daily life was taken up by teaching and lecturing.

Dr. Beck was born in the early days of the Republic, when people were just getting over the effects of the Revolutionary War, and were beginning to make money, to re-establish their schools and colleges, and to realize what a great country this was going to be. It was a time of great opportunities. Dr. Beck was worthy of his age, and did much to advance his fellow-countrymen in a knowledge of agriculture, manufactures, and other useful arts and sciences, while he is best known as an able writer on medical jurisprudence.

When he was very young, his mother was left a widow with four little sons, whom she resolved to educate at any sacrifice to herself. In after years, when they had all become men and were growing famous in honorable positions, they said that they owed their success to her work and her training and influence. Theodoric, or Romeyn, as he was called, who became the most noted man of the family, first attended the public-school, and then went to Union College in his native place, Schenectady, New York. When he was sixteen years old he graduated there and went to study medicine, first in Albany and afterwards in New York. As soon as he was through he went back to the State capital and began to practice, and even before he was twenty-one years old became a marked man in the city, both as a physician and a citizen. In a few years he was appointed principal of the Albany Academy, and he then gave up practicing medicine, although he did not go out of the profession. He could not endure seeing people suffer, as a practicing doctor must, so he undertook another business for regular work, and gave his leisure from that to the theoretical side of medicine.

From that time to the close of his long, busy life he devoted himself to teaching, studying, and writing. He held many honorable positions, among which were the professorship in the Fairfield and the Albany Medical Colleges, and the presidency of New York State Medical Society. His large work on "Medical Jurisprudence" is one of great importance. It attracted a good deal of attention in Europe as well as here, and was translated into many languages. During the last few years of his life he resigned from the Albany Medical College, and gave all his failing strength to his writing. In the scientific and literary magazines of that day he published many very valuable articles.

His death was felt to be a public calamity. In this country and abroad he was mourned by the many learned societies of which he had been an honored and useful member. Those who knew him best grieved for the loss of a great and good man.

Theodoric Romeyn Beck was born in Schenectady, New York, on August 11, 1791; he died in Utica, New York, November 19, 1855.

John Broadhead Beck, famous as a practicing physician, was a younger brother of Dr. T. Romeyn Beck, and rose to almost an equal eminence. He was four years old when his father died, and he was soon sent to live with his uncle, who about this time moved to New York City. This uncle became a prominent trustee of Columbia College, and when his nephew was fifteen he was sent there to school. Young Beck graduated four years later with the highest honors of his class. He then went to Europe and was for awhile much interested in the study of languages, especially in Hebrew. He became so learned in ancient tongues that he could easily read and study the Bible in the original—the Old Testament in Hebrew and the New Testament in Greek.

Deciding to become a physician, after his return to America, he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, from which he graduated when he was twenty-three. The paper on "Infanticide," which he read at the commencement, has ever since remained a standard authority on that subject, although it was written seventy-five years ago. After he had been successfully practicing for some time, he established in New York an important medical magazine called the *Medical and Physical Journal*, and for seven years he was its chief editor. The next important step that the public saw Dr. Beck take was into the chairs of materia medica and botany before the students in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. His influence here was most valuable, and many of the best years of his life were spent in battling for the college and its advancement in many ways. When, later, he was given a position at the New York Hospital the whole profession was benefited; for he wrote excellent papers about cases he had

at the hospital. They were on subjects that no one else took up in the journals and which he could not have written without practical experience.

He was interested in starting the New York Academy of Medicine, and was a leader in all movements and societies intended to benefit his profession.

For several years before his death, Dr. Beck's health was very poor, but in spite of pain he worked on for many months, his mind as clear and sound as ever, and his nature filled with the grace of the Christian religion, in which he fully believed.

Dr. John B. Beck was born in Schenectady, New York, September 18, 1794. He died in Rhinebeck, New York, April 9, 1851.

The greatest ethnologist of this country was **Samuel George Morton**, also celebrated as a physician and naturalist. An ethnologist is a person who has studied about the races of men, and Dr. Morton's branch of this science was on the first people of America.

He was a student from the time he was a little boy, and his father, who was an Irish merchant in Philadelphia, wished him to become a business man like himself, but the lad did not like business and wanted to enter one of the professions. Belonging to the Friends, who have no ministers and do not believe it is right to go to law, he could not be either a lawyer or a preacher, so he made up his mind to be a physician. His father sent him to the University of Pennsylvania when he was seventeen years old, and to Edinburgh as soon as he graduated. In the summer of his twenty-fifth year the medical degree of the great Scotch University was conferred upon him, and he returned to Philadelphia. He did not begin to practice until about two years after coming home; but as soon as he did enter the doctors' ranks, he took his place at once as a physician and scientist of high rank. In a short time he became a prominent member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, and one of the writers for the journal it published. Throughout the rest of his life he wrote many valuable articles for that magazine and the other leading scientific journals of this country.

In the course of his studies, Dr. Morton became very much interested in learning about the races of men from their skulls, and he then turned a great deal of his attention to the people who lived in this country long before it was discovered by Columbus. By collecting and carefully studying the skulls of these first Americans, or aborigines—some races of which had died out before the first white man ever landed here—he found out many things that seem to show what sort of people they were. This study, which is called ethnology, is a branch of science that is only taken up by the most careful and studious scholars. It stands very high among learned men, and Dr. Morton soon became known as one of "its most thorough investigators in any part of the world."

When he first began to lecture upon the different shapes of the skull in the five great races of men, he could not get enough skulls to illustrate what he said, so he then began to make a collection of them himself, and in time this became the largest private cabinet of crania—as they are called by scientists—in the world, and was celebrated far and wide. His books on this subject are among the most important that have been published, and are doubly valuable that they are written in a modest, impartial spirit, showing that the author was truly devoted to his science and not to making himself noted.

During many years Dr. Morton stood among the very greatest scientists in the world. His writings, both in books and magazines, covered many exceedingly important subjects and were full of new and valuable information upon natural history, geology, and other sciences not closely connected with medicine, while his works on chemistry, anatomy, and other subjects belonging to his profession were among the greatest of his time.

Dr. Samuel G. Morton was born on the 26th of January, 1799, in Philadelphia, where he died, May 18, 1851.

Some twenty-five years ago there were probably no members of the medical profession better known by name than Horace Wells, William Morton, and Charles Thomas Jackson, each of whom claimed to have been the first person to discover anæsthetics—that is, to have found out that by breathing or inhaling certain gases the senses would for a time become dull to pain and to the knowledge of all that was taking place before them. It was the greatest discovery for human comfort that has ever been made, for until about the year 1846 no one knew of anything that would lessen the sense of bodily suffering to any extent without running the risk of taking the patient's life, or injuring his mind forever. When people met with terrible accidents or had to undergo any operation, such as having legs or arms cut off or cancers cut out, there was nothing known that could ease their agony or make them unconscious of all that was taking place. Several things had been tried, but for the most part they did more harm than good, so physicians and surgeons did not attempt to use them at all. But, meanwhile, many were trying to discover something that would produce unconsciousness without doing harm, and finally the secret was found in three different bodies, by three different men at about the same time. But they or their friends would not tell you about it in this way. They would say that only one found the great secret, and that both the others were impostors. It would make no difference which one you had asked; each one claimed for himself the full credit of the great discovery, and maintained that both the others were trying to defraud him of his rights. It is probable that they had all been working for it in a careful, scientific way,

and that they all came upon what they sought at about the same time. Other great discoveries have been made in this way, and it is well known that in many cases several minds, when working entirely away from one another, and often unknown to each other, have brought forth much the same ideas at about the same time.

Whether the secret of anæsthetics was first revealed to each of the three claimants or only to one of them, will probably never be decided; but certain it is the world is indebted to them all for the wonderful blessing that a knowledge of it has spread through the human race. It became known in about the year 1845. When, in national affairs, the Tyler administration was drawing to a close and that of Polk was beginning; when the whole nation was disturbed about the annexation of Texas; when the war-cloud of the Mexican conflict was gathering over the land, and the North and South were becoming bitter enemies over the slavery question; when Morse's telegraph was just being brought into use, and Frémont was opening up the far West, a new era in medicine was dawning in New England that soon lit up the whole of the civilized world, extending far beyond professional limits to all beings that can feel and suffer. "The deepest furrow in the knotted brow of agony has been smoothed forever," wrote our physician-poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Yet, great as it was, like all wonderful discoveries, its merits were not generally admitted at first. As there are always opposers to every new thing and mean, jealous people in every profession who would even rather that the world should go without a great benefit than that any but they themselves should introduce it, so it was with the discovery of anæsthetics. Some chemists and physicians even wrote letters and made speeches against using it, but its value was too clear for them to have much influence, and the only great struggle about it was between the discoverers themselves.

The governments and learned scientific societies of the world were eager to honor the finder of the wonderful secret—but to whom were their awards due? Three men claimed the merit, each bringing plenty of good proof that his right alone was the true one. Instead of "in honor preferring one another," or even allowing that possibly their claims were equal, they opened war against each other. Sides were taken by surgeons, physicians, scientists, and personal friends throughout the world, and the controversy became one of the bitterest ever known in the medical profession. The matter has never been decided wholly for any one of them; generally, the discovery is looked upon as a joint one, for which humanity is deeply indebted to three New England doctors, for if it were not actually discovered by them all, it has certainly been made known to the world by the efforts of all of them.

Many of the fairest judges say that if the long-contested honor belonged to any

one more than another, it was to **Horace Wells**, a dentist of Hartford, Vermont. His claims have been acknowledged both in Europe and America,* and the French Academy honored him with its degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Dr. Wells was an uncommonly restless man, always active in mind and body, intelligent, fond of machinery, and in his own town he was well known as an in-



HORACE WELLS.

ventor before he had any great fame in dentistry. Many of his machines were patented and were of decided value.

Before there was a college of dentistry in Boston, he had gone to the great New England city from his lovely native town on the banks of the Connecticut, and there obtained the best education possible to fit himself as a dental surgeon. Returning to Hartford, he opened an office. He was very able and intelligent; he invented and made most of his own instruments, and before long took rank among the most skillful dentists in the town. One of his inventions was a new solder for

fastening false teeth upon the plate; and with it he and Dr. W. T. G. Morton—who had been his fellow-student, was now his warm friend, but in after years became his bitter enemy—resolved to go into partnership and open an office in Boston. They called on Dr. Charles T. Jackson, then a great chemist, who for a good sum in payment certified to the value and purity of the solder, which was a vast improvement over the bad-smelling and ill-tasting solder then in common use.

The firm of Wells & Morton did not succeed, and the connection was soon broken. But this was only done because their business did not pay; they separated the best of friends. Dr. Morton remained in Boston, and Dr. Wells went back to Hartford. Here he continued his practice and kept up his scientific studies for some time. It was about ten years after he had begun to study dentistry that he suddenly felt that teeth could be taken out without giving pain if the patient were put under the influence of nitrous oxide gas. He looked into the matter thoroughly, and requested his friend Dr. Riggs to try the experiment upon himself—that is, upon Dr. Wells. A large, sound tooth was taken out, from which the doctor felt scarcely any pain: the great secret of anæsthetics was discovered. This was on the 11th of December, 1844, and from that time the gas was used with success by Dr. Wells and several other dentists of Hartford. About two years later, Dr. Morton made it known that sulphuric ether could be used in much the same way, and Dr. Jackson, with his chloroform dissolved in alcohol, opened the bitter contest about to whom belongs the honor of having first discovered a means of deadening the senses to pain. So, as some one has said, the discovery, which was of untold value to the world, became a cup of unmingled woe and sorrow to the discoverer and his afflicted family. And as this was true of one, so was it also true of all the claimants.

Dr. Wells's health became poor soon after these events, and he had to give up his business for awhile. Going to Europe, he visited the great physicians, colleges, and hospitals abroad, learning a great deal about his profession, regaining his health, and paying his expenses by selling pictures which he imported for that purpose.

He also amused himself during part of this time by lecturing on birds, for he was educated in natural history and loved the feathered friends of the woods. He was fond of all Nature's works; he had been born and brought up on a lovely, romantic farm on the Connecticut River, and no trouble or expense had been spared on his early education. His parents, who were wealthy people for that region, had fine minds and took a great deal of pains to give their children good training in morals and in mind. Horace had grown up handsome, active, and generous, showing the traits when he was a boy that marked him as a man. He had gone

to good schools, and when his father died before his education was quite finished, he had made his own way by teaching in one district school and many writing-schools. While at one of the academies, before he was out of his teens, he united with the church, and as he grew up to manhood he thought seriously of becoming a minister; but at the age of nineteen he went to Boston to study dentistry instead. He honored religion as a layman, for his life was always that of a true Christian; he was respected for his great purity of character, for his generous impulses, and for his kindness and love to all closely connected with him.

The people who passed handsome Dr. Wells on the street saw only a man of medium height, with a good figure, large head, and light skin, walking along with his eyes cast down and his face in thoughtful lines; but when they stopped to speak to him, there was a bright, pleasant change in his looks; he spoke in an animated, cheerful voice, and showed a kindly, cordial manner that made him very attractive. He had such refined and sensitive feelings that he did not go much among people he was not well acquainted with, though he was a good friend and always a worthy citizen.

After his return from Europe, he went to New York, to introduce the use of anæsthetics into the hospitals. All the discoveries were then new, and being very anxious to use the best and safest of them, he made a great many trials of the properties of each. At last he was convinced that chloroform was a better agent than either nitrous oxide gas—his own discovery—or ether—the discovery of Dr. Morton—and he began experimenting with it upon himself. It is a dangerous, deadly drug, and, even in Dr. Wells's skillful hands, did serious mischief. Not knowing the full extent of its power, he used it too much until his mind was affected and finally upset by it, and, one day—before he had been in New York a month—it was found that in an attack of insanity he had taken his own life—that noble, upright, gifted life, which had only reached its thirty-third year a few days before.

Dr. Horace Wells was born in Hartford, Vermont, January 21, 1815. He died in New York City, January 24, 1848.

While **William Thomas Green Morton** cannot have the full honor of having discovered anæsthetics, to him certainly belongs the distinction of having found out that sulphuric ether could be put to that use, and of having done more than any one else, or all others, to make known the great secret of how to deaden the feelings to pain to all classes of people, in both the Old World and the New.

Dr. Morton was a New England man, and, like Dr. Wells, a dentist. He was born just as this century was passing into the midsummer of its first score of years.

When it came time for him to go to school he began at the town academy, for which Dr. Morton's father—who had been deprived of much education himself—secured a much better teacher than New England villages usually had at that time. When William was thirteen years of age it was thought that he was old enough to be sent from home to attend some noted academy. The first year he was away he lived in the family of a physician and had not been there long before he felt his old desire to study medicine return. Nearly all the leisure time he had during that term was spent in the doctor's study, poring over medical books.

On his next visit home he told his father and mother that he had made up his mind to become a physician, and they were well pleased. But by the time he was about seventeen years old his father failed in business, and he had to leave school and go with Mr. Morton to Boston, where he was employed in a large publishing house. The busy life of the bookselling business gave him no time for study and reading, and he soon became discouraged and returned home. From that time until he was of age, he worked only to gain money enough to study, and was almost a complete failure in business.

When he was twenty-one—that is, in the year 1840—he went to Baltimore, where the first College of Dental Surgery was founded by the newly-formed American Society of Dental Surgeons.

Dentistry was at that time a barbarous practice, almost without either art or skill at its command, and there was a very decided movement in the country to improve it. For a long time some of the most prominent dentists in the country had been trying to organize this society, but it was not fully formed until midsummer in 1840, the very month in which William Morton became of age. Its object was to “give character and respectability to the profession, diffuse a knowledge of dental theory and practice, but above all to establish dental colleges throughout the United States, for the proper instruction of those who might wish to enter upon this career.”

At that time the great desire of young Morton's life was to become a physician; but as that was impossible to him, and the Dental Society offered an opening to a profession that he considered next best to that of medicine, he resolved to make the most of the chance.

After a year and a half of diligent study, part of the time in Baltimore and part of the time at the North, he received his diploma and was ready to practice. Settling in Boston, he began business in the short and unsuccessful partnership with Dr. Horace Wells, but after that he went along more prosperously by himself. He began to find out and adopt better ways of doing things than most dentists then employed, and resolved to devote himself to improving the methods of the profession. After making several fruitless efforts to get on visiting terms at

the offices of other dentists, he finally paid five hundred dollars to Dr. Keep—who had a high standing at that time—for free access to him and his laboratory at all times and liberty to make his own use of all he learned there. At the same time he collected a cabinet of specimens, and perfected the appliances in his rooms, so that before long his was the best-fitted dentist's office in the city.

Some of the improvements that he soon brought out were of decided importance, and encouraged him to go on. He was particularly anxious to find some way of painlessly taking out the roots of old teeth—which were too often left in those days of bungling dentistry to ache and to give foul smells and unpleasant taste to the mouth. He tried stimulants even to making the person intoxicated, and used opium and magnetism, but none would serve the purpose. Then he resolved to study and experiment till he should find the right thing. He had not gone far in this search before he found himself very much limited by knowing almost nothing about medicine. So, two years after he graduated from the dental college, and in the midst of quite a good practice, he became a medical student in the office of a physician and began to attend lectures at the Medical College in Boston.

One of the things he learned at that time was that sulphuric ether can, without harm, be breathed in small quantities. It was to him a most important piece of information, and he began at once to experiment with it upon himself. After making sure about its safety, he used it on a man, and found with joy that the patient remained perfectly unconscious and felt no pain while the doctor took out the root of a large, firm, double-pronged tooth. This was September 30, 1846; afterward he made other successful trials of the same thing, and finally sent an account of them to Dr. John C. Warren, a professor of the medical college, and one of the greatest Boston surgeons of his day. Dr. Warren requested Dentist Morton to make his administration of ether on a patient at the Massachusetts general hospital, from whose jaw a tumor was to be taken by a most painful operation. The man remained perfectly unconscious until after the surgery was all done.

Although there was no question about the value of Dr. Morton's discovery, it met with bitter opposition throughout the country, among both physicians, dentists, and other surgeons. He obtained a patent for it under the name of "Etheon," in the United States and in England, in which he offered free rights to all charitable institutions in all parts of the country. But the Government and many private institutions appropriated its use without paying any attention to the patent, and in many ways Dr. Morton's discovery became an affliction to himself and his family, while it was of untold benefit to others. A bitter war of opposition began at once between him and Dr. Jackson, who claimed that his discovery

of the anæsthetic influence of chloroform and also of ether were made before Dr. Morton's. He refused to receive his share of the joint award of the French Academy, although in 1852—some years after—he received the large gold medal, the Monyton prize in medicine and surgery. By indomitable will and the encouragement of his friends, he maintained his claim in spite of all the troubles that came on him for doing so, the greatest of which were a broken business and large debts, so that even his home was attached by the sheriff. His first appeal to Congress for justice upon his patent right was not noticed, his second secured the appointment of a committee of physicians, who reported that he was entitled to the merit of the discovery, but did not recommend any money to be given him. A third appeal was made, which resulted in an investigation of his claims and secured to him the honor of the discovery of practical anæsthesia, and made an appropriation, which was voted on twice and was lost, as were also, after ten years of delay, his efforts to get the Government to recognize its own patent. Now thoroughly discouraged with his defeat, his creditors resolved to wait no longer, and he became utterly ruined in fortunes. After several other vain efforts, he had one success. In 1858—twelve years after the discovery was made—he finally won a suit in the United States Court against a marine hospital surgeon for infringing his patent. Thus by hard fighting he succeeded in having his claim recognized, though the royalties on it were never paid. In other ways, too, both at home and abroad, the discovery was acknowledged his and in some cases he received the honors it merits.

In his later years he became a farmer at Wellesley, Massachusetts, importing and raising fine cattle; but his life was bound up in his discovery and when, in the summer of his fiftieth year, an article was published, attempting to deprive him of the cherished credit, he was so excited about it that a sudden illness came on and caused his death.

Dr. W. T. G. Morton was born in Charlton, Massachusetts, August 9, 1819. He died in New York City, July 15, 1868.

Although **Charles Thomas Jackson** received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from Harvard University when he was twenty-four years old, he is better known as a mineralogist, a geologist, and a chemist, than as a physician. It was in following out chemical studies that he made his much-disputed discovery.

His claim was that in the year 1834—when he was twenty-nine years old—he found that an alcoholic solution of chloroform—that is, chloroform melted or dissolved in alcohol—would, by being placed upon a nerve, deaden it to pain. He also found, he said, that if a piece of lint saturated with a mixture of one part chloroform and three parts of alcohol were put into the cavity of a painful tooth,

it would stop the pain at once, and by repeated applications would completely destroy the sensibility of the nerve. If Dr. Jackson really did make this discovery at the time he claimed, he undoubtedly was the first to find the secret of anæsthetics, for Dr. Wells's discovery was not brought out until eleven years later, and Dr. Morton's was made known to the world two years after that. But he did not reveal the result of his experiments at once. Instead, he took up others with the same object in view. After trying the effects of exhilarating or "laughing" gas—which is protoxide of nitrogen—and finding that it was not a real anæsthetic, but only caused asphyxia, he began to study the merits of sulphuric ether. He tried this upon himself, he said, with a mixture of atmospheric air—out-of-door air, you know—and found that he could breathe it and make himself unconscious for a long time without its leaving any dangerous or disagreeable results. Shortly after this he had an accident. Without meaning to he breathed into his lungs some chlorine which gave him a great deal of pain. To ease the suffering, he inhaled some ether vapor, which gave him such relief that he made up his mind "that a surgical operation might be performed on a patient under the full influence of sulphuric ether without giving him any pain." This was Professor Jackson's claim to the great discovery. It was brought before the public in about the year 1846. He was a man well known in Boston, where he was practicing medicine when he made the discovery about chloroform. A couple of years after that time he withdrew from his labors as a physician, and giving his time to other scientific studies, became especially noted for his knowledge of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology. He had already been geologist for the States of Maine and Rhode Island and New Hampshire, one after the other, and had taken a very forward and noted part in surveying those States and making known their mineral resources, as he also did those of the unbroken wilderness of New York, which he explored after his discovery of ether.

So, he was a scientific man of known attainments, and many took up his claim to the great discovery, while others believed in those of Dr. Morton and of Dr. Wells. He was supported by most of the Boston physicians and was honored abroad by orders and decorations from the governments of France, Sweden, Prussia, Turkey, and Sardinia.

The great French Academy of Sciences was deeply interested in the discovery and appointed a committee to investigate and consider the merits of each claimant. The result of the report was that a prize of twenty-five hundred francs was given to Dr. Jackson as "the discoverer of etherization," and another of the same value was awarded to Dr. Morton "for the application of this discovery to scientific operations." Dr. Morton refused his.

Dr. Jackson was already known in Europe; when fresh from Harvard College

he had studied three years in Paris, and afterward made a foot journey through Switzerland and various portions of Germany and Austria. Later he had visited the chief cities of Italy, and made a geological tour through Sicily and Auvergne, in France. He returned on the same vessel—the packet ship *Sully*—which carried Professor Morse from Havre to New York on that important journey during which was conceived the idea of the magnetic telegraph. Dr. Jackson was the fellow-passenger with whom Morse talked about electricity, and he was also one of the men who unsuccessfully claimed the honor of being the inventor of the telegraph.

He was so great a scientist, made so many valuable discoveries, and wrote so many able articles for the scientific journals of Europe and America, that he would have a place among our famous men if he had no claim at all to having given the world the blessing of anæsthetics; and since, after careful investigation, this has been acknowledged before all others by the first of all scientific societies, his place is firmly established as one of the three great benefactors to the pain-suffering world. Nearly all Professor Jackson's chemical studies, like those in geology, were for practical use. Some of them were upon the cotton-plant, the tobacco-plant, Indian corn, a number of different kinds of American grapes, and other products of the United States.

Overtaxed perhaps by his severe studies and crossed by many bitter contests over what he claimed to be his best work, his mind became affected as he grew old, and the last seven years of his life were unhappily passed in an asylum for the insane.

Charles Thomas Jackson was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, June 21, 1805. He died in Somerville, Massachusetts, August 29, 1880.

The celebrated **Austin Flint**, the loss of whose venerable figure, kindly face, benevolent spirit and blameless life is still fresh in the memory of the whole country, was the greatest of a great race of physicians. His great-grandfather, Dr. Edward Flint, was a noted man in the early days of the Massachusetts Colony, and his grandfather and father were both physicians of repute and men of talent.

"Old Dr. Flint," as he was called—because he had a son of the same name—was born during our second war with England, in New England, where all his American ancestors had lived. His father was not a rich man, and he had a large family, but this son from his babyhood showed such great power of mind and was so studious, good, and dutiful, that his father expected wonderful things of him, and was willing to make any sacrifices to give him advantages. He was delighted that, while yet a boy, Austin decided to become a physician, and willingly made a good deal of effort to educate him at Amherst and Harvard. He graduated from the Harvard Medical College when he was twenty-one years old, and began to

practice in Northampton, Massachusetts, from whence he went to Boston. After three years in these places he moved again, going this time to Buffalo, New York, which was then considered very far West indeed.

From the first his success with his patients and his writings in the medical journals attracted attention. He was soon asked to lecture in the Rush Medical College in Chicago, which he did for a year, and then returned to Buffalo and founded the *Buffalo Medical Journal*, of which he remained the editor for ten years.

Meanwhile his usefulness was extending; he helped to found the Buffalo Medical College; he became a professor in the Louisville University; later, while still calling Buffalo his home, he passed several winters just before the war in New Orleans, lecturing and practicing.

At the beginning of the struggle for the Union, he moved his family to New York, where he lived during the rest of his life, as one of the most honored physicians, not only in America, but in the world. Soon after coming to New York he became one of the doctors of Bellevue Hospital and was appointed to two professorships, one at Bellevue and one at the Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn. Long before his death the calls upon his time and strength became so many that he gave up his position in the Brooklyn school, but his connection with the Bellevue College lasted until his death. He was a member of many medical societies, both in this country and in Europe, and filled in them some most honorable positions. Two of the most important of these offices were in the New York Academy of Medicine, of which he was president for ten years, and the American Medical Association, of which he was president for two years. For a much longer time, when not holding office, he was an active, earnest member of both these societies, as well as of many others. Before his death he had been chosen president of the International Medical Congress to meet in 1887, but that he could not fill. During the winter before his death he had also been invited to address the British Medical Association, an honor never before paid to any American man of science.

Dr. Flint's books are all on subjects connected with his profession; there are a number of them, and all are considered standard works, remarkable for their easy, pleasant reading, as well as for their value to science. Deep and learned as they are, being written only for professional men, they seem to show forth in their style something of the directness, the modesty and simple manliness of the great mind that formed them. But no book, not even a biography, can convey a full idea of his noble character. His kindness was for all who met him in his business or in friendship, and his benevolence to the poor was open-hearted and unpretentious.

Dr. Austin Flint, Sr., was born at Petersham, Massachusetts, October 20, 1812. He died in New York City, March 13, 1886.

Long before his death the elder Dr. Flint saw his son in the foremost ranks of their profession, making himself especially distinguished in the department of physiology. Austin Flint, Jr., belongs to the fifth generation of medical doctors in this remarkable family, and is the third Dr. Austin Flint. While filling various important positions as surgeon and professor in hospitals and colleges, he has added much to medical literature—chiefly on physiology—and has spent a great deal of time in making new experiments, some on living animals. The results were often important discoveries which attracted the interest and attention of almost all the scientific men in the country. He was one of the founders of the Bellevue Medical College in New York City, and from its beginning has been one of its professors.

Among other great living physicians and surgeons of America, the name of Dr. William Roberts is one of the best known and most highly honored of practicing physicians in the West; those of Dr. Roberts Barthalow, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell—who has written many medical books, and is especially devoted to the cure of nervous diseases—are among the most famous in Philadelphia—the home of the profession in this country and the seat of the Homœopathic School. In New York, Dr. S. L. Ranney is one of the most successful of practicing physicians, as is also Dr. Alfred Loomis, who is celebrated for his knowledge of diseases. Dr. Cornelius R. Agnew, Dr. Robert F. Weir, and Dr. William T. Helmuth, Sr., are eminent surgeons in their special lines, while Dr. Thomas F. Allen, the author of the great work on *Materia Medica*, and many other valuable writings, is also a successful general physician and surgeon, and a specialist in diseases of the eye and ear. Boston can also claim some of the greatest specialists as well as several of the most eminent general surgeons of this age.

Of the women who have made their way into this, the noble profession, and have shown marked ability in it, the first is Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, who, though born in England, has passed her life and done her work in America. She was the first woman in the world to obtain a medical diploma, and not only overcame every difficulty in her way to passing through a medical college in this country, but afterward went to Paris, and though told it would be impossible for her to gain entrance to the hospitals, kept persistently on till she had most successfully gained her object—her own education and an entrance into the profession for other women. Dr. Blackwell is now sixty-five years old, and is still practicing with success in New York City, where she long ago founded a medical college for women. Mrs. Mary Putnam Jacobi, who was also born in England and came here almost in her babyhood, is one of the most distinguished practicing physicians in America.

She was the first woman admitted to the School of Medicine in Paris, where she went after graduating from the College of Pharmacy in New York.

SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS.

OUTSIDE of the ministry one of the first really learned men of which America could boast was **Lindley Murray**, the brilliant scholar who made the famous "Murray's Grammar of the English Language."

He was the son of Robert Murray, a strict, stern Quaker miller, who lived near Lancaster, Pennsylvania; and he began his education under one of the best teachers in Philadelphia. After a few years the family moved to New York, where Mr. Murray became one of the leading merchants of his day. It is said that eight or ten years before the Revolution, he owned more tons of shipping than any other man in America, and that he also was one of the five persons in New York who were at that day rich enough to own a coach. He tried to make a merchant of his son, and put him in his own counting-room; but Lindley was very unhappy with the round of his work and the hard restraints his father imposed. When they first came from Philadelphia, he had gone on with his studies, expecting to prepare for college; but bad health prevented this, and the distasteful counting-room had been opened to him instead. Affairs did not always go on smoothly there, and one day the father punished his son unjustly, as Lindley thought, and the boy ran away. For many weeks he hid himself in a boarding-house at Burlington, New Jersey, where he spent his time in study. After his parents found him, he was induced to return home, and allowed to go on with his studies.

In a short time he entered a law office where John Jay, afterwards the famous diplomat, was a fellow-student. He followed his studies earnestly, and with the present of a fine law library from his father, entered the profession with a license to practice "in all the courts of the province" and every prospect of great success. But his health again gave out, and taking his wife—they had just been married—with him, he went to England for a change of climate. They returned in 1771, after a stay of several years, during which they were with his father and most of the family, for, leaving two sons in New York, Robert Murray had opened a London branch of his business that greatly extended its importance. Lindley's health was much better for the change, and after coming back to America he

attended to his law practice successfully until the Revolutionary War broke out. Then, being a Friend and forbidden to take any part in the conflict, if he had wanted to, he made his home for the next four years in a quiet cottage at Islip, Long Island. Then he went over to New York to try commerce instead of law, and by the close of the war he had become one of the wealthy business men of the town.

He retired with a fortune when scarcely more than thirty-five years old, but not to comfort and happiness, for bad health had again come on him. After moving from one country-seat near New York to another in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, he and Mrs. Murray were finally forced to go to an entirely different climate. They sailed for England and made their home on a beautiful estate in Yorkshire. Yet even here the invalid was little better off. He gradually became lame, and was confined to his room for sixteen years. This affliction came upon him in the prime of life, while his mind was in the fullness of its power; so, instead of passing his years in unhappy idleness, he occupied them with study and writing. He was very much opposed to ever becoming an idler. Then it was that he made his great English Grammar and English Reader, wrote a number of religious works, and compiled several French readers. "I was often asked," he said, "to compose and publish a grammar of the English language, for the use of some teachers who were not perfectly satisfied with any of the existing grammars." After declining many times, he at length undertook the work, and with a great many misgivings about its success gave it into the hands of the publishers, who brought it out in 1795.

It would not seem a remarkable school-book now, for so very many have since been made on much the same plan; but it will always be a famous book, because it was the first great step toward well-arranged and graded grammars. Mr. Murray spoke of this new idea of his very modestly when he said that it seemed to him that "a grammar containing a careful selection of the most useful matter and an adaptation of it to the understanding, and the gradual progress of learners, with a special regard to the propriety and purity of all the examples and illustrations, would be some improvement on any of the grammars I had seen." It was a great success at once; it not only gave teachers and students a better text-book for learning the English language than had ever before been known, but it aroused a great deal of interest in grammar among the leading scholars of the time, bringing forward critical discussions which raised the use and the principles of language to a more important place than they had ever held before among people in general. As the various new editions were called for, Mr. Murray enlarged and improved his book so that it came to be a very comprehensive and thorough work, a standard for reference and a popular school-room guide. It was followed by a

simpler book for lower grades and beginners, and many other volumes of exercise books, spellers, and readers. He was a careful, painstaking scholar, and in addition to the writing spent a great deal of time in correcting the proof-sheets, so that the pages should be as accurate as possible.

He was a very pious man, with the greatest humility in regard to his work



LINDLEY MURRAY.

and the distinguished honors it brought him. His manners were simple, gracious, and engaging; and while he loved best a quiet, studious life, he entertained many friends. He was a pleasing and an able talker upon many matters, and seldom said much about his own affliction, although for a long time he was not even able to rise from his seat. Even when he was alone with his family, he did not allow

his suffering—which was very great at times—to make him in any way ill-tempered. Instead, he was bright and lively in his nature, ever cheerful, thoughtful and perfectly satisfied that his life was ruled by God and nothing in it was amiss.

It was always a regret that he was forced to live away from America, and for a long time he hoped to return before his death. The great movements, the steady progress, and every matter of the nation's welfare interested him; and when he died he willed that the bulk of his estate should, after his wife's death, form a permanent fund to be used here in freeing "black people who may be held in slavery, assisting them when freed, and giving their descendants or the descendants of other black people, suitable education; in promoting the civilization and instruction of the Indians of North America; in the purchase and distribution of books tending to promote piety and virtue and the truth of Christianity, and it is his wish that 'The Power of Religion on the Mind, in Retirement, Affliction, and at the Approach of Death' (Mr. Murray's own book), with the author's latest corrections and improvements, may form a considerable part of these books; and in assisting and relieving the poor of any description, in any manner that may be judged proper, especially those who are sober, industrious, and of good character."

Lindley Murray was born at Swetara, Pennsylvania, sometime in the year 1745. He died at Holdgate near York, England, February 16, 1826.

While Lindley Murray, in exile from his native land, was giving the world some much-needed work on the English language, **Benjamin Thompson**, his countryman, was rising steadily to the very highest rank among European scientists and philosophers. It is not easy to say just what place in history this wonderful man held, for he filled many offices of power and influence both as a scientist, a soldier, and a statesman; but as his discoveries in science were of world-wide benefit, while most of his other services were for the good of that special nation which claimed him at the time, as an American he stands greatest as a man of learning.

Benjamin Thompson's boyhood was passed in school until he was fourteen; after that as a clerk to a merchant in Salem, Massachusetts. When he was eighteen he had made his way to Harvard University and listened eagerly to a course of lectures on philosophy, which were given with practical experiments before the class; and in the same year he began teaching school in the town of Rumford, which is now called Concord. He was then a tall, handsome young man of twenty years, with a fine mind and courteous manners. He won the rich Mrs. Rolfe, a widow, for his wife, and with her moved to Woburn, his native town.

When the battle of Lexington took place, it is said that he turned out with the patriots and afterward applied for a commission in the Continental Army. But

in history he is known as a Tory. At the beginning of the trouble he had declined to join with the Colonists against the king, so they refused to have him in their ranks when the conflict began, and he joined the Royalists. At this his townsmen turned out against him, following him through the streets in a threatening crowd until he had to seek refuge in the British camp at Boston. There he was taken



BENJAMIN THOMPSON

into the service and sent to England in the autumn of 1775, to carry despatches to Lord George Germain. He was not returned to America, but was appointed clerk in the Foreign Office, where he did such good work that in four years he became Under Secretary of State. During the last year of the Revolution he was sent back to this country with the commission of a high office in the army, but he never took part in any action of war, and was called back again before he had seen his wife and child.

After returning to England, he went almost at once to Germany with letters to some of its greatest men from several of the most distinguished persons in England, for, by that time, Benjamin Thompson's ability as a statesman and his scientific attainments had placed him among the foremost men of the day, although he was but little over thirty years of age. In the German State of Bavaria he was made most welcome, and introduced to the Elector or reigning prince, who asked him to become his aid-de-camp and chamberlain. Being a British subject and lately in the service of the Government, he had to go to England for permission to accept these offers. They were not only cordially granted by the king, but the industrious New England schoolmaster was knighted by His Majesty and took his way to his new offices as Sir Benjamin Thompson. His abilities soon won for him still higher places in the esteem of the prince, and he became the second man in the kingdom. From an aid he was made Lieutenant-General, then Commander-in-Chief of the Staff, Minister of War, and lastly Commander-in-Chief of the General Staff. In diplomacy he was equally great, and was made Member of the Council of State, while he was created Knight of Poland and Member of the Academy of Sciences in three cities. Then, when he showed himself able to reform many evils in the condition of Munich—the capital and chief city of the State—he became Superintendent of the Police of Bavaria, and was even made Chief Regent when, in 1796, the prince was forced to be absent from his realm.

He had already become known by a greater title than that of a knight. In 1790 he had been raised to the highest office under the German kings, by being made a Count in the Holy Roman Empire. This was equal to the English title of Earl, and was a great honor to any one, especially a foreigner. In memory of the Massachusetts town where he had found his wife and his little daughter was born, he chose the title of Count Rumford, by which name he is best known in history. His wife died in America about this time, and he sent for his daughter, then a beautiful young lady of twenty, to join him.

The people of Munich have statues to his memory, and hold his name in as grateful remembrance as many of their countrymen; and he well deserves their honors. The beggars who overran and disgraced the city he provided with work-houses, and compelled them to work for their living. Yet the poor and sick were on his mind for care and protection, and it was while devising means to warm and clothe them with economy that he made some experiments with heat and light which led to very valuable discoveries in science. Beside the practical results of making improved chimneys and apparatus for heating and lighting houses, Count Rumford proved in these studies that "gases are non-conductors, and fluids very imperfect conductors of heat;" he also explained that "heat is extended in liquids only by convection, or the continuous changing about of the particles of the

liquid," and that "a flame in open air gives but little heat to bodies placed above it." These discoveries and the Count's observations on his experiments were published in London in 1795, while he was on a visit to that city. The Elector would have liked to have had him stay there and act as Bavarian Minister, but that Count Rumford could not do. It was against the law for a Briton to represent the interests of any other country than his own at Court.

When the Elector died in the last year of the last century, Count Rumford left the Bavarian court, and, marrying the widow of Antoine Laurent Lavoisier, the great French chemist, in 1805, he spent the remainder of his life in France. These years were not filled with public duties, but were quietly spent in literary and scientific pursuits, and in the company of the most learned men and women of Europe.

Beside his many other services to England, he formed the plan of and was in 1800 the founder of the Royal Institution, the great scientific society of London, which has fostered the most eminent scholars of this century, and has done more than any other institution in England for the development and the spread of scientific knowledge.

Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, was born at Woburn, Massachusetts, March 26, 1753, or 1752. He died at Anteil, near Paris, August 21, 1814.

When this century, now so near its close, was just dawning on the world, there was a Scotchman named **Alexander Wilson** teaching school at Kingessing, Pennsylvania, who in a few years told the world more about American birds than it had ever dreamed of before. He was then a man thirty-four years old, who had been in the United States about six years, first employing himself at the loom—for he was a weaver by trade—and then at teaching school in this little town near Philadelphia.

In his distant Scottish home, he had not had a good education to begin with, but while working as a weaver's apprentice he had spent his evenings in study and verse-writing, so that he was quite fitted to teach. In those days it was not necessary for a man to be very learned to become a schoolmaster in America.

One of the pleasantest things about this new situation was that it placed Mr. Wilson near the farm and the botanical gardens of William Bartram, a celebrated botanist of that time, who knew a great deal about natural history, especially birds. Wilson was glad of the first chance he could get to talk with this learned farmer, for from the very first he had been particularly interested in the birds he had seen in this country. He soon had many talks about their habits with Mr. Bartram, and in a very short time began to study them with the deepest enthusiasm. First, though, he took up the general study of natural history. His

pupils entered into his fondness most heartily. His room was crowded with the little four-footed animals, reptiles, and birds of the neighborhood, and all the boys throughout the country-side were on the lookout for rare specimens for the master, who was sure to reward them for a prize with a few coppers.

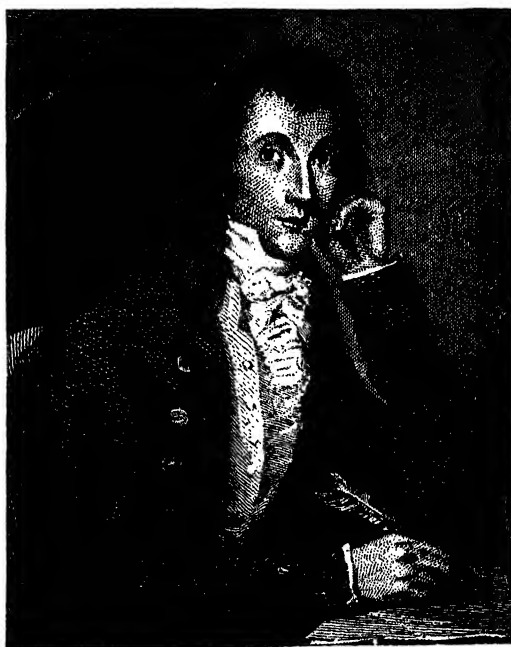
It was soon plain that Mr. Wilson was no ordinary bird-lover, and that he was particularly gifted for that sort of study, which is called ornithology. In the year 1803 the idea came to him of making a book on American birds. He resolved to travel through the United States, getting specimens of all the birds he could find and making drawings of them. After that, he hoped that some way would open to pay the costs of having all this which he should prepare made into a book, so that the whole world might know about the birds that filled the country of the New World. At the time Dr. Wilson formed this plan he had just seventy-five cents in his pocket, but he wrote to Mr. Bradford, a Boston publisher, laying his plan before him, and was almost overcome with happiness in receiving the answer that Mr. Bradford thought so well of it, that he would not only publish the work when it was done, but would furnish the author with what funds he would need to prepare it.

The material for two volumes was almost finished then, for Mr. Wilson had already been several years at work. He had tramped over the country till he knew the habits and the peculiarities of almost all the birds of the Northern and Eastern States, and had drawings of them carefully made. Matters being agreed between the author and his publisher, the first book was brought out as soon as possible. This was in 1808, and with a sample copy under his arm, Mr. Wilson set out at once to seek "birds and subscribers," as he said.

He was not the greatest success as a salesman, but as an ornithologist, or bird student, he now began to do some wonderful work. He not only found and studied new specimens for himself, but he cultivated the acquaintance of other bird-lovers whom he met in his travels, and getting them interested in his enterprise, before long he had the whole of the Eastern States stationed with sharp-eyed, intelligent foresters on the lookout for every bird, especially every strange bird, that spread its wings on the air of forest or meadow, hill or dale. One of Mr. Wilson's first tours was a foot journey through the trackless wilderness of Western New York. He was a lover of all nature, and in a poem called "The Foresters" he gave a graphic account of this excursion.

After having pretty thoroughly studied the birds of the Eastern States, he started for the South. He walked to Pittsburg, and there buying a little boat he launched it upon the Ohio, to go by water to Cincinnati. The skiff, which he called the *Ornithologist*, was fitted out with some biscuits and cheese and a bottle of cordial—given to him by a gentleman of Pittsburg—for provisions, while his

luggage consisted of a trunk, a greatcoat, and his gun. These were stowed away in one end, while the devoted student sat alone in the other. His whole being was filled with joy at the beauty that began to unfold before him, and at the novel situation he was in. This, too, is all described in an interesting account of the pleasures and varied experiences of twenty-one days of sailing over the distance of five hundred miles of the noble river Ohio. After a short stay in Cincinnati, he crossed the river to the Kentucky shore, and made his way to Nashville,



ALEXANDER WILSON.

Tennessee. Stopping here for a few days, he made drawings of all the birds he had seen and got ready for a long trip alone through the wilderness. Many people advised him against taking this journey, but feeling sure that for the most part the stories of the dangers he should meet were exaggerated, he kept on in his purpose, and set out in the early part of May. He had equipped himself well. His horse was a fine, trustworthy animal; a loaded pistol was stuck in each pocket, a loaded fowling-piece hung across his shoulder, and in his belt was plenty of shot, while his flask held a pound of gunpowder. In arms and ammunition he was prepared for

all the birds, beasts, or Indians he would be likely to see. For his food he carried some dried beef and biscuit. He reached Natchez and even New Orleans quite safe from all the dangers he had been warned of, and well laden with materials for his work, though he had not found many subscribers. .

It was about the first of July that he reached the great port of the Mississippi, and as the fever season was near at hand, he soon took passage for New York, and from there returned to Philadelphia.

He set to work at once to finish his books, and completed the eighth volume by midsummer. It was a grand task, wonderfully executed. In a little more than seven years he had by his own industry, courage, and talents—almost unaided—done more than all the naturalists of Europe had accomplished during a whole century. It was a great, original work, for while none of the two hundred and seventy-five birds in his “Ornithology” were thoroughly known before his time, there were fifty-six kinds that no naturalist had ever before taken any notice of. It was a task beyond the ability of most men, and beyond the strength of Mr. Wilson, though he was yet in middle life. He had scarcely finished preparing the eighth volume for the publisher before his health gave way entirely and death came very soon. There was still material for two more volumes, which were edited and published after his death, and ten years later the work was continued by four more volumes prepared by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, who beside being a French prince, was an eminent naturalist, and lived for some time in Philadelphia. So, in addition to the value of Mr. Wilson’s works in themselves, the “American Ornithology” opened the way for the labors of other naturalists, who have completely and perfectly covered the subject of the birds of this continent.

Alexander Wilson was born at Paisley, Scotland, July 6, 1766. He died in Philadelphia August 23, 1813.

Baron Cuvier, the great French naturalist, once said that the most magnificent monument that art has ever set up to the study of birds is the work of **John James Audubon**. This author, painter, and naturalist was the son of a planter who had been an admiral in the French navy, and was born in Louisiana the year before the close of the Independence War in America. He was sent to Paris to be educated when he was about fifteen years old, and there studied designing in the school of the celebrated historical painter, Jacques Louis David. But he was glad to come back to his own country in about three years, for there was no trait stronger in John Audubon’s nature than his love for the streams and forests of his native land, and the birds and animals that lived in them. He married soon after his return, and receiving from his father a beautiful plantation on the banks of the Schuylkill in Pennsylvania, he settled down to become a farmer.

Mrs. Audubon appreciated her husband's love for nature, and when after a few years he spent months and even years in wandering through the grand and lonely forests of Pennsylvania, she met him from time to time, cheered and encouraged him and gave him money. Without her aid he could never have succeeded in the work that he finally undertook. While others felt that he might better stay at home and mind his farm and family, she seems to have understood that there



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

was a greatness in his mind that led him off upon these trips to study nature and sketch the dwellers of the lonely woods which would some day prove itself to all. He always took his pencil and paints with him and made careful color studies of all the birds he could find. He was one of the most skilful painters we have ever had, although his gifts were only shown in bird pictures.

After a while the Audubons decided to go further west, where Mr. Audubon could be near his wife and the little child they had, without having to give up his

life in the forests. So, in the autumn of 1810, they floated down the Ohio in an open skiff, taking two negroes and their household goods with them, and settled in the village of Henderson, Kentucky, for their new home. "Day after day, with his dog, gun, and box of pencils and colors, he made excursions, now shooting down a bird, now carefully picturing its form and colors, again peering into a nest or scaling a cliff, for hours watching the conduct of a pair of birds, and jotting down in a note-book all that he saw them do, where he found them, what and how they ate, built their nests, cared for their young. Over streams, through tangled brushwood, amid swamps, and in stony ravines, in storm, sunshine, and starlight, with unwearied feet and uncooled enthusiasm, he watched the habits and the varying plumage and the whole life of the feathered creatures that live in America, north and south, east and west, with no companions but the wild beast, the Indian, and the birds which he studied, to watch his curious labors."

What was it all for? A love of nature. From the time that Audubon was a little boy, the song and the plumage of birds delighted him. His father, an educated gentleman and a naturalist, encouraged this taste in him. He used often to walk with him through the country, describing the life of the birds in the woods, telling their peculiarities, and teaching his little son to notice the differences in them, and pointing out how one belonged to one kind and another to another, on account of this trait or that. Soon after moving to Kentucky, Mr. Audubon met Alexander Wilson, who was then in the midst of his labors; and many years later he became acquainted with Charles Lucien Bonaparte. These two men influenced the course of his own work very much, especially Bonaparte, who saw of what great value Audubon's work would be to the world, and offered to buy his drawings, and talked to Audubon about bringing them before the public.

Until this time, the idea of publishing what he had learned of nature, and becoming famous through his labors, had never come to him. This was in 1824; two years more he spent in further study in the woods, and in getting his drawings and notes ready to be made into a book; then he started for London to see what arrangements he could make. When he landed he was filled with hopes and doubts. With no influence, little money, and being a stranger in a land of so many eminent scholars, he was fearful that he had gone there in vain. But his doubts were soon scattered, for the moment his work was seen, not London alone, but the great scholars of Edinburgh, of Paris, Berlin, and all Europe, assured him of its value, and cheered and aided him with their influence and friendship. His own countrymen too, saw the importance of his studies more quickly than that of many specialists is recognized, and altogether a hundred and seventy people subscribed a thousand dollars each for a copy of the "Birds of America."

The monarchs of England and France headed the list of subscribers, and the

greatest natural history scholars in the world welcomed him as their equal, and encouraged him to undertake the work. So he remained in Europe for several years. When he came back it was only for a short stay while he explored the coasts, the lakes, the rivers, and the mountains, from Labrador and Canada to Florida, so as to add the water fowls to his portfolio. Then he went back to superintend the publishing of the book.

The plates of the birds were life-size, with wonderfully fine and accurate representations of the forms, colors, attitudes, and expression of both male and female—little ones and grown-up ones grouped together—showing their plumage at different seasons, the vegetation they prefer, the soil, the food, sometimes the habits, and often the prey of each bird; the surroundings were a faithful representation of the landscape, the bare cliffs, the shores of sea or stream which the creatures make their favorite haunts. These were excellent, finished pictures, the work of a patient artist who had labored again and again over a single picture, destroying one attempt after another as long as he could find a defect in drawing or coloring that jarred against the artist, or a single mistake that challenged the keen criticism of the ornithologist. The reading matter was scarcely less important than the plates. In easy and enthusiastic language he described the appearance and the life of the birds as he saw them himself when secretly watching them by the hour in their lonely homes, and following their lead in the passages from one climate to another at the change of seasons. It is not a set of dry and formal chapters, hard names, and bare descriptions; but along with the careful and accurate accounts that make the work of the greatest scientific value, there are bright stories of his personal adventures, sketches of scenery, and interesting accounts of the habits and traits of out-of-the-way people whom he came across in his journeyings.

Altogether the work makes five folio volumes of colored engravings, illustrating about one thousand and sixty-five species of birds, all of the natural size; and five volumes of printed matter. The books are about as large as the sheet of a single newspaper doubled once. It is the finest work on birds that has ever been published; and the greatest naturalists of France generously declared that in the "Birds of America" Audubon had achieved a work that had no equal in all Europe.

When it was completed the famous author brought his family to a home on the Hudson, near New York City, where he still kept at work. He was now about sixty years old, and had two able sons who helped him a great deal. He made a cheaper edition of the "Birds" in seven volumes, with all the engravings carefully reduced, or made of smaller size; and after this was brought out, he went again to the fields and forests, the mountains and the swamps, now in company with his two sons—to gather descriptions and make drawings for the "Quadrupeds

of America," which is as noble a work upon the four-footed animals of the New World as the first one upon its birds. At the end of all the labors of getting through the press this great work, which made three volumes of plates and three volumes of printing, Mr. Audubon—now seventy years old—rested from toil and hardship in the happy, loving atmosphere of his home and family; for he was a genius who was honored in his own house.

All this vast amount of work was not done without a great many trials and losses; but whenever specimens or drawings were lost—even though it would take years to replace them—or when, as in the panic of 1837, subscribers were unable to buy his books, or whatever disaster and discouragement fell upon him—and he seemed to have more than most men's share—he always met his troubles cheerfully, calmly, and bravely, showing a sublime heroism that only belongs to natures that are truly great.

The great Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, said of Mr. Audubon as a man: "He is just what you would expect from his work, full of fine enthusiasm and intelligence, most interesting in his looks and manners." He had a high arched brow, dark gray eyes, and a bright, courageous, happy temper; and was "esteemed by all who know him for the simplicity and frankness of his nature. He is the greatest artist, in his own walk, that ever lived."

John James Audubon was born at New Orleans, Louisiana, May 4, 1780. He died at his home near New York City, January 27, 1851.

The elder **Benjamin Silliman** was one of the first and greatest of American scientists. His son and namesake is also an eminent man, especially in chemistry, and has added very much to his father's important labors in science both for Yale College and the world; but the first Professor Silliman is particularly honored as a pioneer worker when science was little studied and still less appreciated in America. He was but one year older than Mr. Audubon, and while the great naturalist was studying art in David's studio at Paris, he was taking the regular course at Yale College, where he soon became a tutor and then a professor. But before taking this last position, he devoted two years to studying chemistry in Philadelphia. When he was twenty-five years old, he began his lectures to the students at New Haven, and opened a long career of fifty years that was honorable to himself and the college, and of vast importance to science. His fame spread beyond the city of New Haven; students came to hear him from all parts of the country; and it was before them that he was always at his best, more full of enthusiasm in his subject, more alive with sympathy in the ambitions of his young friends, and more clear and eloquent in his explanations, than he ever appeared in any other place.

During the next ten years, Professor Silliman's life was an earnest and busy one. At intervals between his lecturing and laboratory work at Yale, he went to Europe and wrote two volumes about what he saw there, in a "Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland"—a very popular and interesting book. He also made a geological survey of a part of Connecticut, and made an important



BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

contribution to science by analyzing a stone that fell from the sky. This meteorite—as such stones are called—was found in Weston, Connecticut, and attracted a great deal of attention; and it was a matter of great importance when Professor Silliman found out of what it was composed.

In the year 1818 he began to publish a scientific magazine which he called *The American Journal of Science and Arts*, but which is better known as "Silliman's Journal." It is the best as well as the oldest journal of its kind in this

country ; for more than half a century the scholars of Europe and America have looked to it for record and description of all the new and important discoveries made by our scientists ; and its back numbers are a library of some of the best papers ever written upon the great scientific attainments of the age.

In the latter years of his life Professor Silliman went again to Europe and wrote two volumes about his trip. These were as much read and as popular as the "Journals" of his first visit. He had a faculty for interesting people in all that he wrote or said. Those who were not scientists enjoyed science as he talked about it, and when he gave some courses of popular lectures on geology and chemistry in different large cities of the United States, they were always attended by large audiences.

Though his whole life was devoted to science and teaching, he was also deeply interested in public affairs, especially in the cause of liberty. When the great trouble arose in Kansas, he came out boldly and forcibly in opposition to slavery, although he was then seventy-eight years old. He resigned from his position in the college a few years before this time, but New Haven was still his home ; and there, where he was best known, he was honored and revered by all, for his greatness in science, his noble character, and many virtues consistent with his simple faith in Christianity.

Benjamin Silliman, Sr., was born in North Stratford (now Trumbull), Connecticut, August 8, 1779. He died in New Haven, in the same State, November 24, 1864.

Professor Silliman's great successors at Yale and as editors of his *Journal* have been his son, **Benjamin Silliman, Jr.**, and his son-in-law, James Dwight Dana.

The younger Professor Silliman was born at New Haven, and graduated from Yale when he was twenty-one. After teaching chemistry there for a number of years he became a regular professor of that science, and in about eight years took the still more important chair made vacant by his father's resignation. He became associate editor of the *Journal* soon after his graduation, and is now chief editor with Professor Dana. Like his father, he is the author of several important books on chemistry, and in that branch of science ranks as one of the most important scholars in this country.

James Dwight Dana is famous throughout this country as a master of the three extensive departments of knowledge that treat of the sciences of minerals ; of the earth, or geology ; and of natural history, or zoölogy. Always fond of this sort of study, he was attracted to Yale by the fame of the elder Silliman, and when he was seventeen years old he left his home in New York State to study under him. Since then his life has been mostly spent in the "City of Elms."

About the time he graduated, he was appointed teacher of mathematics to midshipmen in the navy of the United States, and in the ship of war *Delaware* he sailed to the Mediterranean Sea. After returning from this voyage, he first became assistant to the distinguished professor, who had so much influence on his



JAMES DWIGHT DANA.

life from the first, whose daughter he afterward married, and whom he finally succeeded—in part with his son—in both his college and his editorial work.

But these events did not follow at once. After a couple of years with his professor he left New Haven to act as mineralogist and geologist on the United States exploring expedition that, under Captain Wilkes, was sent around the world. The discoveries on this trip and many observations made elsewhere were

published after his return ; while just before starting out he had made a first edition of his greatest work, the "Manual of Mineralogy and Geology." This is the greatest and best work of its kind that has ever been published in this country, and is looked upon as a standard authority both in Europe and in America. Professor Dana has enlarged and revised it several times, the last edition being brought out about ten years ago.

He is now a venerable and highly honored man, a member of the great Academy of Sciences in Berlin, Germany, and of many other learned societies in both the Old World and the New. Those who can best understand his abilities say that beside the close and accurate powers of observation that are necessary to every student of nature, he also ranks among the very foremost of philosophic naturalists. His books on geology and minerals not only cover the great systems of those branches of science—in which they are the standard works of reference and school-books—but also include several valuable volumes on special branches of the great subjects he has so well mastered, one of the most interesting of which is the "Corals and Coral Islands" that was published about fourteen years ago.

Professor Dana was born at Utica, New York, February 12, 1813. He is still living at New Haven, Connecticut.

Among the many other learned men of this age whose labors have been chiefly within the walls of Yale College are ex-President Woolsey and Professor Whitney. The venerable figure of **Theodore Dwight Woolsey**, but slightly bent with the weight of eighty-five years, is still seen in the college chapel on Sunday mornings. He is a Doctor of Divinity and a Doctor of Laws. He is especially learned in theology, which he studied at Princeton, and in Greek, which he began to teach at Yale when he was a young man of thirty, and on which he has written some very valuable books. He was only forty-five years old when he was made president of the college, and when, at the age of seventy, he resigned, it was believed by students, teachers, professors and patrons, that his administration marked one of the greatest quarter-centuries in the history of the college. All regretted to have him leave his post, for, aged as he was, his mind did not show the slightest sign of failing power ; and it seems yet as forcible, rich, and active as when he was in the prime of life.

Ex-President Woolsey was born in New York City, October 31, 1801.

The fame of **William Dwight Whitney** is chiefly as a master of languages. In this science—which is called philology—he is said to have only one equal in the world. That is Professor Max Müller, of Germany. Both of them are particularly noted for their knowledge of the Oriental languages.

Professor Whitney was not a student at Yale, as was President Woolsey. He graduated from Williams College, and then went to Berlin and to Tübingen, where he gained vast stores of knowledge on Sanskrit and other languages, which the trustees of New Haven asked him to use for the benefit of their college, on his return to this country. This was in the year 1854, when he was twenty-seven years old; he is now about sixty, full of honors for his life-long devotion to study and teaching. Much of his time has also been given to writing. He has contributed valuable articles to the learned journals and the leading popular magazines of this country; he has written for Appletons' "New American Cyclopædia," and the great Sanskrit Dictionary now being published in Russia; and on his own account has prepared German grammars, readers, and a dictionary which are used by many students in all parts of the United States. He has been richly gifted with the qualities that are necessary to the mind of a profound scholar—clear insight, sound judgment, and accurate, deep, and varied learning. Honors and degrees of many kinds have been bestowed upon him at home and abroad, and some of the greatest philological societies in the world reckon him as one of their most able and useful members.

Professor Whitney was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, February 9, 1827.

One of the greatest of the world's pioneers in natural science was the profound scholar, successful teacher, and noble gentleman, **Joseph Henry**. Abroad he is best known for his discoveries in electricity. In America his name will always be linked with Princeton College, where he was Professor of Natural Philosophy, and with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, of which he was manager for thirty-two years, from the prime of his life to its close.

A native of Albany, New York, he was born shortly before the beginning of this century, and growing rapidly with its swift progress, he soon began to mark the age with the results of his studies and investigations. It has been said that he exerted a more enduring and wide-spread influence upon the progress of American science than any man of his generation.

He came from a humble Scotch family, whose ancestry is not known, and he never had a single blood relation of intellectual prominence. It is not even known just when he came into the world. His father died when he was still very young; and he was only a boy when he lost his mother, also. At the age of seven he was taken to live with his grandmother at Galway, near Saratoga. The great advantages that are carefully placed before some boys, Joseph Henry knew nothing about. He went to the village school for a little while and began secretly to read the romances and dramas in the village library, to which he accidentally

obtained access. This life at his grandmother's went on till he was no longer little Joseph, but a growing lad of fourteen. He was old enough then, it was thought, to begin to earn his living, so he went back to Albany and was apprenticed to learn the jeweler's trade. He worked at this for two years, but happening one time to get possession of a copy of Robinson's "*Mechanical Philosophy*," his thoughts were turned in an entirely new direction. Suddenly a taste for natural philosophy woke up within him, and he soon became a student of sciences at the Albany Academy, then in charge of T. Romeyn Beck, the noted physician and scientist.

Henry soon proved a faithful and an able student. His progress and his general character so pleased Dr. Beck that he obtained for him a place as tutor in one of the first families in the city. These duties took three hours of each day, and the rest of his time was spent in assisting Dr. Beck in his chemical investigations and studying anatomy and physiology, for he was then studying a course in medicine. He did not follow this out, though, for his health became poor and he thought he had better undertake some out-of-door work. After a year of surveying in the western part of New York, he returned quite well again, and then went back to the academy as one of its professors.

It was while filling the pleasant duties of this position that he began "the brilliant series of researches in electricity on which his purely scientific reputation principally rests, and which culminated in the discovery of the Morse telegraph." His apparatus was so poor and his means for research and publication so limited compared to the importance of the results he obtained, that he has been placed beside Faraday as an experimentalist. "He was the only discoverer of one of the most singular forms of electrical induction, and was among the first—perhaps he was the very first—to see clearly the laws which connect the transmission of electricity with the power of the battery employed." He then devoted himself to finding the way to produce mechanical effects at a great distance by the aid of an electro-magnet and conducting wire. "The horseshoe electro-magnet, formed by winding copper wire around a bar of iron bent into the form of a V, had been known before this time, and it was also known that by increasing the number of coils of wire greater force could be given to the magnet if the latter were near the battery. But when it was removed to a distance the power was found to weaken at so rapid a rate that the idea of using the electro-magnet for telegraphic purposes seemed hopeless." Mr. Henry made up his mind to make one experiment after another until he should discover what were the reasons that the power grew less in that way. His success was truly wonderful. He invented the first machine which is moved by electro-magnetism, and used it to show that a self-acting and moving—or what is called oscillating—iron bar inclosed in insulated copper

wire would keep moving or oscillating as long as the magnetic force was applied. He discovered a relation between the number of coils of wire round the electro-magnet and the construction of the battery to work it, and showed that the very same amount of acid and zinc would produce entirely different effects when arranged in different ways, and that by increasing the number of cells in the bat-



JOSEPH HENRY.

tery there was no limit to the distance at which its effects might be felt. He also showed the remarkable power that may be produced by a small galvanic apparatus, exhibiting in 1829 some electro-magnets of far greater power than any ever before tried. There was one which took up only a cubic foot of battery space and was capable of supporting between three and four thousand pounds. By this time he was regarded as one of the greatest students and discoverers in electricity that the world had seen since the days of Benjamin Franklin. He became a

writer for the leading scientific journals, and devoted a great deal of time to hard labor and close investigation.

The idea of making signals at a distance with the aid of electricity was in his mind for a long time before the telegraph was thought of. He succeeded in ringing a bell by electricity at the end of a wire a mile long, in 1832—the year before Professor Morse made that memorable voyage on the packet *Sully*, during which he first thought of his invention. These experiments laid the scientific foundation of the electric telegraph, which was merely completed for practical use when Professor Morse invented an instrument by which the effects of the battery were made to register in a system of signs that could be understood by all operators. Professor Henry even had the idea of making communications with distant points by means of magnetism, although his plan was not the same as that which Professor Morse conceived and reduced to a practical invention.

The year after Mr. Henry published an account of these important discoveries, he was asked to become Professor of Natural Philosophy in the College of New Jersey at Princeton. Although he had so modest an opinion of himself that he accepted this position with a great deal of diffidence, he was altogether worthy of the honor, both as a gentleman and as a teacher of science. His dignified, manly bearing, and refined, intellectual face marked his appearance among other men; and in whatever society he was found his pure, genial humor, delicate taste, ready story-telling, and good manners made him a valuable member. His nature was generous through and through. Even though he did so much great and original work which merits the highest honor, he never was known to harbor any ill and personal feeling against those who wronged him. He had a full share of rivals and enemies, and once or twice he had to request an investigation of charges brought against him, chiefly by other scientists; but he always did this with the fairest, most courteous spirit, simply asking to have the case understood and the matter fairly dealt with. In all the controversies that arose, in which his name was sometimes associated, he never, it is said, took the slightest part.

The change from the comparatively small academy at Albany to the great college at Princeton was of vast importance to Professor Henry's work. It gave him much better opportunities to carry on his researches. "He found congenial society, a large and appreciative circle of listeners, large additions to his supply of apparatus, and a scientific society glad to publish his researches. Before this his publications were mostly confined to papers in *Silliman's Journal*. The Transactions of the American Philosophical Society now afforded him room for much more extended accounts of his investigations, and enabled him very soon to acquire an European reputation."

Five years after he made this most advantageous change, he visited Europe

and made the acquaintance of Faraday, Wheatstone, Bailey, and other eminent physicists, discussing with Wheatstone the projects for an electric telegraph in England. This visit seemed to greatly freshen his mind and give him new life for his work; when he returned he took up his lectures with greater zest than ever, and held his place as the foremost of American scientific teachers until 1846, when he was called to an entirely different order of work.

“Ten years before Congress had accepted by a solemn act the curious bequest—in all amounting to more than five hundred and forty thousand dollars—given by James Smithson to the United States in trust, ‘to found at Washington an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.’ This will gave no indication whatever to the details of the proposed establishment, and long consideration was therefore necessary before the Government could decide upon its organization.” When, at last, this was done, Professor Henry was picked out as better fitted than any other man in the country to be placed at the head of the Smithsonian Institution. He was asked to become secretary and chief director, and, after much thought, he accepted the position with “reluctance, fear, and trembling.”

He undertook his new duties with a great deal of earnestness and enthusiasm, and it is due to him more than to any other person that the nation has to-day so excellent and perfect an institution to carry out Mr. Smithson’s will. Professor Henry drew up a scheme for the regents—who are governors of the Institution appointed by the United States Government—which was cordially adopted and has been in use ever since. It is therefore his idea that the Institution takes up no work done by any other institution, and, confining itself to its own special line, is devoted in the best possible way to increasing and diffusing knowledge. As soon as any other department of the Government was ready to continue any of the researches of the Institution with a prospect of success, he turned them over to it, so that the Smithsonian might be always free to put its labor into new and unique fields. There are no collections in it that could be placed in another department, and it carries on no work similar to that of any other national institution. Thus, it keeps ever pushing onward to increase the sum of human knowledge—which it scatters without cost to all who wish to learn from it.

The London *Times* said, a short time ago that the Smithsonian Institution afforded a better course of ethnological teaching—the study of the human races based on primitive relics—than can be had anywhere else in the world. In a business point of view, the Institution has been managed with great skill and success. While Professor Henry was shaping its policy and deciding upon its object, making rare collections, pushing investigations, and raising buildings in which to keep them, its finances were so managed that all his plans have been carried and

many thousand dollars of the fund still preserved. While engaged in the great labors of this position, Professor Henry also carried on much other scientific work. At different times he held the office of president in both the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the National Academy of Sciences. His writings were also kept up meanwhile, and were published in the famous scientific paper, *Silliman's Journal*, and other leading periodicals. In addition to them, he prepared the reports of the Smithsonian Institution, which are among the most useful and important papers on education published in this country.

In the latter years of his life he was at the head of the Lighthouse Board, and then brought forward some valuable improvements in American sea-lights and beacons; and when the Signal Service was started his knowledge and skill were of the greatest help. No one else was so often and so regularly consulted as he by the Government on all questions where the knowledge of a scientist was necessary. He originated the idea of using the telegraph for sending out the weather reports to different parts of the country from the Observation Bureau at Washington, and put it in operation at the Institution soon after he became connected with it. His services to the Government in many capacities, especially in that of a member of the Lighthouse Board—where his experiments saved it hundreds of thousands of dollars—were entirely free. His salary was paid from the Smithsonian bequest, and he never asked the Government for the payment of a dollar for all the work he did for it.

This is but one case of many that showed the high principles that ruled his life. His labors were devoted entirely to the cause of science and education—for the good of the world; he worked without thinking of making money for himself, and although he was placed in a position where he had great temptations constantly offered him to lend the use of his name to merchants and manufacturers as an advertisement, there was never the shadow of a suspicion resting upon him.

Professor Henry was born in Albany, New York, in about the year 1797. He died at Washington, May 13, 1878.

While Joseph Henry was laboring in the Smithsonian Institution, one of the most noted scientific men in the regular employ of the Government was **Matthew Fountaine Maury**. He was what is called a hydrographer—that is, one who draws maps and makes explorations of the sea, lakes, and other waters, with their adjacent shores.

Professor Maury was about eight years younger than Professor Henry, and had been in the United States Navy from the time he was about nineteen years old. He entered as a midshipman in the stanch new Government frigate *Lafayette*, that carried the great French general—the nation's visitor—back to his native land.

After the vessel had parted with her distinguished guest she made a voyage to the Pacific, and after that young Maury made a trip around the globe in the United States vessel *Vincennes*. Already he began to closely study the sea and the ships that sail thereon, and wrote a "Treatise on Navigation," which was so valuable that a number of editions of it sold.

In 1836, when he was thirty years old, he was raised to the rank of lieutenant, and was appointed to the South Sea exploring expedition, in charge of Commodore



MATTHEW FOUNTAINE MAURY.

Wilkes. But meeting with an accident that made him lame, he had to give up this prospect and leave the sea service. Then he was put in charge of the Department of Sea-charts and Instruments at Washington, and he found new duties that made up for the loss his misfortune had cost him. After awhile this was combined with the Washington Observatory, and Lieutenant Maury was placed at the head of both.

His labors here were careful, systematic, and far-reaching; they were to examine the reports of vessels and special cruises, to direct observations on currents,

tides, and soundings, to carry on scientific experiments and investigations, and to fulfill many other duties for which few men in the world have the ability of mind. He performed them all so well that he soon rose to eminent rank among the learned men of his time, and was acknowledged at home and abroad to be doing a work of untold benefit to the commerce of the world. From the actual reports of vessels and special cruises, he made his well-known and useful "Physical Geography of the Sea," with observations of ocean winds and currents. His next important undertaking was preparing and publishing his views on the Gulf Stream, ocean currents, and great circle-sailing, which have generally proved to be well grounded.

It was his idea to call the meeting of the General Maritime Conference, which was held at Berlin, Prussia, in 1853. This was a gathering of men belonging to the different nations of the world, who by experience and study could bring valuable information in regard to navigation. The recommendation that merchant and war vessels should keep an abstract record called the vessel's "log," was made at this meeting, as a plan that would be of great service to maritime science. It has been probably one of the most important customs ever taken up in the history of navigation. Lieutenant Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea and its Meteorology" is so valuable a work that it is looked upon as a standard authority. It has been revised and enlarged several times to take in the new discoveries made, and holds an important place among the best works of its kind that have ever been issued.

Two years after the conference at Berlin, he was made Commander of the United States Navy. But, being a Southerner, when the Civil War broke out—six years later—he gave up the post and became commodore in the navy of the Confederates.

After the war, he became a Professor of Physics in the Virginia Military Institute. He was highly honored for his learning and the services it rendered to science, and beside being a member of many of the chief scientific societies of this country and Europe, many high testimonials were given him by foreign governments.

Professor Maury was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, January 14, 1806. He died at Lexington, Virginia, February 1, 1873.

As our countryman, Benjamin Thompson, deserves a place among great Europeans, so also are there many foreigners who, having made this their adopted country, have done great work here and take rank along with the most famous of native Americans.

Of these was one of the most important men of this century, the Swiss

scientist, **Louis John Rudolf Agassiz.** He studied and understood the powers, the causes, and the laws of things, and more than that, he made the study of science popular. He found people who were willing enough to admire or wonder at a glacier or a fossil, but few who thought of studying about them—how they are caused, what they are, what they do, and what they become. He found people who would read of these things, look at them, talk about them, but never *think* about them, or actually study them. So he clearly showed such people how little they knew of science, or appreciated it; and, at the same



LOUIS JOHN RUDOLF AGASSIZ.

time, he interested them in the great subject and led them to respect those who devote their lives to it.

Mr. Agassiz received a careful education. He was fond of study, and almost without knowing it, he laid the foundation for becoming a scientist while he was a boy and a young man, studying in the schools and universities of Switzerland and Germany, and, later, in Vienna. He was deeply in earnest; he thought as well as studied; he traveled and *observed*. To Mr. Agassiz, *to observe* meant to use his eyes and all the faculties behind them every time he looked at anything. He was young when he became famous for his knowledge of fossil and fresh-water fish, from a work written in Latin and published before he was twenty-five years old.

About a year after this was completed, he became Professor of Natural History, or Zoölogy, at Neufchâtel, near his native town.

About this time he also began to publish some works about the fishes of the past and present in Central Europe, which he had been studying for several years while on vacation-tramps through many countries. His books were read by some of the leading scientists of the Continent, and many of the additions and new arrangements in the species, orders, and classes of fishes that his discoveries led him to make, were accepted as decidedly ahead of the classifications of Cuvier and other older writers. He also became one of the most important contributors to the scientific journals, setting forth new and valuable ideas and recent knowledge upon fishes and upon geology. Meanwhile he became interested in glaciers, and traveled a great deal to study them, and at the same time to investigate the natural history of past ages as he found it in fossils. His success in this and in two important new works upon glaciers that he brought out added still more to his fame, and brought him before the whole world.

In 1846 he came to this country to lecture in Boston, and to fill a commission from the King of Prussia to examine the geology and natural history of the United States. At that time Mr. Agassiz did not think of making his home here, but he became at last so attached to this country that the richest offers of the monarchs of Europe could not induce him to leave it. The people here found him delightful company and a very able and agreeable teacher. So, the next year, the Lawrence Scientific School was founded at Cambridge by Abbott Lawrence, the great Boston merchant, as a branch of Harvard University, and the distinguished Swiss scientist was asked to accept the professorship. The Prussian Government released him and he accepted.

He was then forty years old, a man of courteous manners, generous and honest feelings, at work for the highest use of his profession, not for himself. In addition to his teaching, he kept on with his study and investigation, sharing what he found out with any who wished, to learn from him both by lecturing and in writings. He was always at work, patient and persevering against any disappointments, for his life was not all on the smooth road. He used to say, "I cannot understand how anybody should be idle, or should have time hang on his hands. There is never a moment, except when I am asleep, that I am not joyfully occupied."

One time, when he was very busy studying out some deep question of zoölogy, he received a letter from the West, offering him a large sum for a course of popular lectures on Natural History; he sent back word: "I cannot afford to waste my time making money." There were a great many people surprised when this answer was made public; but it helped to arouse a new and different

interest in his work. Men of other pursuits looked to see what there could be in scientific study and investigation, and in making the results known to others, which meant more than could be reckoned in money value; while looking they became interested, and so a wide, popular interest and understanding of the great works of nature began to spread over the whole country. Professor Agassiz's lectures were attended and his books were read by thousands of men and women who never before thought of science; and many more people than formerly began not only to take up the study in the true spirit, but to contribute money and labor to its advancement.

At different times Mr. Agassiz made tours through various parts of this country, and into the Amazon region of South America, making the discovery of many fishes before unknown, and writing a book on his "Journey in Brazil," as well as a much larger work of several volumes on "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States."

Professor Agassiz's theory of the formation of the world and the development of the vegetable and animal kingdoms differed from the idea of evolution which is most generally believed, and when, in the latter years of his life, he became a believer in God, and an earnest Christian, he felt fully convinced that science and the Christian religion fully agree.

Louis Agassiz was born at Moltier, Switzerland, May 28, 1807. He died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 14, 1873.

In the year 1848 Professor Agassiz persuaded his friend and countryman, **Arnold Henry Guyot**, to come to the United States, and in a short time he also made this his adopted country. As a scientist and as a teacher, he soon united his interests so thoroughly with those of our people that he is commonly spoken of as the American geographer.

These two Swiss scholars had been friends for a long time; they were of the same age, and had become acquainted while students at Carlsruhe, long before. With a strong regard for each other, and a common interest in physical science, they had kept up their friendship through many changes and long separations, and at last, when they were settled near together again, in a foreign land, they had a great deal of happy companionship, until Professor Agassiz died, twenty-five years after his illustrious friend came here.

Guyot first studied theology, and in addition took up physics, meteorology, chemistry, mineralogy, zoölogy, and botany. He was scarcely thirty years old when the University of Berlin made him a Doctor of Philosophy, and after that he spent five years of very deep and severe study at Paris, traveling in the summer to France, Belgium, Holland, and Italy, to further push his studies in science.

For nearly ten years after that he was a Professor of History and Physical Geography in the school at Neuchâtel, where years before he had been a student. The political revolution in 1848 broke up this academy, and it was then, when his powers were in their prime, that he was induced to come to the United States. At first, of course, he went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Professor Agassiz was living; but after he had delivered some lectures and become somewhat known, he was wanted in other places. The Massachusetts Board of Education invited him to teach their teachers the best methods of giving lessons in geography, and after that the Smithsonian Institution engaged him to find out about the height and physical structure of the Allegheny Mountain system. •

After he had been here about seven years he became a Professor of Physical Geography at Princeton College, New Jersey, which chair he held during the rest of his life. But, while teaching there, he also kept up his studies and writings, and delivered many courses of scientific lectures. Guyot's Primary, Intermediate, and Physical Geographies and his large set of wall maps are pretty well known to all boys and girls in school, and his name is also familiar, with that of President Barnard, of Columbia College, as joint editor with him of Johnson's "Universal Encyclopedia." Besides these great works, he also gathered his lectures into several other valuable books on science. He was the first person who found the exact height of Mount Washington and also of the Green Mountains, and the Black Mountains in North Carolina.

Professor Guyot was born near Neuchâtel in Switzerland, September 28, 1807. He died at Princeton, New Jersey, February 8, 1884.

The two greatest botanists of this country were educated for physicians. Natives of the same State—New York—they were friends and fellow-workers for many years. The elder man was **John Torrey**. He began to study plant life in the regions near New York City when he was quite young, and at the age of twenty-one published his first book. From that time till he was past middle life he devoted himself to discovering and classifying the flora of this country. There were then a countless number of wild flowers and wood plants, even in the most thickly settled parts of the land, that were unnamed and whose very existence was unknown. The people of the United States did not know—and had no books from which to learn—the flora even of their own counties; and it was this want that Dr. Torrey set himself to fill. He went out, hunted up his specimens, analyzed them, classified them, and carefully describing each in its place as he found them, he prepared a series of thoroughly scientific botanies, first of the Northern United States, and then of all North America. Of course they did not include everything at first, but they opened the way for perfection and did a great

deal to establish the new, natural theories and methods of classifying in place of the old, artificial ones. Other workers who have come after Professor Torrey have seemed to do more and have gained a greater name than he; but it is to him that the first honors in the science of botany in America most truly belong, though, as with all pioneers, the results of his labors show more in the work of those who followed him than in his own.

Meanwhile he was also Professor of Natural Sciences at West Point, which he left to teach chemistry and botany in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. During most of this time he was also professor at Princeton College, and, later, became chief assayer in the United States Assay Office in New York. He was one of the founders of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and wrote valuable papers for its *Annals*, as well as for *Silliman's Journal* and many other of the leading scientific magazines of the day.

Professor Torrey was born August 15, 1796, in New York City, where he died March 10, 1873.

After several years of research, discovery, and writing, Professor Torrey found a valuable helper in a young medical graduate, **Asa Gray**. He was an enthusiastic lover of botany, and had decided to give up the idea of becoming a physician to devote himself, under Dr. Torrey, to the science of plants and flowers. The student and teacher soon became fast friends and fellow-workers. They labored together on the "Flora of North America," which was the most important book on botany that had ever been published in America and placed its authors at once among the leading scientists of the country. It came out in the year 1838, when Dr. Torrey was forty-two years old and Mr. Gray was twenty-eight. The younger man had brought out one book on the "Elements of Botany" a few years before, and from that time on he has labored continuously in the same field, lecturing meanwhile to the students at Harvard College, visiting Europe, corresponding with the great French Academy of Sciences, and acting as one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution.

About fifteen years ago he retired from the lecture-room at Harvard,—after thirty years of service—and has since devoted his time to new work in science—instead of teaching—and to the care of the fine herbarium of the university. Professor Gray is probably the most famous botanist this country has ever had, and it is scarcely possible to judge of the great value his labors have been to us and to the cause of science throughout the world. His books are manuals for reference and school-books for classes of almost every grade. His name is familiar to every lover of nature in the United States and to all the scientists in the world.

Asa Gray was born at Paris, New York, November 18, 1810.

It seems odd to many people that **Elihu Burritt**, one of the most learned men of his time, was a hard-working mechanic, and never either studied or taught in any college in his life. Yet it is true, and while he was master of more than fifty languages, he was at the same time a most excellent blacksmith.

He was born into a large family of not very wealthy Connecticut people; so he had to take his chances for an education with the rest of the children. New England boys in those days were allowed to go to the district school three months in the year until they were sixteen years old.

The untimely death of Mr. Burritt made Elihu lose his last quarter of schooling and go to work to help support the family. He bound himself to the blacksmith's trade until he should be twenty-one.

There were heroes of the Revolution in almost every American family when Elihu was a boy, for that was when this century was very young; and when they met at his father's house he used to stand in the corner and listen eagerly to their stories. He was delighted with their accounts of bravery and warfare, and when he began to read his taste led him to look for reading of that kind. He found it in the Old Testament histories, and the Bible became his favorite book. After he had read and reread that, he turned to the town library. By the time he was sixteen he had read every book of history it held, so he next took up the poetry. He found these books so delightful that he would not read more than a page a day, for fear they would be gone too soon. They are grand old books, although there are boys and girls who call them dull. They are Thomson's "Seasons," Young's "Night Thoughts," Pollock's "Course of Time," Shakespeare's plays, and Milton's poems. While young Burritt was carefully reading these volumes he was also working at his trade, and doing so well that he soon became a first-class blacksmith.

During his apprenticeship he had to work from ten to twelve hours a day at the forge; but while he blew the bellows and poked up the fire he would use his mind working out such problems as this—not making a single figure:

"How many yards of cloth three feet in width, cut into strips an inch wide, and allowing half an inch at each end for the lap, would it require to reach from the centre of the earth to the surface, and how much would it cost at a shilling a yard?"

At night he would carry home in his mind several such problems worked out, and his brother, who had made his way through Williams College, would figure them out upon a slate, to see if Elihu had obtained the correct answer. He was seldom in error.

By the time his apprenticeship was over he had a greater desire to study than ever before, so he celebrated his freedom by spending the next winter with a

teacher in mathematics. He read "Virgil" in Latin by himself for a pastime. Then he took up French, and grew more fond of study and quicker to learn with every new undertaking. In the spring he returned to the shop, and did the work of two men at the forge to make up for his "winter of luxury," as he called it. In this way he kept on working and studying, carrying a book in his hat and improving every odd moment until its contents were in his mind.

In a few years he became widely known as a great scholar; but he kept to his trade for two reasons. One was, that with the large amount of studying he was doing, hard manual labor was good for his health; and the other was, that he wished to show that a person could be a scholar and a good mechanic. Beside, the work at the forge gave him a living and furnished him with books.

Mr. Burritt was a bachelor, and kept to his quiet life of work and study for many years, but he was also very much interested in the happiness and well-being of others. He strongly believed that the world should be ruled by peace—that is, by what is called the "doctrine of universal brotherhood." He lectured and wrote books on this subject, and through them became very widely known. His first book, "Sparks from the Anvil," came out when he was thirty-eight years old. Seven years later he published another, called "Thoughts on Things at Home and Abroad." He lived in Europe, studying, writing, and lecturing, for several years, and at one time he was the United States Consul at Birmingham in England. In 1865 he brought out the book, "A Walk from John O'Groat's to Land's End." Interested in many matters of public welfare, he was the chief advocate of the ocean penny postage, and in later years worked earnestly for temperance. His writings were in the peace cause and on other subjects, and altogether make about thirty volumes. Ten years before his death his lectures and speeches were collected and put in book-form, and the year before he died "Chips from Many Blocks" was given to the world.

Mr. Burritt's great learning was due more to the fact that he studied earnestly and wisely to gather knowledge, and wasted no time about it, than to any special talents. When he wanted to master Greek, he obtained a Greek book and a dictionary and went right to work, keeping at it until he gained his object. Then he was ready to read and enjoy Greek authors, and was also better prepared to take up another study.

He was very highly thought of by his friends, and in public he was much esteemed for his learning and good service to his Government and mankind. The two great objects of his life were self-improvement and doing good to others.

Mr. Burritt was born December 8, 1810, at New Britain, Connecticut, where he died March 7, 1879.

HISTORIANS AND NOVELISTS.

FOREMOST among American writers stands the most brilliant historian the country has ever produced, **William Hickling Prescott**. His "Ferdinand and Isabella," "Conquest of Mexico," "Conquest of Peru," and the unfinished work of the "History of the Reign of Philip II. of Spain," make up a library of ten volumes, which have been ranked from the first with the best histories ever written. He is said to have had in his writing almost if not quite all the qualities that make a perfect historian—"a spirit of thorough research, which never rests satisfied until every field has been explored, and every accessible source of information consulted and exhausted, an impartiality which comes from a high and scrupulous sense of justice and unswerving devotion to truth." In these great qualities, without which no writer of events of the past or the present can be truly called a historian, Prescott has never been surpassed, and perhaps never equalled, by any writer, of whatever age or country. His style—that is, the language he uses—is bright, clear, and pleasant, becoming eloquent and lucid in the telling of stirring events. His works came out years apart, and every time a volume appeared people felt a double interest in it, because they knew that the accurate, faithful labor that had been put in it was all done under a great disadvantage. It was known far and wide that Mr. Prescott was partially blind, and if his writings had been far less worthy in themselves they would have been warmly received by the public.

Mr. Prescott was a man of good education. He had been well taught in the best school in New England when he was a lad, and had entered the sophomore class at Harvard College when he was fifteen years old. This was in 1811. Prescott was about the age of Professor Joseph Henry, George Peabody, and several others, whose careers, beginning with the early part of this century, have left an impression that will far outlast its length. He did well in his studies, especially in languages, history, and literature; but during the junior year a hard crust of bread, thrown in frolic and accidentally hitting him in the left eye, marred the happiness of his whole life in a moment. After some weeks he was able to take up

his studies again and the eye looked as well as before, but its sight was gone forever. This was a grief to the bright and lively student, and a severe shock to his whole system, but he resolved not to let it hinder him from becoming a good scholar; he kept on with his course, and after graduating with his class began to study law. But being in a weak condition from the accident, the one eye could not stand the double strain, and a disease set in which made him entirely blind for some weeks. He bore this new trial with cheerfulness and courage, but he could not keep it from affecting his health. A trip to Europe was made to give him a



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

change, but it did little good, and when he came home he made up his mind that he should have to give up the law. But still he was not discouraged; he decided to study literature and become a man of letters, although he had to spend a large part of his time in a darkened room, his feeble eye scarcely being able to stand light enough for some one to read to him.

Gradually, however, he grew better; then he married, and the year after he began a regular course of study by having some one read aloud to him. His plan was to take up the works of the best English prose writers, from Roger Ascham to his own time, and afterward the best works in French and Italian literature. By care and determination he was able to keep on this time. In a few years he began to

study the Spanish language and literature, and it was after he opened this "Spanish campaign, which ended only with his life"—as his friend, George Ticknor, said—that he decided to write the histories of the Spaniards in their own country and the New World. Patiently, faithfully, in spite of hindrances, he undertook what a thoroughly strong man might have been fearful of, and he did it so perfectly that his name was placed at once among the leading writers of history in all ages. The trouble with his eyes never entirely passed away, and much of his study, research, and the writing itself had to be done through some one else. Yet none of these disadvantages appear in his works, and his fame rests on no other claim than great merit.

Mr. Prescott's books are distinguished for vividly representing characters and events without making them either more important or less so than others with which they are connected. An American critic says: "Prescott presents a true exhibition of the period of time he has chosen for his subject; he makes the reader understand its peculiar character, realize its passions and prejudices, and see it at once with the eye of a contemporary, and judge it without any bias. He took old documents written by many persons who looked at the men and events of their time from different points of view—a host of testimonials from many sources—and carefully weighed them and worked them in together till they furnished to his mind a fair and unbiassed history. Then, that he gave to the world.

He was never in Spain, yet his stories and descriptions are as vivid as if he came from a long line of Spanish descent and his whole life had been passed on the historic spots he depicts. Most of his work was done in his quiet, happy home in Boston. A fortune was spent in rare books and copies of precious old manuscripts and all the new material and important records he could find. These were read to him by faithful friends and capable secretaries, and as he listened, their contents made an image on his mind—he seemed to have a quicker mental eye because of his feeble real ones—and as he went about the house and walked the Boston streets, he was in Spain, in Mexico, in Peru, feeling himself to be one of the companies described in the musty old chronicles. He formed his own fair judgment of the principal actors by sifting and weighing the opposing statements about them. He had the great power of historical imagination. He realized to himself the characters and events of ages long past; and then he reproduced them for others in such easy, clear, and picturesque narrative that his readers follow him through page after page, with a delight that only few novelists can command; they forget that these pleasing books have cost years of pain and labor to their author. Added to all this, Mr. Prescott has the rare quality of leaving his readers to take their own view of the tales he tells, when most historians, even

the best, carry their own feelings into their work; and when you have finished their books, you have their view of the facts, not your own. Of the times and the characters of Prescott's histories you are free to form your own opinion.

Some three or four years after his last finished work was published, Mr. Prescott went again to Europe. He was then as famous abroad as at home, and was received with the highest honors wherever he went. At this time he was in middle life, being almost fifty-five years old. His fine presence, manly character, and courteous manner made him liked personally as much as he was honored for his great name. His face—we are told—was singularly bright, genial, and attractive. Those about him could not help catching his smile, and his disposition was most friendly, generous, and kind. His figure was tall, well formed; his hair was light brown, and his complexion was clear and handsome.

He was enrolled among the members of many foreign societies, who do not open their doors even to scholars unless they have really *added* to human knowledge in their literary labors.

Returning home, the industrious author took up his work again, this time on the "History of Philip II." Regularly he walked five miles every day, composing in his mind as he walked. Then he went into his large library—where the light was carefully regulated not to tax his eyes—and spent five hours in work. He wrote with his stylus—a cunning contrivance of his own to overcome his lack of eyesight—what he had composed in his walk, had it copied by his secretary, and then read over to him, while he attentively corrected it. To refresh his mind, two hours a day were usually spent in having novels read to him, and the rest of his time was given to his family, his friends, and outside interests.

He had a generous, kindly nature, and always gave away one-tenth of his ample income for the benefit of others less fortunate than himself.

After three volumes of the "History of Philip II." were published, and before the third came out he had an attack of apoplexy, that was fatally renewed again while he was at work on the fourth volume—and the rest of the work was never finished.

William H. Prescott was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. He died at Boston, January 28, 1859.

In life and in literature Mr. Prescott's name is linked with that of his illustrious friend, **George Ticknor**. They were friends, natives of the same State, residents of the same city, of about the same age, both famous Spanish scholars and historians, for that country, and after Prescott's death Ticknor wrote the story of his life in one of the most interesting biographies that has ever been published.

George Ticknor has also a place all his own among American writers. It was

won by his "History of Spanish Literature," a work of only three volumes, but so perfect of its kind that the sharpest critics in all countries united in its praise, and in placing its author in the foremost ranks among the prose writers of the world. It was translated into the languages of Europe and is the standard authority upon literature in the Spanish tongue. "It is," said a critic, "one of the most solidly valuable works ever given to a high department of letters."

Beginning with the time when he was a boy preparing for Dartmouth College, Mr. Ticknor's whole life was devoted to learning; he graduated with credit, was admitted to the bar when he was twenty years old, but continued his studies in literature instead of practicing. Four years were spent in Europe, at Göttingen—where Prescott and Motley also studied—at Rome, Paris, Madrid, Edinburgh, and London, where he had the acquaintance and often the cordial friendship of the most distinguished people in Europe. His desire for information and ability for using it, as well as his powers of thought, were remarkable, even among remarkable men.

On coming back to America, in the year 1819, he was appointed Professor of French and Spanish in Language and Literature at Harvard University.

The object of his stay abroad had been to fit himself to be active and useful at home; and with rare learning and accomplishments, cultivated tastes, uncommon social gifts, ready kindness, and active energy he returned to take an important place in Boston society. Though he was then but twenty-seven years old, he became at once a man of weight both among the cultivated and literary people and among the public-spirited business men of the city. For the college and his work in it he was always full of zeal. His lectures not only held the interest of his classes while he was talking, but they influenced the students a great deal toward devoting themselves to good learning.

Among all matters of public interest in Boston Mr. Ticknor was most active in the work of providing public libraries. About four years after his return from Europe, he was chosen trustee of the Boston Athenæum, and probably did more than any other one person to enlarge the scope and extend the usefulness and establish the permanent success of that institution. He spent a great deal of time during one winter in working for this. He asked for subscriptions, interested people of influence in its success, and prepared lists of books to be added to those already in its collection.

But his greatest work of this kind was undertaken for the Boston Public Library about twenty-five years later. He had then returned from a second visit in Europe, during which he had learned more than he ever knew before about the value of the great public libraries abroad—having begun to prepare for his "History of Spanish Literature." As soon as he found that Senator Edward Everett

and others were interested to establish something of the same sort in America—in Boston—he came forward at once with his ripe scholarship and valuable aid to do all in his power to make it a great, well-planned, and liberal institution. Other men gave up their theories about it for his, and the splendid gift in money of Mr. Joshua Bates enabled Professor Ticknor and his fellow-workers to found and organize what is probably the greatest free library in this country. He was liberal toward it with money and books as well as in time and labor. His gift of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese books and manuscripts and works upon the literature of those countries in other languages, with a fund to keep increasing the collection, places the Library, in this department, far ahead of any other in America, and ranks it with some of the greatest of Europe.

It was after fifteen years of devoted work that Professor Ticknor left his chair at Harvard, and the poet Longfellow took his place. As soon as he was free, he started with his family on his second journey to Europe. He remained abroad for three years, spending a large part of the time in preparing to begin work on his History, visiting the great libraries, and collecting books and manuscripts for future use.

On his return he made his home in Boston, and during the next ten years—from the time he was about forty-eight years old until he was nearly sixty—he was steadily occupied with his writing. As he labored on month after month and year after year, he still kept an active interest in public affairs, and said little about his undertaking, though he was full of love and enthusiasm for it. When it was at last completed, it was so ably and so thoroughly done that the ground it covers will never need to be gone over again. Mr. Ticknor's fame rests chiefly upon this and the "Life of Prescott," although he was also the editor of the "Remains of Nathaniel Appleton Haven," and the author of a "Life of Lafayette." He has, probably, the highest reputation for pure scholarship ever reached by any American.

In manners and in conversation most people found Mr. Ticknor reserved; for, while he desired very much to be useful to his fellow-men—and was—his culture was so far above the understanding of ordinary people that he had to keep his thoughts very much to himself. There were few men or women in the whole country who had anything like his attainments in learning; and the best in the nation were his friends and prized his acquaintance. Yet he did not hold himself aloof as a great man; he loved people, was continually doing good, and felt the most tender compassion for the poor. He was a man of pure character, high intentions, and resolute will. He loved truth and right, distrusted fanatics and demagogues, and so hated baseness and corruption that strangers often thought him lofty and intolerant.

His great success as a scholar was due to having a thirst for knowledge, a remarkable memory, and a healthy, manly nature that was trained to diligence, self-control, and the highest respect for truth in every form. He was earnest, exact, unselfish, and faithful, both as a scholar and as a gentleman.

Professor Ticknor was born August 1, 1791, in Boston, Massachusetts, where he died, January 26, 1871.

About thirty years ago two new works of history were sent to the critic of the *Edinburgh Review*. One was "Philip II.," by William H. Prescott, the other was entitled "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," and was written by **John Lothrop Motley**. "They do great honor to American literature," wrote the critic; "and they would do honor to any literature in the world."

Prescott was already known, and had ranked for years among the greatest of historians; but Motley was a new writer in that field. He was a Harvard graduate, had been a student at famous old Göttingen University, and had spent several years more in travel and in studying law; he had published two romances, written a good many articles for some of the first magazines in America, and had done a number of other things without any marked success. But in about 1850, when he was over thirty-five years old, he found his true line of work when he resolved to write a history of Holland—a grand chapter in the world's annals that had never yet been well recorded.

He soon left America, and spent several years in Europe, searching out old papers, ransacking libraries, and in every way possible finding out all that he could about the history of the Low Countries. After six years of labor the three volumes of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" appeared in London. It was a great success from the first.

The value of the information, and the style of the writing, as well as the thoughtful reflections of the author, were appreciated at once, and Mr. Motley had the pleasure of finding himself ranked among the best historians of Europe and America. He was regarded as next to Prescott in his native land. Several editions were sold very soon, and it was translated into the French, Dutch, and German languages.

Four years later he began to publish four more volumes, which were a continuation of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and were entitled "The History of the United Netherlands from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort."

In this—writes Oliver Wendell Holmes—the monumental work continued as nobly as it had begun. The facts had been slowly, quietly gathered one by one, like pebbles from the empty channel of a brook. The style was fluent, im-

petuous, abundant, impatient, as it were. . . . Sometimes he has faults. In places he uses stronger language than is necessary ; and every reader will not care to follow him through all the details of diplomatic intrigues which he has, with such industry and sagacity, brought to light from the old manuscripts in which they had long laid hidden. But we turn a few pages, and we come to one of those descriptions which arrest us at once, and show him in his power and brilliancy as a literary artist. His characters move before us with the features of life ; we can see Elizabeth, or Philip, or Maurice, not as a name connected with



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY†.

events, but as breathing and acting human beings. To be loved or hated, admired or despised, as if he or she were living in our own times.

During almost the whole of the seven years while the second history was being brought out Mr. Motley was Minister plenipotentiary to Austria, and two years later, in 1869, he was appointed Ambassador to England by President Grant ; and although he held this office only a few months, he spent the remaining seven years of his life in Great Britain.

He was a courteous, easy-mannered, modest man, with an air of refinement and high breeding that was very attractive. In public business—diplomacy—he

was skillful, dignified, and straightforward. As a scholar, he was earnest, industrious, faithful, and exceedingly able. The "Life of John of Barneveldt," which is a history of the causes and movements of the Thirty Years' War, rather than a biography of the great advocate of Holland, was published in 1874. "It is," said the *London Quarterly*, "a fine and continuous story, of which the writer and the nation he celebrates have reason to be proud; a narrative which will remain a prominent ornament of American genius, while it has permanently enriched English literature on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic."

On the last day of the year in which this work appeared occurred the death of Mrs. Motley, who had been "the pride of her husband's earlier years, and the stay and solace of those which had so tried his sensitive spirit." It was a loss that broke his heart; he came to America in the next year, and his friends rallied round him with deepest love and devotion, but he was utterly broken, and in a few years he passed away, swiftly and suddenly.

John Lothrop Motley was born April 15, 1814, at Dorchester, Massachusetts, near which town he died, May 29, 1877.

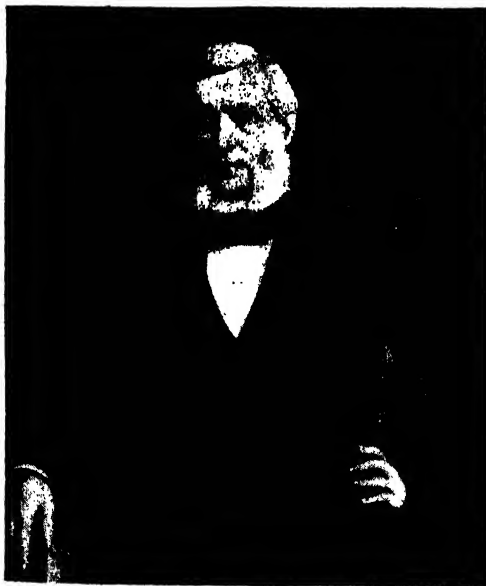
The greatest writer of American history, **George Bancroft**, is almost as old as the nineteenth century, for he was born before the close of its first year. He was a Massachusetts boy, the son of a well-known Congregationalist clergyman. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Harvard College, where he was a brilliant and a hard-working student. At the end of the course he graduated with some of the highest honors, although his class had an unusual number of fine students.

While he was in college Bancroft was especially interested in the writings of many German authors, and when he graduated he went at once to Germany to perfect himself in that language, and to listen to the lecturers at some of the great universities. The German men of letters are probably the most industrious scholars in the world, and among them Mr. Bancroft—who had loved study all his life—became even more studious than he had been before. At that time Goethe was in the prime of his powers, and all Germany was enthusiastic about him. The young American took the greatest interest in all he wrote, and was much influenced by him in his ways of thinking.

He stayed abroad for four years, and when he came back he was at once given a position as tutor in Harvard College. But he did not stay there long. He wanted to have a school of his own, where he could teach in much the same way as classes are managed in Germany. Before long he had the chance to take charge of a school in Northampton, Massachusetts. The people of this country were then so strongly prejudiced against new ways of teaching that Mr. Bancroft's

school was not very successful; but he did good in it, and opened the way for Americans—in New England at least—to better understand the ideas of foreign teachers and writers.

Mr. Bancroft's father wished him to become a minister of the Gospel like himself; but the son had now grown too much interested in teaching and in writing to want to take up any different work. He wrote a great deal for the papers, and when he was twenty-three years old he published a small volume of poems. It



GEORGE BANCROFT.

had no great success, and he then stopped making verses and devoted himself to translating a valuable German historical work, written by one of his old teachers.

This was his first step into the department of literature where he now stands among the greatest authors in the world.

Meanwhile he became much interested in the politics of the day. He was a Democrat, though the greater part of the people in Massachusetts at that time belonged to the Whig party. When the Democratic President, Martin Van Buren, was elected, he appointed Mr. Bancroft Collector of the Port of Boston, which is a very profitable position. Afterward, when Mr. Polk was President, Mr. Bancroft became Secretary of the Navy. He only held this position for a

short time, but in that time he accomplished a great deal in getting the Government to found the Naval School at Annapolis and in improving the Astronomical Observatory at Washington. After he withdrew from the Cabinet, he was at once sent to England as a special Minister from the United States Government, chiefly to make better terms with Great Britain about navigation.

He was now very much interested in the history of the United States. He had already written an elaborate "History of the Colonization of the United States of North America," which was published ten years after his translation of the German work. Now he was anxious to take up the second period and study the records of the Revolutionary War. Through the courtesy of the British and French Governments he had in London and Paris excellent opportunities to examine many rare and valuable historical papers, and during the three years that he lived abroad a large part of his time was spent in getting ready to begin his history of the great struggle for independence in America. Just before he left England the University of Oxford gave him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which is an honor that that university has very rarely paid to an American. He made his home in New York, and for many years he refused all public office so that he might work the more faithfully on his great history. In 1852, after he had been back in this country for about three years, the first volume of the Revolution—which was the fourth of the history—came out. Then he went steadily on, still refusing public duties, until the ninth volume—which was next to the last one—was finished.

Then he accepted the office of Minister to the Court of Berlin. It was at this time that he made for the United States a treaty with the North German Confederation, by which German immigrants who become naturalized American citizens are not bound to keep their allegiance to the government of their native country.

Twelve years ago the tenth and last volume of Bancroft's complete "History of the United States" was published, and the largest, most important work on the history of this country was finished. It ranks as one of the greatest histories ever written, is a standard authority in all countries, and has been translated into many of the European languages. It is especially popular in Germany. Soon after this edition was published the untiring author began to carefully revise his whole work, and in 1884 a complete new edition was brought out in six volumes.

He had long ago ceased to belong to the Democratic party, having joined the Republicans as soon as that party was formed. He then for several years was a prominent representative of the United States abroad, and during that time he received many honors from learned men and societies in the countries which he visited.

George Bancroft was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, October 3, 1800. He is now living in Washington, D. C.

While Mr. Bancroft was in Europe, beginning his long and careful researches for his "Revolution," **Richard Hildreth**, a Massachusetts man, seven years younger than Bancroft, brought out a smaller and more condensed History of the United States, which still holds its place as one of standard authority, although it was finished almost sixty years ago. In the opinion of some critics it is the ablest work of its kind in American literature. Mr. Hildreth studied carefully all the means of information within his reach, but he did not attempt to search out and examine original papers upon the extensive scale laid out by Mr. Bancroft. His work makes six volumes and tells the story of this country's affairs from the discovery of America to the close of the Sixteenth Congress in 1820. It was the great work of the author's life. He planned it when he was about twenty years old and a student at Harvard College, but almost a quarter of a century of his busy life passed before it was actually begun. Meanwhile he carried the project in his mind—while he was a lawyer, then as editor of one of the chief Whig journals in New England, on the health trip to the South, while he was publishing an anti-slavery novel, during the time that he was writing a set of articles for the *Atlas*, in 1837, to defeat the scheme for annexing Texas to the United States, and through all his activity in politics to help along the election of President Harrison.

About the time that this campaign was in progress Mr. Hildreth brought out an able review of the social, political, and economical aspects of slavery in the United States, called "Despotism in America." Then, being in bad health, he took a journey to British Guiana, living for three years in Georgetown, the capital. He there studied the philosophy of history, and wrote some papers on that subject. "The Theory of Morals," and the "Theory of Politics; or, An Inquiry into the Foundations of Governments and the Causes and Progress of Political Revolutions," which are able works of their kind, were written at that time.

A few years after he returned the history was brought out. As a work of reference this history still remains as the best in our catalogues of works on American history. The style is concise, the facts happily combined, the judgments generally good; and, while justice is done to our great men, there is everywhere to be seen an almost vindictive contempt of persons who have made themselves "great" by the arts of the demagogue. He was a bold, blunt, hard-headed, and resolute man, caustic in temper, keen in intellect, untiring in industry, and blessed with an honest horror of shams. His purpose was to write a history of the United States in which our fathers should be presented exactly as they were, "unbe-

daubed with patriotic rouge." The best judges here and abroad agree that he carried out his purposes with genuine success and literary merit.

Richard Hildreth was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, June 28, 1807. He died in Florence, Italy, 1865.

Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Hildreth, able and excellent as their work is, and fresh also as is much of its information, are greatly indebted to the almost-forgotten American historians who came before them. They who chronicled the events which they saw, or first began to gather the records of the past and put them into the form of a narrative, paved the way for their greater successors and left for them much of the material for their noble tasks. First among these early historians was David Ramsay. He was born in the middle of the last century, saw the Revolution and the War of 1812, and made the first United States history worthy of the name. He also wrote a "History of South Carolina." Henry Lee—"Light-horse Harry"—who was half a dozen years younger than Ramsay, and died before the second war with England, also left a valuable work of reference in his "Memoirs of the Southern Department of the United States." A generation later, Timothy Flint wrote a "Condensed Geography and History of the Western States in the Mississippi Valley," during the time that John Quincy Adams was sitting in the President's chair.

Among other writers of American history who have merited some fame is Benson J. Lossing, who was born in New York State in 1813, and wrote over a dozen volumes, some of which, especially the "Field-Book of the Revolution" and the "History of the War of 1812," are valuable works. Francis Parkman, a Boston man, who was born in 1823, also has had a great and well-deserved popularity for his "Conspiracy of the Pontiac," the "Jesuits of America," the "Discovery of the Great West," the "Pioneers of France in the New World," and other works of history that required great labors among unpublished records, and still remain the only works of any note on these subjects of American history. John Gorham Palfrey, a Boston clergyman, born in 1796, also wrote a valuable history of New England, although most of his works were on theology.

Among the few other historians of this country who have not made their books from the works of these authors is James G. Blaine, whose "History of Forty Years in Congress" has been the labor of many years, and is based upon state papers and the personal experience of the writer and his associates. General Grant's "Memoirs" is probably the most famous work on the Civil War, and the new book of "Memoirs of John C. Frémont" contains a great deal of new information about the opening up of the West and the conquest of California.

The historians and the novelists are linked together because they both write of the characters and events of life—the historian sets forth the plain facts, the novelist colors them with his imagination. History is the record of facts, fiction is the record of the imagination; and these two, either separate or combined, make all the literature of the world. There is much imagination in every great history, and there is much of the history of life in all fiction, especially in novels. Yet in character the work of an historian is quite different from that of the writer



WASHINGTON IRVING.

of fiction, and it is very rarely that any land has been gifted with a genius who, like our **Washington Irving**, stands as a link between the two.

He was not only a writer of history and fiction, but of fictitious history—imaginary stories of the richest humor, based upon most careful and painstaking researches into the facts of history. It was in the year 1809, when he was an attractive young man of twenty-six—and when Prescott was still at school and Bancroft was a little fellow just out of dresses—that he brought out his first book—"A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty, by Dietrich Knickerbocker." It was a burlesque chronicle, full of humor, but written in so quiet a vein that some people took it for real history. It was perfect in its way, and although a good many of the old Dutch

families were rather offended at the way he made fun of their peculiarities, critics gave it hearty praise. "It is," says an American writer, "the most judiciously audacious work of humor in our literature."

This was his first book, but not his first literary work. He had chosen writing for his profession soon after he left school—which was when he was about sixteen years old; all his life he had been fond of reading, and had delighted in his father's well-stocked library. Though not studious, he had read a great deal, and had spent many thoughtful hours when a boy rambling about—first on the island of Manhattan near his father's home, and later in many other places. He had a quick, observing mind, a great love of fun, and in his own way he was a genius for telling stories. As he grew up he began to write sketches for magazines. Most of these were humorous, and they were so well liked that before long their author felt encouraged to make the famous "History." In a year or so after that he became editor of the *Analectic Magazine* in Philadelphia.

All this happened before he was really famous. He was, to be sure, pretty well known in New York and some other cities, and was also very much liked. His place was naturally in the best society; his manly grace and genial manners won their way among the oldest families—they even had to forgive him for being Dietrich Knickerbocker.

About ten years after the "History" was published Mr. Irving was the silent partner in a commercial house in New York, and was leisurely taking a pleasure trip through England when he suddenly received word that his firm had failed. This left him without money, far from home, and with no occupation. One of his first thoughts was to make another book. He had notes of his travels and memories of many scenes in America, which he embodied into a series of papers which he called the "Sketch-Book."

Although he had been a writer for several years, and was not unknown to the public at home, he was far from famous yet. He had written a "Life of Thomas Campbell," which had been read in England, and on account of which that poet had received him very cordially on this visit. But that was not fame—although it did lead to it. Campbell introduced the bright, agreeable young American to Sir Walter Scott, who was then the most celebrated writer and the most influential man among literary people in England; and after Irving had written his book and had failed to get either of the great publishing houses of the Constables or the Murrays to accept it, and after he had then made an unsuccessful effort to bring it out on his own account, kindly Sir Walter induced Mr. Murray to change his mind. As a great risk, a thousand dollars was paid for the copy-right with a feeling that the publishers would "never see that money again." But they did. Irving was a close observer of people and things; he had watched

with careful interest the quaint manners and customs of the old Dutch settlers in New York, who made up a good part of the fifty thousand people then comprising the population of the "Empire City;" he had also traveled a good deal, some half dozen years before, in France, Italy, Switzerland, and England; and the quaint humor, the flowing language, and the keen insight with which he sketched the impressions he had gained, made the book popular at once. The readers found in it a charm of freshness and beauty that was as surprising as it was attractive. And although the modest author hid himself behind the pen-name of "Geoffrey Crayon," the secret soon came out. He was an American! Another surprise and charm!—and Washington Irving suddenly found himself placed among the greatest writers in the English language. He was rated highest among all the American authors then known, and was compared to Goldsmith and even Addison by the ablest critics in England. Mr. Murray doubled the sum of the copyright, and was more than willing to "risk" some more publications from the same author. Then "Bracebridge Hall" was written, and in 1824 Mr. Murray paid Irving seventy-five hundred dollars for the "Tales of a Traveler" before he saw the manuscript.

Not long after this, Alexander H. Everett—an elder brother of Edward Everett, a fine scholar and diplomatist, and then Ambassador to Spain—invited Mr. Irving to go with him to Madrid to translate some papers connected with the life of Columbus, and it was his acceptance of this that led to his becoming the author of his famous histories connected with Spain. The "History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus" was published four years after the "Tales of a Traveler," and that was followed by the "Conquest of Granada," the "Alhambra," part of which was written in the ancient Moorish palace itself; "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," and "Mahomet and his Successors," all of which will always hold a unique place among the works of fiction that are based upon carefully verified facts.

Meanwhile the author had returned for a few years to England, and filled the office of secretary to the American Legation, and, with the honorable degree of LL.D. from the University of Oxford, had gone back in 1831 to his native land, where he was received with great enthusiasm as the pride of American literature.

The "Tour on the Prairies" was written after a visit to the Rocky Mountains, and many graceful and interesting sketches of places and people abroad and at home came often from his fluent pen in the course of the next ten years. At the end of that time he was sent as American Minister to Spain, where he staid for four years and wrote his "Life of Goldsmith," while his last and greatest work, the "Life of Washington," was brought out during the last four years of his life. Then he was a venerable, white-haired old gentleman, past three score and ten,

living—a bachelor still—with his nieces, at his beautiful home of “Sunnyside,” on the bank of the Hudson River, near Tarrytown, New York.

Washington Irving was born in New York City, April 3, 1783. He died at Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, New York, November 28, 1859.

The first great American novelist and the writer who, with Irving, lifted American literature into note with other nations, was **James Fenimore Cooper**. He was about six years younger than the great story-writing historian, but his first works came before the world a few years before the appearance of the “Sketch-Book.” Beside being the first great novelist born in America, Cooper was the first to write novels containing descriptions of American people and scenery, and truly deserves the title of the father of our fiction.

Though born in New Jersey, his life was passed almost entirely in New York State. He was but a little boy when his father moved out into the northwestern part of the State, and settled in the little village upon Otsego Lake which is now called Cooperstown. This region was wild and uncivilized then, bordering the frontier wilderness, where the settlers made a small attempt at farming, but lived for the most part by hunting and fishing—in constant watch and resistance against the treachery of the Indians who lurked in the endless woods that stretched away from the settlement on many sides. It was here, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in America, that little Fenimore Cooper grew up. He had a passionate love for the woods and lakes, the trees, wild flowers, birds, and little animals that were his daily companions, although among the busy, practical pioneers of the settlement there was no one to point out the loveliness of nature to him. In the later years of his life he often said that among these scenes those that he loved best were the ones he described in his books.

As a boy, though, he had no special taste for literature. He was bright and quick to learn, and was sent to the village school early. By the time he was eleven years old he had outgrown the poor advantages that afforded, and went to Albany to study with an English gentleman who prepared boys for college. His new teacher was a good one, and by the time young Cooper was thirteen he was ready to enter Yale College. He was younger and better prepared than the other boys in his class when he entered, and though this seemed to be an advantage at first, it turned out to be a misfortune; because at the outset he did not need to study to keep his position in the class, he formed idle habits that he could not break when the studies grew more difficult; and, you know, idle hands—and heads—always get into mischief. He became unruly; did not study; made himself disliked by the teachers, and finally got into some serious trouble for which he was dismissed from the college. Still, he was not a bad young fellow, for the most

famous of all his professors—Benjamin Silliman, Sr.—remained his friend as long as he lived.

On leaving Yale, Cooper hoped to soon become a naval officer, but first he had



J. FENIMORE COOPER.

to learn to be a sailor. So, with the help of his father, he found a place on a merchantman; and after a year on her, he became a midshipman in the United

States Navy. He remained in the service six years, but in 1811 he married and left the sea to settle on a farm in New York State.

It was here, when he was thirty years old, that he first thought of writing a story. This was the way it happened: One day he was reading an English novel aloud to his wife, when he suddenly stopped and said: "I believe I could myself write a better story on the same subject."

Mrs. Cooper advised him to try. He did and made a novel which he called "Precaution." He read it to his friends, who told him that he ought to publish it, and he did. It was not a success. He knew almost nothing about English people and English scenery, and the book was so poor that it attracted scarcely any notice, yet the author was encouraged to make another attempt. This time, he said, he would write an American, not an English, book. He would describe the people and the scenery he had known all his life, and would choose his incidents from American history. Before the year had closed his second book was out, and as the author of "The Spy," Mr. James Fenimore Cooper, frontier farmer of New York State, found himself a famous man of letters. In this country and abroad he was ranked at once among the very foremost of American writers.

This decided his career, and thereafter his life was a literary one. His tales and other books alone amount to more than one hundred volumes. His letters, magazine articles, and scattered papers on various subjects are numberless. Success crowned success, while his application was so close that one piece of work was scarcely finished before another was begun. He loved his country and had an unflinching enthusiasm in writing about it. Almost no one else at that time wrote about America; nearly all stories were of European life and scenery; even American writers felt that they must not only copy the style of English authors, but also follow their example in the people and the scenes they portrayed.

It was a bold venture on Cooper's part, to bring out something truly American, but it was a novelty that became popular at once. "The Spy" was translated into other languages and republished in many parts of Europe. One of the great magazines said: "Cooper has the high praise and will have the future glory of having struck into a new path—of having opened a mine of exhaustless wealth. In a word, he has laid the foundation of American romance." And he did not wait long before building upon that foundation. "The Pioneers," "The Pilot," "Lionel Lincoln," "The Last of the Mohicans," and several others came out within the next ten years, adding to the author's reputation, almost as fast as they came. His fame spread like that of American commerce—to all lands and all peoples. The novels were intensely American in spirit, in scenery, and in characters, with a great deal of the human nature that belongs to all countries in

them, besides. Everything about them was fresh, lofty, and romantic. He loved Nature and wrote from his own intimacy with her; and he loved the grand, simple, straightforward soul of a true man, which he pictured with wonderful skill. His greatest character is the hunter and trapper, "Leatherstocking," who is the leading figure in five of the author's best novels—"The Pioneers," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "The Pathfinder," and "The Deerslayer," which comprise "The Leatherstocking Tales."

His two best sea-stories—also written out of his own knowledge—are "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover." Notwithstanding the long and tiresome parts of these stories, they are so clear and vivid that the reader often feels exactly as if he were amid the scenes and events, hoping, fearing, waiting, acting with the characters on the pages before him.

Powerful and thrilling as his books are, Cooper had some very serious faults as a writer. He was as likely to turn out a poor story as a good one. It has been said that he would have had a higher reputation if about one-third of his novels had never been written, and if the other two-thirds had been condensed into one-third their present length. Certainly one of his faults was in making his descriptions and his conversations too long. Beside these defects, his books show that he was careless. He did not take pains enough in looking over his work and correcting it. Nor can we trust him on history. Although soon after his second book was published he moved to New York City, where he had a chance to see whatever reference-books the largest city in the country contained, he was never exact about the historical facts which he made use of. Without reference to the truth, he would describe scenes and events in any way that best suited his story. In this he was exactly the opposite from careful, painstaking Washington Irving. He was also careless about his language, and while it is often beautiful, it is also often incorrect or out of taste.

Yet, with all his faults, Cooper had the genius of a great writer. He has given us noble, interesting characters of pure American type; he has given us beautiful descriptions of scenery as he saw it himself, and of woodland frontier life as he knew it, of Indian friendship and treachery, and in countless ways he has preserved in vivid pictures scenes of early life in this country, which but for him would be almost unknown to us.

He was an ardent patriot, and it grieved him to see the faults and vices of his countrymen; so, after his return from a visit to Europe, in about the year 1833—when he was a man of middle age—he wrote a series of satirical novels, which he hoped would benefit our people. Perhaps they did; but they added nothing to his reputation as a writer, though they show what a fearless, upright, and truthful man he was. Indeed it has been said that "as a brave, high-spirited, noble-

minded man, somewhat too proud and dogmatic, but thoroughly honest, he was ever on a level with the best characters in his best works."

When the United States Government made mistakes or did wrong, he often expressed his opinion and condemnation of the matter in the newspapers. This sometimes got him into many warm debates, and now and then made him some enemies; but though he was hot-tempered and loved to say just what he thought or felt without restraint, he was so kindly and generous when his anger was past that he often won the people whom he had offended back to the old friendship.

He was a very large, handsome man, a good talker and a pleasant host, and he was warmly loved by his own family and friends.

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789. He died at Cooperstown, New York, September 14, 1851.

Thirty years after Cooper's fame first spread abroad, the world learned that America had produced another great novelist. This was the author of "The Scarlet Letter," **Nathaniel Hawthorne**. He was then living in his native town, Salem, Massachusetts, a shy, sweet-tempered man of forty-six years old. He was tall and handsome, with a round, well-shaped head, massive brow—"like a poet Webster"—a sweet smile, deep, dark eyes, that showed the shyness of his nature by seeming to be always going to glance away from the person with whom he was talking. The people about quaint, beautiful Salem, though they knew him very little, were well used to seeing the tall, manly figure in the lanes, among the fields, about the seashore, moving along in his strong, rapid, swinging gait, completely wrapped up in his own thoughts, or quietly enjoying the company of one of his few, choice friends. He lived, for the most part, in a world of his own; he spoke in a quiet voice, with an easy, unexcited, self-poised manner; but when others talked he generally was silent, and nearly everybody felt that it was not easy to "get near" him, as we say.

Up to within a few years before "The Scarlet Letter" appeared Hawthorne's life had been one of much poverty and gloomy sadness; henceforth it was one of prosperity and quiet happiness. But the story of that life is too interesting to be told in one sentence. He was a thorough New Englander. His forefathers were among the first Puritans that came over from old England; devoted, stern followers of the "Dissenting" religion. Most of them were sea-faring men, and Nathaniel's father was a shipmaster, who died far from home when his son was but four years old. His mother grieved bitterly for her husband all the rest of her life, and their home was always a house of mourning.

When Nathaniel was nine years old he hurt his foot in a game of foot-ball, and for three years he had to keep pretty quiet most of the time. It was a misfort-

une that proved a benefit, for it was during the long months when he was first confined to the house that he began to be interested in reading. There were then not as many books for children as there are now—young folks had to read from old folk's libraries. Little Nathaniel read over and over again Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which was his favorite, and also Spenser's poem of the "Fairy



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Queen," and other old-fashioned books, such as most little boys now think very hard to understand.

When he was sixteen he left quaint, lovely, old-fashioned Salem—which he has made famous wherever the English language is read—and entered Bowdoin College, at New Brunswick, Maine. Here he was fortunate in having a number of very bright and gifted companions. Longfellow was his classmate and friend, Franklin Pierce—who afterward became President—was in the class ahead of him, and became his life-long and intimate friend, while with Horatio Bridge—who in later years was a distinguished officer in the United States Navy—he had still closer companionship.

After Hawthorne graduated, he went home to his mother's gloomy, lonesome house, and there passed twelve years of secluded, studious life. His mother still nourished her grief in loneliness, and with his shy, retiring, and often melancholy nature, Hawthorne easily fell into her retired manner of life, growing more diffident every year, till but for a very few friends he was as unknown to his neighbors—except by sight—as if he were a stranger in the town. Yet he had kind feelings toward people; he was always gentle and full of good-will for those around him, but he was painfully reserved and diffident, while he was often afflicted with fits of heavy gloom and low spirits.

During this time he was trying to write, but he was so dissatisfied with his first stories that he burnt most of them before any one else saw them. Some, however, he published, though he only received a very little money for them, if any. It was much harder for anybody to earn his living by writing in America when Hawthorne was young than it is now. Time after time he was discouraged, but still he kept on. He had, he felt, a work to do; and he did it, though nobody seemed to want it, and he was himself far from sure that he was doing it well. Year after year he "wrought patiently and unrecognized at his marvelous work, and because he did not falter or despond, nor aim lower, nor try for the easy vogue of the day, but was content to serve beauty and truth for the sake of beauty and truth, he is now held of all men with gratitude and reverence as one of the benefactors of the world." Twelve years after he left college he decided to collect a number of his stories that had already been printed in papers and magazines and published them in a book under the name of "Twice-Told Tales." Even then few people took any notice of them. Mr. Longfellow—who had an easier time in making himself known—wrote a notice of the work of his old schoolmate for the *North American Review*, praising the stories as the work of a man of genius; but it was not till several years later that they were anything like widely read and appreciated, even by literary people.

For a long time after he was able to make his living—a bare one—by his pen, he was far from famous. In 1843, six years after the "Twice-Told Tales" came out, he moved from Salem to Concord, and with the sweet, lovable lady whom he had married meantime, he lived in an old manse that was standing in Revolutionary days. It is said that the parish minister who lived there long ago stood at one of its windows on the 19th of April, 1775, and looking out upon the battlefield saw the men of Concord meet the British, and whip them.

Hawthorne's life here was pleasanter and happier than it had been at Salem. The love of his wife, the pleasure of his children, and the gradual success of his writings put the gloomy days of the past out of sight, while the present and the future were lit up with comfort and happiness. His days of poverty and struggle were

over. Before his marriage George Bancroft, the historian—then Collector of the Port of Boston—had obtained for him a place in the Boston Custom House, and not long after some other friends had secured from President Polk an appointment for him as Surveyor of the Port of Salem. These duties added to his income very much, and did not keep him from writing.

In the ancient house at Concord he wrote a number of exquisite stories, which he soon published in a book called "*Mosses from an Old Manse*," and four years after that—while he was living again at Salem—to his everlasting renown, "*The Scarlet Letter*" appeared. It was the first great novel written by an American, and we have never had another that is likely to live as long or has been as much admired by cultivated critics all over the world. The next year he published "*The House of Seven Gables*;" the next, a story of the famous Brook Farm community at Roxbury, near Boston, which he called "*The Blithedale Romance*," and the "*Life of Franklin Pierce*." These old college-mates were as close friends now as in the days when Pierce found pleasure in cheering his melancholy companion out of his fits of gloom; and, soon after he became President, Mr. Pierce appointed Hawthorne as United States Consul to Liverpool, which was probably the best-paying office in his gift.

Now a man of wealth, influence, and fame, Hawthorne spent four years on government duty in England, and then some time in traveling on the Continent, writing meanwhile "*The Marble Faun*," which is thought by many people to be the best of all his works.

When he returned to America he made his home, for the brief remainder of his life, in Concord, where he bought a house near those of his friends, Emerson and Thoreau. "*Our Old Home*," a sketch of England and the English, was the only work that he published after coming back. His valuable and interesting "*Note-Books on America, England, France, and Italy*," and "*St. Septimius*," came out after his death.

The great place which Hawthorne's works have—higher than any other American novelist, living or dead—is not easy to describe, and is difficult for young people to understand. It is not chiefly in literary style, yet that, it is said, combines almost every excellence—elegance, simplicity, grace, clearness, and force; it is rather great originality, a rare power of analysis, a delicate and exquisite humor, and a marvelous use of words. The "*Twice-Told Tales*" are regarded as masterpieces of literary art, clear and simple in style, profound in sentiment, exact in thought, and rich in imagination. "He was," says one of our critics, "a patient observer of the operations of spiritual laws, and relentless in recording the results of his observations. In his novels the events occur in the hearts and minds of his characters, and our minds are fixed upon the souls rather than the outward

events and incidents we find in his books. He is beyond compare the greatest romance writer of the age, in any country."

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. He died in Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 19, 1864.

While Cooper is the first and Hawthorne the greatest of American novelists, **Harriet Beecher Stowe** is of all others the most famous. Her story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which came out nine years before the beginning of the Civil War, was the most widely circulated and the most powerful book that has ever been published in America, and probably in the world. It told about people in the South who owned slaves, and about the slaves themselves, and though it showed that there were good people who upheld slavery, it also showed that the practice of slavery led to many evils, and ought to be stopped. All this was brought out by a most interesting story. Nothing so strong and convincing had ever been written on this subject before, and the book made a sensation throughout America and Europe. It has been translated into almost every known language, and although the cause for which it was written has long since been gained, the book still lives and is read with as much interest as ever by every new generation.

When the story first came out it was by installments in the weekly journal called the *National Era*, published at Washington, D. C. Then it was issued in book-form by the famous old Boston house of John P. Jewett—scarcely another publisher in the United States would have dared to do it. He advertised far and wide, so that the nation was waiting for it when it came, and when it came every one knew that its coming would be a great literary event; but it was more than that, it was a great political event. The arguments of statesmen, and the verdicts of juries were overturned by its touching appeal to the heart and the imagination of the people. It did more than any ten public men toward forming a sentiment against slavery, towards building up the Republican party and electing Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, and raising volunteers for the Civil War, which meant a fight for no slavery to almost as many people as it meant a struggle to keep the Union.

Mrs. Stowe is the daughter of the famous Dr. Lyman Beecher, and is one of the most gifted members of his celebrated family. When they were little the children of this household were left very often to take care of themselves; they were sent to school and taught to be useful at home, but in their play they roamed through the fields and woods pretty much as they pleased. Harriet was called a tom-boy because she could climb trees and ride horses as well as her brothers. She loved the wild flowers and the sky and hills. She says of herself: "I was educated

first and foremost by Nature, wonderful, beautiful, ever-changing as she is in that cloudland, Litchfield." She was a mischievous little thing even when she was scarcely more than a baby, and she yet remembers that before she was five years old she persuaded her younger brothers and sisters to eat up a number of fine tulip-roots, by telling them that they were onions, and tasted good. Even then she had the power to make others think as she wished. She remembers too that when her mother found what she had done, she did not scold her, but kindly told her what beautiful flowers would have grown from those tulip-roots if, instead of



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

being eaten, they had been planted. Her mother's patience made little Harriet feel worse than the scolding would have done, and when that good, gentle mother died soon after, she grieved about all the naughty things she had done to trouble her, and resolved to be a better girl.

When she was about seven years old, her older sister, Catherine, wrote of her: "Harriet is a very good girl; she has been to school all this summer and has learned to read very fluently. She has committed to memory twenty-seven hymns and two long chapters in the Bible."

There were then—as now—many cultivated people living in Litchfield. It contained a very good school, whose principal teacher, Mr. John Brace, had a gift of

understanding and encouraging each pupil. He took particular pains with Harriet's compositions, and did much to teach her to write the good, clear English which is a delight in all her books.

When she was thirteen her sister Catherine opened a school in Hartford, Connecticut, and took Harriet with her. She not only studied hard in this school, but very soon began to help teach, too, becoming a regular teacher there after her studies were finished.

When she was twenty-one her father moved to Ohio—very far West indeed that seemed then—and Catherine and Harriet gave up their school to go with him. They soon opened another school in Cincinnati, and, three years after, Harriet married Professor Stowe, who was then president of the Lane Theological Seminary, which her father had helped to found.

Mrs. Stowe now lived for some time almost on the boundary line of the slave States. In Ohio there were no slaves, but just across the Ohio River in Kentucky there were many. When they tried to run away from their masters they usually started for Ohio, where there were several anti-slavery people to help them. Mrs. Stowe was herself an Abolitionist, and it touched her very deeply to see the poor creatures who tried to escape from cruel masters caught and dragged back to the life they hated, in spite of all that she and other white people could do for them. About this time the Abolition party, which had a strong force at Lane, was growing very large and powerful. But they were condemned and despised by all "respectable citizens," for even in the North it was not thought to be to any one's credit to put himself on the side of the negro.

Long before, Mrs. Stowe had learned to hate slavery from an aunt, who, after spending a few years in the West Indies, where slavery was then practiced, had come back to New England and lived in Dr. Beecher's family when Harriet was a little girl. She now thought that if people could know what she knew of the negroes' sufferings, and the bad effect that slavery had on the white people, too, all kind-hearted and honest persons would surely become Abolitionists. It was with this motive that she resolved to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She was poor and had several little children, and was very busy from morning till night, but—often with her foot on the cradle and her writing-paper in her lap—she found time to write her great novel.

Before this she had published in the papers several short stories, but she had made no name and attracted no special attention. When "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was finished she offered it to the editor of the *National Era*, at Washington, and he began to publish it. It attracted a great deal of attention at once, and we already know the story of it after it was put into book-form. Beside the work it wrought in changing the public mind about slavery, it brought her fame and a

great deal of money. Her name was a household word. The most eminent people of the world became her friends and correspondents, and she entered on a life of literary work that lasted for several years.

She had left Cincinnati some time before this, moved with her husband to Brunswick, Maine, where Dr. Stowe was made professor in Bowdoin College, and in 1854 they went to Europe, where she was welcomed and entertained by the greatest people in the world.

Among the many books that have come from Mrs. Stowe's pen since "Uncle Tom," "The Minister's Wooing" is thought to be the best, and next to that "Oldtown Folks," and "Sam Lawson's Stories," which are very able stories of New England life and character. She has published about fifteen volumes altogether, all but a few being novels. Some of them have made but little impression, though the "Minister's Wooing" and "Oldtown Folks" are still ranked among the best of American fiction.

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1812.

POETS AND ESSAYISTS.

ONE of the first American authors who gained world-wide reputation and made a lasting fame was **William Cullen Bryant**. He was a poet and a journalist, and though he will be remembered chiefly by his poetry, his career as an editor for more than fifty years is one of the most remarkable in the history of American newspapers.

Born in the latter part of the last century, and of active, powerful mind and earnest purpose, he took some part in most of the important national events of his time. He was the son of a New England physician, who was a man of education, taste, and judgment, and himself had a gift for poetry. His mother was a good, bright, practical Yankee woman, and Mr. Bryant always said that his mother's love of right and justice at any cost had more than anything else given him his upright principles. Even when a baby Bryant showed an uncommon mind; for he knew the alphabet when only sixteen months old. When he was nine years old he began to make verses, some of which, he himself says, "were utter nonsense," and he adds that his father tried to teach him that he must write only when he had something to say. His grandfather and father both took an interest in his writing, and both showed good judgment in their ways of teaching and encouraging the little poet. They often paid him for a poem they thought well done, but if it were not at all good they made him do it over. When he was ten years old he made some little verses, telling about the school he went to, that were published in the county newspaper; and he had a copy of his own poetry actually in print. About two years after this great event, an eclipse of the sun took place, about which he wrote a poem that is still preserved. It is interesting to see how much like his great poems it is, though of course not nearly so good as they are. It shows the same reverential, serious spirit which is seen in his best works, and the same close and affectionate observation of nature's works—the sky and trees and birds. When Bryant was a boy he learned to work on a farm, but the time when he was happiest was when the long winter evenings gave him leisure to read and write and think. It was a great event to him when,

one day, his father brought home Pope's translation of Homer's Iliad. He thought it must be the finest poem that had ever been written.

After a time he wrote another poem, which was published and attracted some attention. A second edition of it was brought out in a book later, with a note from the publishers stating positively that its author was but thirteen years of age. This was done because people were saying that it could not have been written by a boy no older than that.

When this gifted lad was sixteen he entered Williams College. Here he was a good student in all his classes, but was chiefly distinguished for his verse-



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

writing, and for his talent for languages. Before he had finished his course his father told him he could no longer support him at college, and he would have to leave. There was nothing to do but give up his studies and do as his father said; it was a great disappointment, and a loss that he regretted as long as he lived.

About this time he wrote that great poem, "Thanatopsis," which is said by critics to be the most remarkable literary production ever known to come from a person no more than seventeen years old. It was the first American poem that was really admired by any large number of people abroad, and it was also the

first American poem that has lived to a lasting fame. Mr. Bryant became a lawyer after leaving college, and rose rapidly in that profession. But his heart was in his writing, and when the publication of his "Thanatopsis"—several years after it was written—attracted the attention of literary men to him, he was anxious to leave the law and give his whole time to writing. In a short time the way opened. A few years after the celebrated poem appeared he helped to establish and began to edit the *New York Review*. For this he came to New York, where he lived the remainder of his life. Many of his best poems were published in this magazine. Some also were printed in other papers; and after about a year he joined the staff of the *New York Evening Post*, and to the end of his life he worked on that paper. During most of the time he was its editor-in-chief. His regular labors on this paper began when it was about twenty years old; and although there have been many men of ability connected with it, probably no one has ever done as much for its literary standing as Mr. Bryant. It was then the leading Democratic paper of New York, a power among the people, and remarkable for its pure and manly tone. His career as an editor made for him many friends and admirers, for he was always dignified and fair-minded, and in politics stood firmly by the cause which he thought was right.

Nine years after he moved to New York he took his family on his own and their first visit to Europe. During the trip he studied foreign languages, and added very much to his knowledge of general literature, which before that time had not been very broad or deep. On European journeys which he afterwards made he wrote letters to the *Evening Post*, which were collected and published in a book. This was followed by several other volumes of poems, brought out at different times during the rest of his life; for active newspaper work did not crowd out the sweet strains of verse from his mind. Everything that he wrote was always eagerly welcomed by the people, and for many years he was one of the most popular living poets of the English language. In his poetry he described American scenery—our woods and fields, mountains and valleys—more beautifully and more accurately than any writer of his time; and as a poet of nature he has still hardly an equal in this country.

A celebrated English reviewer says: "He is the translator of the silent language of nature to the world;" an eminent American critic gives him a very high place among writers: "The serene beauty and thoughtful tenderness which characterize his descriptions or rather interpretations of outward objects are paralleled only in Wordsworth. His poems are perfect of their kind. They address the finer instincts of our nature with a voice so winning and gentle—they search with such subtle power all in the heart that is true and good—that their influence, though quiet, is resistless. Bryant's poems are not only valuable for their own

literary worth, but also for the vast influence their wide circulation may exercise on national feelings and manners. They purify as well as please. In him we have a poet who can bring the hues of nature into the crowded mart, and, by ennobling thoughts of man and his destiny, induce the most worldly to give their eyes occasional glance upward, and the most selfish to feel that the love of God and man is better than the love of Mammon."

In his stately, white-haired old age, all America felt a pride in Mr. Bryant. He was called upon to grace important public occasions by his presence; he was asked to speak when great audiences were expected to listen to important matters, or when it was wanted to draw large crowds to bring forward questions of moment.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. He died in New York City, June 12, 1878.

One of the best poets of Bryant's time was his friend **Richard Henry Dana**. He is almost forgotten now, except by a few who love good verse, and some general readers who know of "The Buccancer." But he was perhaps the most original poet we have ever had, and holds a high place with good critics, one of whom says: "Nothing is forced or foreign about his writings. The inward life of the man has found utterance in the rugged music of the poet. He seems never to have written from hearsay, or taken any of his opinions at second-hand. The mental powers displayed in his writings are of a high order. He possesses all the qualities which distinguish the poet—acute observation of nature, a deep feeling of beauty, a suggestive and shaping imagination, a strong and keen, though not dominant sensibility, and a large command of expression."

Mr. Dana also wrote novels that were full of dark passion and stern moral purpose. They did not please the public very well, but his reviews and criticisms were among the best. In 1821—when he was thirty-four years old—he wrote a paper on Edmund Kean, the great English actor, which is said to still be the finest piece of theatrical criticism in American literature.

Mr. Dana was about seven years older than Mr. Bryant, and like him was a native of Massachusetts; he also left college—Harvard—before finishing his course, and after practicing law for a time gave it up to be a writer. After awhile he became a popular lecturer, especially on Shakespeare. He never rose to the great fame of Mr. Bryant, but in his day he was one of the most noted men of letters in the country. .

Richard Henry Dana was born November 15, 1787, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he died, February 2, 1879.

Another poet, who was one of the most popular writers in America twenty years ago or less, was **Fitzgreene Halleck**. He came of a famous New England stock, his mother being a descendant of noble old clergyman John Eliot, the "Apostle of the Indians;" but his home for the most part was in New York City. With little education, although a large gift for writing verses, he was not able to get into any very advanced position in life; when he was about eighteen years old he entered a banking-house in New York, where he remained as a clerk for a number of years. Meanwhile he wrote. He formed a literary partnership with the gifted young writer, Joseph Rodman Drake; their poems were published under the pen-name of Croaker & Co., in the *Evening Post*, and afterwards collected in a book called the "Croaker Papers." Halleck's first verses attracted a good deal of notice, and when in a couple of years he brought out the clever satire on politics and society, entitled "Fanny," he became exceedingly popular. After that he went to Europe for awhile, and upon his return published "Marco Bozzaris," a poem of a different kind, and one which still ranks as among the finest martial lyrics in the English language. At about the same time, he wrote some beautiful lines on the memory of the great Scottish poet, Robert Burns. "I am not sure," said Mr. Bryant, then of the *Post*, "that these verses are not the finest in which one poet celebrates another." "Alnwick Castle," "Connecticut," and "Red Jacket" are also poems of Halleck's that received sincere admiration from the best judges of his time. They show a facility, a sweetness, and a grace which is seldom equaled by any of our present writers, and which give him a place as a gifted poet, if not a great one.

These few poems are standing the test of time, and will probably always be read and admired, but in many of Mr. Halleck's other works there are qualities that seem out of place in poetry. They struck the taste of people at the time, but they were not of the sort that live. One of our critics says, the ludicrous and the sad are face to face so often that we burst into mirth in the midst of tears. "The loftiness, purity, and tenderness of feeling which Halleck can so well express when he pleases, and the delicate, graceful fancies with which he can festoon thought and emotion should never be associated with what is mean or ridiculous, even to gratify wit or whim."

Fitzgreene Halleck was born on the 8th of July, 1790, at Guilford, Connecticut, where he died, November 17, 1867.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is the most widely popular of American poets. His beautiful, refined, and gentle poems are read by all ages and all classes of people, wherever the English language is spoken. His father was an eminent lawyer in Portland, Maine; his mother was fond of music and poetry, and it

was from her, Longfellow believed, that he inherited his imagination and taste for romance. When he was only eight months old his mother wrote of him, "He is an active rogue, and wishes for nothing so much as singing and dancing." He was a sweet-tempered, unselfish little fellow, too. The first letter he ever wrote was sent to his father when he was seven years old; he began by asking his father to bring home a little Bible for his younger sister, who wanted one very much, and



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

then, when he reached the last line of his letter, he told about the drum he wanted for himself. Such thoughtfulness for others before himself was as marked all his life as in this little childish letter. There were also an uprightness and high sense of honor in Mr. Longfellow's character, as well as a gentleness and refinement of feeling, that were admired by those who knew him more than it is possible to admire any written poetry, however beautiful. His life itself was a poem, full of goodness and truth.

He was a handsome little boy, with brown curls, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks; and as he grew up he became equally handsome as a man. Even when he was old and white-haired, he was the most beautiful, venerable person that the visitors to Cambridge ever saw. His first verses were written when he was thirteen years old; he sent them to a town paper, and waited eagerly to see whether or not they would be published. Yes, they were! How excitedly happy he felt! That is until he heard some one—who had no idea who wrote them—say they were “very poor stuff.” That changed all his happiness into misery. Still, he soon made up his mind to write some more and try and do better. After that a number of his pieces were published in the *Portland Gazette*. Meanwhile he had some more serious studies than poetry, and when he was fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine. Here he was particularly distinguished for his blameless and orderly life. He was merry and fond of amusement, but, as one of his classmates said, “it seemed easy for him to avoid the unworthy.” As a student he was more noted in composition than for anything else; he wrote uncommonly well, both in prose and verse. When he graduated he would have been class poet, but that his standing was so good that he had the higher honor of delivering the English Salutatory.

Soon after he graduated he was asked to return to Brunswick and take the chair of Modern Languages and Literature in the college. He accepted the appointment, but with the understanding that he should first pass some time in Europe to make himself better fitted for his duties. The next four years were spent in travel, in making himself better acquainted with foreign languages, in reading and writing, and in leading a most happy life. France, Spain, Italy, and Germany were visited and well studied, and when he returned he was—though only twenty-three years old—finely fitted for his work. He performed his duties so well at Bowdoin that after about six years he was offered the still more important professorship of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at Harvard College. Then he left Bowdoin to make his home in Cambridge for the rest of his life. As before, he made a trip abroad before taking up his duties. It was then that he lost the young wife whom he loved most dearly, and whose memory is preserved to the world in many of his poems. She died and was buried in Holland.

During these years of his youth and early manhood Longfellow was writing as well as studying; he was helping to make literature, while deeply interested in that made by others; but he was so modest in his estimate of his own talents that he was unwilling to come before the public as an author until he had done his best to write something worthy of being printed. Four years after he went to Cambridge, and when he was thirty-two years old, his romance called “*Hyperion*” appeared, and also a small collection of his poems, entitled “*Voices of the*

Night." They attracted a great deal of attention, and at once raised him to a place of note and honor among American poets.

For nearly forty years after this he wrote almost steadily, and every few years the English-speaking people all over the world would rejoice that a new volume of Longfellow's poems was out. One of the most admired of all his writings is "*Evangeline*," a beautiful story in beautiful verse, which, it is said by those who study poetry for its own sake, is the most perfect piece of rhyme and melody in English hexameter that is known. His next great work was the "*Songs of Hiawatha*," which is the most popular of all his poetry. That came out eight years after "*Evangeline*," and a year later he resigned his chair in Harvard University. In the next year, when he went to Europe, he was received everywhere with marked attention. Both the great English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge honored him with their degrees of Doctor of Civil Law, and some of the most distinguished people of all the countries he visited welcomed him with cordiality and respect.

After Mr. Longfellow's first trip abroad he was always in the habit of making translations of some of the best ballad poetry in the European languages; but in the year 1867, before his last visit to the Old World, he began to publish a careful and scholarly translation of the "*Divine Comedy*" of the celebrated Italian poet, Dante, which was far more important than any other translations he ever made. It makes three volumes altogether, the last of which came out the year after his return. Meantime, he also wrote some delightful works in prose, romances and books of travel. All his writings are full of simplicity, purity, and beauty. No word that does not tend to make men better and the world happier ever came from his pen.

It has been said: the great characteristic of Longfellow is that of addressing the moral nature through imagination, of linking moral truth to intellectual beauty. In beautiful language, sweet, singing verse, and cultivated taste, both Dana and Bryant are probably as fine as he; but he has surpassed them in great thoughts of real importance. The "*Psalm of Life*" touches the heroic string of our nature, breathes energy into our hearts, sustains our lagging purposes, and fixes our thoughts on that which lasts forever. He is a poet who has perfect command of expression. He selects with great delicacy and precision the exact phrase which best expresses or suggests his idea. He colors his style with the skill of a painter, and in compelling words to picture thought he not only has the warm flush and bright tints of language at his command, but he catches its changeful, passing hues. He idealizes real life; he draws out new meaning from many of its rough shows; he clothes subtle and delicate thoughts in familiar imagery; he embodies high moral sentiment in beautiful and ennobling forms; he inweaves the golden

thread of spiritual being into the texture of common existence; he discerns and addresses some of the finest sympathies of the heart; but he rarely soars out of the range of common interests and sympathies. In "The Psalm of Life"—our critic continues—in "Excelsior" and "The Light of Stars," Longfellow teaches us with much force to reckon earthly evils at their true worth, and to endure with patience what life brings us. "The Village Blacksmith" and "God's Acre" have a rough grandeur, and "Maidenhood" and "Endymion" a soft, sweet, mystical charm which show to advantage the range of his powers. Perhaps "Maidenhood" is the most finely poetical of all his poems. The "Spanish Student," though it lacks the dramatic skill and power necessary to make a good play, is one of the most beautiful poems in dialogue born in American literature. In it are to be seen the imagination, fancy, sentiment, and manner of the poet, for it seems to comprehend the whole of his genius, and to display all the powers of its author as none of his other works do.

In all, from the first to the last, Mr. Longfellow's writings, like his life, were simple and noble, beautiful and good. Few great men have had such a happy life as he, whom we call the Cambridge Bard. Unlike many poets, he never had to struggle with poverty, or to live lonely and unappreciated. His gifts were at once recognized, and friends, wealth, and fame came to him without waiting. He was not free from sadness, though. Years after the first Mrs. Longfellow's death, he married again; and in 1861 this lady met her death by a shocking accident. While dressing for a party her clothes caught fire from a light in the room, and she was burned to death.

Good fortune sometimes injures our characters more than trials; but they did no harm to this sunny, gentle nature. If he had known all kinds of griefs, he could scarcely have been more sympathetic with all men, or more of a friend to the unfortunate than he was.

Henry W. Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807. He died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882.

In original genius, **Edgar Allan Poe** has probably been the greatest of all American poets. He also had wonderful gifts for story-writing, and thirty or forty years ago "no critic's praise was more coveted than his, and no critic's blame more dreaded." He wrote poems from the time he was a boy, but did not take up literature for a profession until he was about twenty-four years old. He then became one of the workers on the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published at Richmond, Virginia. In a few years he had won a place upon other magazines also, and in the year 1837 he moved to New York, where he soon became well known as a writer for some of the leading periodicals in the country, and also as

the author of the "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." In a couple of years more he was editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, at Philadelphia, and published his best stories in the volume entitled "Tales of the Arabesque and Grotesque." He was now looked upon as one of the most original, acute, and promising writers of his time; and when, in the year that he was thirty-six, his poem, "The Raven," came out, his reputation rose to a world-wide fame. His other poems, "Annabel Lee" and "The Bells," and his stories of "The Gold Bug," "The Purloined Letter," "The Murders of Rue Morgue," and "The Fall of the House of Usher,"



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

were accepted by the public as writings of great merit, and at once took a lasting place in English literature.

Poe's genius and style of writing was wild, weird, and unearthly, poured out of a calm, fertile, and delicate mind of uncommon powers of imagination. His poetry was wonderful, his prose was often as beautiful as verse, and his criticisms "selected every minute thread of thought, and seized every fleeting shade of feeling," using on them rarely combined powers of reason and fancy, so that he was in his day the leading censor of all American literature. But—says his critic—one of two things was necessary to quicken his mind into full activity. The first was a personal grudge, the second was some chance suggestion which

awakened and tasked all the resources of his mind. The character of Poe's writings is like a mirror reflecting his nature. His works tell much of his own feeling about himself, but little of his life as others saw it. He was—it has been said—an original genius of high and rare order, a master of melancholy fitful and beautiful, but “like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh.” His genius was slight, small in quantity, and not of a broad range, yet in his poetry—and perhaps in his prose—it ranks above everything of its kind that America has ever produced. His keen, clear, lyrical, and musical verse, when at its best, is scarcely surpassed by poet of any age or country. But through almost all of it there is a shadow of melancholy, misery, and gloom. In this we find the keynote of the nature of the man.

As an author, Poe had success; as a man his life was a miserable failure.

His father was a Virginian, the son of General Poe, a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary Army; his mother was a beautiful English actress playing in Boston at the time Edgar was born. Both his parents died of consumption when they were very young, leaving three baby orphans without a home. Edgar, the middle child, was adopted by a wealthy merchant, Mr. John Allan, who gave the little boy his own name and took him to his wife in their home at Richmond, Virginia. When the little fellow was seven years old Mr. and Mrs. Allan took him to England and put him in the celebrated boys' school at Stoke Newington. Everything that money could buy Edgar's foster parents gave him, but he yearned for a tender love and sympathy for his feelings, which they could not bestow. In place of this he found great comfort with animals. Some of the happiest hours of his boyhood were spent with the dumb brutes that he loved to feed and caress; and as he grew older, he made many very devoted friends.

It was during one of the vacations from the English school that he came to know the good and beautiful lady who is so often mentioned in his poems. She was the mother of one of his schoolmates, by whom Poe had been taken home for a visit. When he arrived she received him so cordially and talked to him with so much kindness that he became strongly attached to her at once. The visit was often repeated, and as long as the lady lived Poe loved her with the greatest devotion. She was his confidante and a friend into whose ear he poured all the longings, the troubles, and the many other secrets of his peculiar poetic temperament. Her death was an overwhelming grief to him. Many sorrowful hours of mourning he spent over her grave, dwelling upon the weird and gloomy fancies that stamp his genius as different from all others. The poem, “To Helen,” is addressed to this lady, and so is “Lenore,” which was written with another name when he was a boy, and was not revised and published in the form familiar to us until several years after he had become a man.

After five years in England, Mr. and Mrs. Allan came back to America, bringing Edgar with them and placing him in an academy at Richmond, which he attended until he was seventeen years old, then entering the University of Charlottesville. He was a quick and able student, but by this time the sad faults of his character were becoming very strong, and after only one year he left the university with a great many gambling debts. Going back to Richmond, he lived with his foster parents for a couple of years, not seriously employing himself in any way except in writing poems, which he published in a volume in the year 1829. This was his first step into literature, but neither he nor his foster father expected him to become a man of letters by profession. They sometimes talked together about the young man's future, and then Edgar said that he would like to enter the army. So in a few years Mr. Allan secured for him an appointment to West Point. Here he went further in the career begun at Charlottesville, neglecting his studies, drinking and gaming till, in the spring of 1861, he was cashiered and sent home in disgrace. Still patient and forbearing, his foster father received him kindly and treated him well. But a short time after his return he committed a deed so unprincipled in itself, so mean and ungrateful toward the gentleman who had given him unlimited benefits all his life, that Mr. Allan—justly and deeply offended—refused to be his father any longer, commanding him to leave his house and never to look to him again for home or support.

Edgar Allan Poe, as he now called himself, was then about twenty-three years old, handsome in looks, winning in manners, rich in genius, with a strong though selfish love for some people, and no principle. He had many vices, was ungrateful to those who did the most for him, dishonest about money, and disloyal to his friends in all points of honor that stood in the way of his desires, whatever they might happen to be.

Having now to earn his own living, he chose literature as his profession, and soon found regular employment in Richmond on the *Southern Literary Messenger*. In a short time he married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, who was a young and saintly creature, as poor as her husband, and about as little able to take care of herself. This lady and her mother loved Poe with the greatest devotion, while they also suffered more than any one else at his hands. Mrs. Clemm was—as Poe says in a beautiful poem—"more than mother" to him.

Shortly after their marriage they came to New York, where, in 1848, Mrs. Poe died, shamefully left by her husband to the tender mercies of strangers, while he, in fitful mood, sought the society of others, repentant when he realized what he was doing, then forgetful when moved by his own selfish impulses or under the influence of liquor. This last was sometimes the case, but Poe was not a drunk-

ard, as many people believe; and he often strove very hard against the other faults of his unfortunate nature.

These were the years of his great literary success. Of fame he soon had a full share, and also of friends, for in spite of his vices he had a fascinating and lovable nature.

The year after "sweet Virginia" died he returned to Richmond, and was soon engaged to marry another lady. On his way back from this visit, in some way that is not known, he became lost in Baltimore one evening, and after passing a night in the streets of the city, lying unconscious with his face to the open sky, he was taken to the Washington College Hospital, where he died the next day—not from the effect of liquor, as has been stated, but of exhaustion and exposure.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in January, 1809—the day of the month is unknown; it is often stated as the 19th, but that is incorrect; it was some time before that day. He died in Baltimore, Maryland, October 7, 1849.

The most truly American of all our poets is **John Greenleaf Whittier**. He has been little influenced by the literature of other countries, his style is his own. He rose into fame by his stirring poems against American slavery in the old Abolition days, and nearly all his other works are upon the legends, the scenery, and the life of America. He is now the only living representative of our four great poets, who were the first to attract any wide notice abroad, and to make a lasting fame in their own country. Poe, first of all, and after him both Longfellow and Bryant, have a greater fame abroad than Mr. Whittier, who is a modest, quiet New Englander by birth and a Quaker in religion.

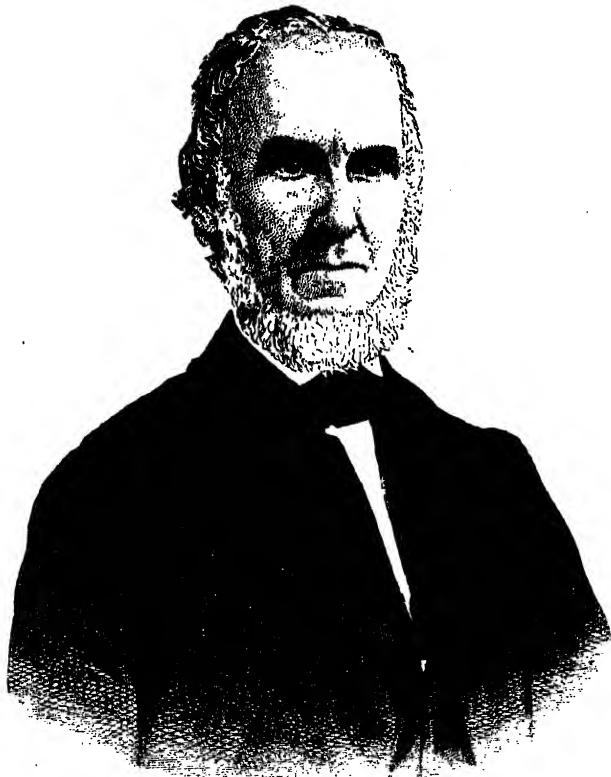
During his childhood he saw and felt a great deal of the old Quaker persecution by the Puritans; and it was the bitter, narrow-minded hatred of one sect for another that made him realize, when very young, the great value of generous Christian feeling and brotherly love. This is the chief lesson he has tried to teach through all of his writings—and that every person should be allowed to think for himself, and be free to act according to his own conscience.

He was born and brought up in the country, and in the country he has always lived; he loves nature, the forests and fields and rivers, and says much that is beautiful and true about them in his poetry, though his love for his fellow-men and desire for their good is the great thought in his writings.

He began making verses when he was a boy following the plow; and before he was grown he sent some of them to a little country weekly paper called the *Haverhill Gazette*. He was very much afraid that the editor would not accept the first poem that he sent, in and it was with a great, surprising delight to him

when one day he opened the paper and actually saw his lines in print; he was quite overcome and sat down by the roadside for a long time before he could go on his way home.

His boy life was spent mostly in hard work on the farm and at shoemaking. In winter he went to the district school, and read over and over the few books his



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

father owned. For years these were the only books he saw, for in the little Massachusetts town of Haverhill there were then no public libraries, no reading clubs, and not even a debating society to sharpen the wits of the young folks. When Whittier was eighteen years old he spent a year at an academy or high school; that closed his schooling. But he used even these poor chances for study so well that when he was twenty-two years old he became editor of a paper in Boston,

and in the next year took a still more important position as editor of the *New England Weekly Review*. The year after this he published his first book, which was not poetry, but a volume of prose sketches and legends upon the life of the early colonists and the American Indians. He had a great deal of interest in these subjects, and soon began to tell us many Indian tales and stories of the early Puritans in verse. Three years passed; he wrote on many matters and printed one essay on slavery; he was even then strongly opposed to it, and allied himself with the Abolitionists, his strength growing with that of the society, till in later years he was one of the greatest and most influential anti-slavery men in the country.

He gave up his editorship after three years because he had been elected a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and over a year after that event he published his first volume of poetry. This was when he was twenty-eight years old and still a long way from being known as a great poet.

About this time the slavery agitation was growing much stronger than it had ever been before. Whittier was helping it along grandly with his pen, and three years after the Anti-Slavery Society was formed in Philadelphia he removed to the Quaker City to become its secretary and to edit the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. Thus his time, talents, and zeal were mostly taken up in the cause of the negroes for several years. During the time he wrote many anti-slavery poems, which were collected in a volume called "Voices of Freedom," and published ten years after his first book of verses came out. They were far ahead of anything he had written before, and attracted a good deal of attention both at home and abroad. Every year or two after this saw a fresh volume from the pen of the new American poet, and from that time onward his fame has grown steadily. During the Rebellion he wrote many verses about the slaves, and about the scenes of war, all of which were read and copied and learned throughout the length and breadth of the North.

Next to his war poems and those on slavery Mr. Whittier's best verses are upon farm life and country scenes; and now that the peace is with us and the negroes are free, people take the greatest pleasure in his writings about home life, and the noble, religious sentiments that he expresses in his later works. As a poet he stands high in the literary world, but he says himself that his first aim has never been so much to write fine poetry as to write truths that would make people think and do right; other American poets have written on more varied subjects, and have shown a richer imagination than Whittier, but none have been purer in their works or their lives, and none have given us such beautiful pictures of many phases of American life and American feeling.

One of our greatest critics says: Whittier has the soul of a great poet. He has

that vigor, truthfulness, and manliness of character; that freedom from conventional shackles, regardless of anybody's idea of what is "high" or "low;" that native energy and independence of nature, which form the basis of the character of every great genius, and without which poetry is apt to be a mere echo of the drawing-room, and to idealize affectations instead of realities. His early poems were written when the country was tolerating, even encouraging, great wrongs against which was roused all the nobility of the man and the fire of the poet. He seems in some of his lyrics to pour out his blood with his lines. There is a rush of passion in his verse which sweeps everything along with it. His later poems show more subtle imagination and delicate feeling as well as truculent energy. There is so much spiritual beauty in these little compositions that it is hard to understand how they can come from the man who awhile before poured out fiery torrents of passionate feeling against the wrongs committed by his fellow-men.

When he was about thirty-two, Mr. Whittier moved from Haverhill, Massachusetts, to Amesbury, and leaving there a few years ago he went to Danvers, where he has lived—still a bachelor—ever since. His honor as a poet is heightened to all his countrymen by his blameless, upright life. In his noble old age he is loved by all who know him and revered by the whole nation.

His life has been so quiet and uneventful that its story is soon told; but his influence for good upon his countrymen has been greater than that of most men who have taken prominent parts in public events.

He has always shown a great love for children and interest in their education and improvement, and in late years he has oftener come before the public as a writer of letters to children than in any other way.

Mr. Whittier was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1808.

One year younger than Whittier, and also a native of Massachusetts, is **Oliver Wendell Holmes**, famous as a wit, a poet, a writer of excellent prose, and a man of science. His whole life has been associated with the vicinity of Boston. He was born in Cambridge—before this century reached its teens—in the old "gambrel-roofed" house that still stands facing Harvard College—from which he graduated when he was twenty years old, and with which he has been closely connected for more than fifty years. His first verses were written for the *Collegian*, a paper conducted by the students, and many of his smaller poems have been written for the different reunions of his class—that of 1829.

He started to study law after his graduation from Harvard, but soon decided to take up his father's profession and become a physician. Going to Europe he devoted himself to three years of very careful study in the hospitals of Paris and

other large cities. After he came back to America he graduated from the Harvard Medical School, and began a very skillful and successful career. Two years after receiving his diploma he took the chair of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College, at Hanover, New Hampshire. Nine years afterward he was called to the same position in the Harvard Medical School, which is in Boston. Removing to that city when he was thirty-eight years old, he has made it his home, and lecturing in medicine his work, ever since.

Dr. Holmes distinguished himself as a poet while he was a student at Cambridge. The year that he graduated from the Medical School, he published a volume of poems, and although he only gave leisure time to writing, his genius became quite well known; and ten years after he returned to the school as a lecturer he helped to found the famous Boston magazine, called the *Atlantic Monthly*; for this he wrote a series of sensible, rather humorous essays called the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," which attracted a great deal of attention and praise, and won at once a lasting place in our literature. These papers and some of his other contributions did a great deal to make the magazine a success, and also raised the name of Dr. Holmes to a place among the great writers of this century. They were followed by the "Poet" and by the "Professor at the Breakfast-Table," all of which abound in humor and wit and show a shrewd insight into human nature. These traits are also shown in many of his funny poems, of which the "One-Horse Shay" is the best known. As a song-writer—especially playful songs—he probably stands above every other living American writer.

There is no other American poet who can so successfully blend ludicrous ideas with fancy and imagination, keeping at the same time the high poetic qualities of sentiment and wording that are seen in serious poetry. This is what it is to be a real comic poet, and a difficult and rare branch of art it is. Many people can put a jest or a sharp saying into rhyme and do it so cleverly that they may be said to write good comic verse, but verse is not poetry.

Holmes does not write his funny poetry merely to make people laugh. With his happy phrases he hits off the harmful and also the harmless faults of people in a way that helps but does not offend. He holds the mirror up to nature wittily and good-temperedly, letting us "see oursel's as ithers see us," with a swift bit of sarcasm now and then to drive the shaft home.

It is not always in a funny vein that this genial man of genius writes. He is a lover of his fellow-men, of nature, and of science, and many of his best works have been in solemn appreciation of these things. The "Chambered Nautilus," and the "Avis," with many of his hymns and other compositions, are serious, deeply thoughtful, and poetic works that for beauty and sentiment have few equals in the English language. He is—says one of our great critics—a poet of sentiment

and passion; "Old Ironsides," "The Steamboat," "Qui Vive," and many passages in "Poetry," show a true lyrical fire and inspiration; in these poems of fancy and sentiment there is so much exceeding richness and softness in his diction that he would be almost too soft a poet but for the manly energy that shows itself



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

and the keen sense of the ridiculous which gives the finishing touch that makes the complete and striking whole. Unlike Halleck, Holmes always seems to bring in his witty strokes at just the proper place.

Dr. Holmes is also a student of the science of the mind—called psychology—upon which he has written several very important scientific essays and one remarkable and singular romance, called "Elsie Venner."

He is now an aged man—though few people realize it—and leads a busy, happy

life, surrounded by many friends; he is full of interest in the world's affairs and is always one of the first chosen to do honor to a distinguished guest in Boston or to celebrate a great event. A few years ago he was one of the most popular lecturers in the country, but he seldom makes long public addresses nowadays.

In the midst of all these literary labors and many duties of social and public life, the doctor's most serious work has been in his profession, where he is very skillful, both in theory and practice, and for which he has written many valuable essays, beside his regular lectures to the Harvard students.

Dr. Holmes was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809.

Among all our living men of letters, **James Russell Lowell** stands highest abroad. He has a greater name in Europe than in his own country; Americans are only beginning to realize his true worth, though we have always known him to be a poet, wit, critic, and scholar of more than usual gifts and ability. Some of our best critics began long ago to point out to us his merit. One of them has said: "He has shown the highest creative genius, with happiest facility in expression. His early satires display unmatched wit and brilliant humor. While not so popular as others, some of his poems must be regarded as the gems of American literature. Excelling in poetry he tried criticism, and in that broad, humane art produced some of the finest prose." Another writer says: "His essays on nature are brimful of delicious descriptions, and his critical papers on some of the great authors of the Old World are masterpieces of their kind."

Truly great as a scholar, a poet, and an essayist, Lowell stands above every one else in his knowledge of the Yankee dialect. He is almost the only writer who uses the peculiar New England forms of speech correctly—that is, as the Yankees do themselves. For this reason Mr. Lowell's greatest fame rests on the "Bigelow Papers," the first of which were published in the *Boston Courier* in the year 1848—when the author was twenty-nine years old. Though he had written a good many poems and essays which have since been read a great deal, his work had attracted very little notice so far; but the coming out of these witty, shrewdly-sensible chapters of verses, giving in the real dialect and in a thoroughly Yankee way the opinions of "John P. Bigelow" against the Mexican War and the slave power, drew forth the interest and hearty praise of half the country, or more. The people he made fun of did not like the papers of course, but even they read them. When a second series upon the Civil War appeared, satirizing the neutral position taken toward us by England, Mr. Lowell was without a doubt the most popular humorous writer in the country. The best parts of these poems—which vary a good deal in excellence—are scarcely equalled, either in wit or in language, by anything of the kind in English literature. Between the times in which these two series came out, the world learned that Mr. Lowell's genius was of a very

broad and what is called versatile sort. He had noble, serious thoughts, they found. The "Legend of Brittany," the "Vision of Sir Launfal," and a number of other smaller poems of rare merit that had come out before 1848 were read and appreciated, and also the prose work, "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," which, a celebrated teacher says, every lover of literature should read.

In 1854, when Longfellow resigned from the chair of Belles Lettres at Harvard, Lowell was asked to take his place. He returned to the grand old university a



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

little more than fifteen years after he graduated from it—now a great man with a famous name, then a lad of poor standing in everything but literature and general knowledge. He only got his diploma because the faculty knew he had a great deal of ability in his own way, and that he bore the reputation of being the best read man that had ever passed through the college course. He was only nineteen years old then, and had spent more time in reading the best works he could find and following studies of his own choice than in poring over text-books. He did not by any means waste time at Harvard; he read more in a month than many young men do in their whole lives.

He had studied law for a time after he graduated, but that, too, was neglected

for letters, and now at the age of thirty-five he was taking the place of one of the most celebrated writers in the world in one of the greatest universities in America. He had not made a mistake in following his natural bent.

Professor Lowell's home in Cambridge was the beautiful old-fashioned house, called "Elmwood"—the one in which he was born, where he has always lived when in America. Here his father, a clergyman of the old line of New England Lowells, had lived, here he had spent his babyhood when his mother used to sing him to sleep with famous old English ballads; here he had passed his boyhood, and grown into manhood amid surroundings of refinement and culture. His father was a man of learning and eloquence; rare and valuable books filled the library; men and women of great minds visited the house, and gifted lads were his playmates—among them, W. W. Story, the sculptor and poet, and the younger Richard Henry Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast." In this noble, elm-sheltered mansion, he had written his early works, and to this home he had brought his sweet wife, Maria White—herself a poet—and it was from there that her spirit fled, when—as Mr. Longfellow wrote to his bereaved friend in the poem of the "Two Angels"—

"The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like death.

And softly from that hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued, where but one went in."

Mrs. Lowell's death came two years before her husband began to lecture at Harvard; and four years before he became the editor of the then newly started magazine called the *Atlantic Monthly*—a position that he held for about five years, to the great benefit of the magazine.

In his early days he had made a vain attempt to found an excellent literary journal in the *Pioneer*, but he had failed. Now the country was nearer ready for it, and he met with great success. Meanwhile, and through all after years, he has kept on writing, and from time to time publishing, volumes of poems, grave and gay; and prose essays, full of wit, wisdom, and sound criticism, so that it has long been said that Mr. Lowell has no equal among American writers in what is called versatility—that is, the ability to do many things and do them well. There is a union of mental strength with poetic delicacy in his work that is very unusual in the writings of one man.

The American Government does not pay as much honor to American authors as do most foreign governments to the writers of their countries, but it has long been a custom in the United States to appoint prominent authors to represent our

country abroad. When Mr. Hayes was President he sent Mr. Lowell as United States Minister to Spain; two years later he was given the still more important ministry at the Court of St. James, in London. He proved himself to be a worthy representative, and was so much liked in England that many tempting offers were made to induce him to remain there after his term of office was over. His noble bearing, refined, handsome face, gracious manners, and delicate tact, as well as his great mind, won for him much admiration and many friends. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge bestowed upon him some of their highest degrees for his genius and scholarship, and about three years ago he was chosen Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University in Scotland. But, though he has much love for Great Britain and the people there who have given him their confidence and cordial praises, he is still an American, and feels that he would not like to settle for the remainder of his life in any other land.

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819.

Although many American authors have been successful writers of both poetry and prose essays, none can compare with **Ralph Waldo Emerson** in actual greatness of thought. He was born in Boston soon after the opening of this century, and his long, peaceful, busy life was one of steady influence for good upon the minds and life of the whole civilized world. In his writings he has left an ever-lasting and ever-growing impression upon all modern literature. As a philosopher and essayist he is far beyond every other American, and few are equal to him as a poet. In all countries he is regarded as one of the great men of his age.

He came from a long line of Puritan ministers, all of his Emerson grandfathers for seven generations having been preachers of the Gospel in New England. His parents designed him for the same calling, although he did not seem to be particularly bright or clever about study when he was a little boy. At the age of eight years he was first sent to the Boston public school, where he was faithful and studious if not brilliant; and when he was eleven years old he made better translations from his Virgil than most of the boys in his class. His grandmother, Mrs. Ripley, wife of the famous old Concord pastor, and a very highly educated lady, took a great interest in her good little grandson, and in his progress in study. They used to write letters to each other in Greek when he was still in the public school. He was but fourteen years old when he entered Harvard College. There he was more interested in the books in the library than in his regular studies, and though he was not idle, his rank in general work was nothing more than medium high. But in some things he excelled, for, during the course, he took two prizes

for written essays and one for a declamation, and when his class graduated he was appointed by them the class-day poet.

After he was through college he taught for five years in the school for girls kept by his brother William in Boston. At the same time he studied theology so as to be able before long to become a clergyman.

He was such an earnest, truthful man, and so full of thought about religious matters, that it was natural for him to feel that he could probably do more good as a minister than in any other profession. Having studied very broadly and deeply he took a high position as soon as he entered the clergymen's ranks, and at the age of twenty-six years, he was ordained as a fellow-worker of the Rev. Henry Ware in the Second Unitarian Church in Boston.

He did not keep this position long; it was his nature to think for himself about things, and he was very apt to think differently from the people around him; he soon found that he did not think and feel about some Christian customs and doctrines as did the other people in his church; he did not want to force them to think as he did, and he did not want to make any trouble in the church, so in less than three years he resigned his position, and withdrew from the ministry entirely. This made a great stir in the church in Boston, and in many places further away. People thought it very strange and talked a great deal about it; but Emerson knew his own mind and quietly carried out his purposes, much to the sorrow of his congregation, who were very fond of him.

After this he went to Europe, and though he was an unknown man himself then, he met and made a life-long friendship with the great English writer, Thomas Carlyle. This meeting was one of the most important events that ever happened to either of them.

It was after Emerson came back from this visit that he gave his first lecture, beginning his great career as a public speaker, before the Boston Manufacturers' Institute in his native city. He was not what we usually call an eloquent man, and he had not a commanding presence; but he had great thoughts, rich language, and force and power in all that he said, so that people who were the sort to care for what he had to say, listened intently and cherished every word he let fall. He was tall and thin, and had a singular, strong-featured face; this was not handsome, but there was a great charm in its expression, which was often remarkably sweet and kindly. "A smile breaks over his countenance like day over the sky," George William Curtis once said of him. He soon spoke in other places as well as in Boston, and for many years after this he was one of the best known and most successful lecturers in the United States.

Soon after his return from Europe he went to live in Concord, Massachusetts, and as the Sage of Concord, his name will always be associated with that little

village. There he lived most of his beautiful, gentle, helpful life, and there he wrote the great books by which the world knows him. Concord was a wonderful little place during a large part of this century. At one time, it was the home of



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

four or five of the greatest literary men in this country; they were all friends, some of them very intimate friends, and they enjoyed living simply and quietly, with each other for company, and the beautiful country round about for their outside pleasures. It was a gifted, delightful company they made, and a noble

one, too, for each in a different way was at work for the good of his fellow-men.

Emerson was one whose kindness and patience and hospitality never failed, although he was often imposed upon by selfish people. He was always full of helpful sympathy for young people who were trying to make their way in the world; and many a man and woman who finally reached success has had the Sage of Concord to thank for helping them over the hard places.

Nearly fifteen years after his first visit to England he went there again. This time almost as famous as any man of his age. During these fifteen years he had written a number of books, of both prose and poetry, which had made his name well known among literary people wherever the English language was read. He was warmly welcomed by many distinguished people and received great honors, but still his dearest friend was Carlyle, who had thought as much of him when he was unknown as he did now. After he came back he wrote a book about England and Englishmen, called "English Traits," which is generally thought to be one of the most notable works ever written by a traveler about what he had observed in a foreign country.

Among the greatest of his other books are volumes of essays and poems on various subjects, "Representative Men," "Society and Solitude," and the poems "May Day and Other Pieces," and "Parnassus." All that he wrote had the tendency to make people conscientious and honorable, for he always showed that to do right was the most important thing in the world. Besides, there is a hopefulness and cheerfulness in his writings that encourage people to try to be good. This serene, happy truthfulness was a part of himself, and a beautiful grace that he kept through his whole life, from childhood to old age.

Thirty years ago, when the great author was still living, a celebrated English critic wrote: "Emerson's is the most original mind America has yet produced. He has united in his single self much of the abstruse conception of the German, the ethereal subtlety of the Greek, and the practical acuteness of the American understanding. His insight is quiet and keen, but he sees because he has first loved. It is his keen love for 'the beautiful, the true, and the pure' in all men and all things, that is like a magic key that unlocks—as Emerson only has unlocked—the philosophy of all life. It is the things close about him of which he writes, and which he makes to tell us a wonderfully clear and simple story, before unthought of. There is a fine under-song in his eloquence, which reminds you of the 'quiet tune' sung by a log in the fire, to one sitting by it half-asleep at the eventide. Yet there is the teaching of a true oracle in the deep, mysterious sounds. The key to Emerson's entire nature and philosophy is love. A child-like tenderness and simplicity of affection breathe in his writings. As a writer, his mannerism

lies in the exceeding unexpectedness of his transitions; in his strange, swift, and sudden yokings of the most distant and unrelated ideas; in brevity and abruptness of sentence; in the shreds of mysticism which are left deliberately on the web of his thought; and in the introduction, by almost ludicrous contrast, of the veriest vulgarisms of American civic phraseology and kitchen talk amid the flights of idealism. His style falls often, as if dying away to the sound of music, into sweet undulations; sometimes into a certain rounded and rolling grandeur of ending."

For the last few years of his life Mr. Emerson wrote nothing, but he was still interested in what other people wrote and said, and though afflicted with failing health and a loss of memory, he was patient and gentle, as he had always been.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, Massachusetts, May 25, 1803. He died in Concord, Massachusetts, April 27, 1882.

Another famous essayist and poet of Concord was **Henry David Thoreau**. He was a friend of Emerson, though fifteen years younger than the great sage, and of Hawthorne, who was twelve years his senior, and of many other men and women who were then gaining the highest rank in American literature. Thoreau was a naturalist; and as a writer he has had a great effect on literature without ever having many readers. The people who care and have cared for him most are generally other writers. He is best known as a lover of nature, and an observer of all out-of-door happenings. From the time that he was a little boy he loved trees and flowers, delighted in watching the sky and in enjoying the woods and fields. Neither Audubon nor Wilson—great as they were—had such close union with the world of nature as Thoreau. He lived his own life in that of "all out-doors;" the trees, the flowers, and the birds were his intimate friends, and he carried no gun in his wanderings.

His father and mother and his brothers and sisters were all bright, superior people, although none of them except Henry ever became famous; but they all had something of the same odd ways that made him a very marked man in Concord. He had ideas and ways of his own, and an independence and carelessness of other people's opinions and customs that some of his acquaintances called eccentricities and others condemned as serious faults.

His father made lead-pencils for a living, and Henry, along with the rest of the children, learned the same business. He was so skillful at it that some of the great men of Concord soon noticed his work and himself, and thought him a bright, promising boy. Emerson, then a young man, was one of the first to find him out, and to interest himself in getting the lad into Harvard College. Thoreau's family were poor, but they loved education so well that they made great efforts to help pay his expenses. He himself worked through his vacations and did all he could

toward paying his own way; and his father and a sister and an aunt saved out of their scant earnings to help him. The rest of his needs were met through the influence of Emerson in getting the college to assist him from a fund intended for the benefit of worthy students. Emerson only knew Thoreau then as a bright, studious son of a poor neighbor, but his kindly, sympathetic heart was touched by the young man's efforts to get an education, and he wished to do him all the favors he could. Afterward they became firm, life-long friends.

At college the young pencil-maker was a good student, and by the time he graduated—which was when he was twenty years old—he was a very promising scholar in the classics and in the Oriental languages. For a short time after his course was finished, he taught; but he soon showed a strong bent for a different sort of work, and as it was about impossible to do anything that did not come to him naturally, he soon gave up teaching for study and writing, although Mr. Emerson, Dr. Ripley, and several other noted people had taken the trouble to recommend him as a teacher. He had been writing ever since he was seventeen years old. When he was about nineteen he had lectured for the Concord Lyceum, and in Concord the people were used to good lectures. He had shown his interest in Indian history and relics by beginning to make a cabinet of them before he left college; he had also written for a remarkable little paper called the *Dial* before he was out of his teens, and he had been hunting and fishing, to loving nature and living in the woods ever since he was a child. All these things he liked better than school-teaching, and at last he had to give it up for them. Part of his time, though, was spent at the family trade. The Thoreaus still kept on making lead-pencils, and now they supplied publishers with powdered plum-bago—which was the waste from the lead of the pencils—to be used in electro-typing. This business and farming, together with the money received for his lecturing and writing, gave Henry his support, without taking all his time from study and outdoor wanderings.

The money for the lecturing and writing was almost nothing at first, but it increased as he became better known. Horace Greeley was one of his most helpful friends; he did all he could for him, buying his writings and getting other people to buy them.

The chief event in his life was a very quiet one; it was his going to live by himself for two years in a hut in a beautiful wood near Concord by a little body of water called Walden Pond. He did this because he thought he could write better there than anywhere else, and because he loved to watch the living creatures, the wood-flowers and all growing things, and wanted to see them constantly for awhile. He wrote a book about his two years in the woods. It is called "Walden," and is better known than any other of his works. It is prose; he

also wrote some poetry, not easy to understand, but full of thought. In everything that he wrote all the facts about nature—when the flowers bloom, how the different birds act when they come in the spring and go in the fall—all such things as these are told with more care to be truthful and exact than almost any other American has ever shown; he has given more attention to little things of this kind than perhaps any other writer of any country. He went nearer to the real heart of nature than any other American is ever known to have gone. He cared little for the society of people—was always a bachelor—and was never happier than when away from all human settlements, among the tenants of the woods. Birds and four-footed animals knew him for their friend, forgot to be afraid of him; and he, in return, “tolerated liberties from robin and woodchuck that would never been allowed a Webster or a Calhoun.”

In his manner, his dress, and his daily life he was very odd; he was bred to no profession, yet he was a craftsman, a farmer, sometimes a land surveyor, a poet, a humorist, a scholar, a naturalist, a philosopher, and a philanthropist. He lived in the simplest way according to his own ideas of life. It is said that he never paid a tax to the State, never voted, and never went to church. Yet he was—says Emerson—“a person of rare, tender, and absolute religion, incapable of being profane. He grew to be revered and admired by his townsmen, who had at first known him only as an oddity, and many young men found him the man of men who could tell them all they should do.” He was always ready to do what he thought was right at any cost. He was not always very wise, many of his friends thought, in his ideas of right and wrong, but they respected his principle; and if any of them told him of what they thought were his faults, he listened kindly, considered their words, and never let the plainest criticism alter his friendship for the person who told him of his defects.

Henry D. Thoreau was born July 12, 1817, at Concord, Massachusetts, where he died May 6, 1862.

The most brilliant woman among these great New England writers was **Margaret Fuller**, afterward the **Marchioness Ossoli**. She was born and bred in Cambridge, the town of scholarship and learning. She came of an old New England family, in which there had been many men of unusual intellect; her father was an able, scholarly man, who thought much of learning; and, at one time or another, she had the acquaintance and often the intimate friendship of about all the great literary people of her day.

Through a hard schooling of severe study under her father—who, proud of his daughter's bright, quick mind and wonderful promise, began to teach her Latin when she was six years old—and an equally hard schooling of house-work and

care in a large family, whose needs fell heavily upon her weak and gentle mother—Margaret Fuller grew into maidenhood, proficient in all common studies, understanding the modern languages, and with more knowledge of Greek and Latin—it used to be said in Cambridge—than half the professors. She wrote Latin verses before she reached her teens; philosophy, history, and æsthetics—studies that most children scarcely know the names of at ten years—were her favorite subjects. Tasso, the great Italian poet, and Aristotle, the famous Greek philosopher, she read in their own languages when she was ten years old, and afterward she read German as easily as English, and was especially familiar with the poetry and novels of Tieck, and the philosophical essays of Schelling and Novatis. Spending most of her time, when not at house-work, with her blunt, scholarly father and other men, and too few leisurely hours with her graceful, sweet-mannered mother, she grew up without many of the lady-like ways that are one of the greatest charms in woman, and she also suffered in health and in other ways from having been kept too closely to study; but in spite of these disadvantages, as Margaret Fuller grew toward womanhood she was a most remarkable and attractive girl. Young as she was, she was already using her wonderful stimulating power on those around her. Her industry at study, her knowledge, and her quick, keen, powerful way of thinking, with the strong, decided manner in which she did everything, made many of her schoolmates admire her greatly, and also made them want to be like her and to do everything just as she did. As she grew older, she made friends among some of the intellectual men in Cambridge. They found great pleasure in talking with her; they helped to guide her in choosing books to read and to study, and directed her mind toward the great German poet, Goethe. He became her favorite author, and when she came to be a writer in later years, she published an essay upon him, of which Emerson spoke very highly. “Nowhere,” he says, “did Goethe find a braver, more intelligent, or more sympathetic reader than in Margaret Fuller.”

After awhile the Fuller family moved from Cambridge to Groton, and when Margaret was twenty-five years old her father died. This made it necessary for her to work in some way to support her little brothers and sisters, for she was the oldest child. It was about this time that she became acquainted with Emerson. This was probably the most important event in her life. She had often heard him preach in Boston, and had long wished to know him, but she little thought that he would see in her such a superior woman that he would think the world ought to know her. Yet so it was. A few months after their first meeting he invited her to make a visit at his home in Concord, and from that time to the close of her life she was the intimate friend of himself and his wife. When he found that she wanted to earn money for the family, and that she hoped to do so

by teaching, he introduced her to many people who helped her at once to get a position in Boston. In this way she became acquainted with many more great people, and beside succeeding wonderfully in her teaching and in lecturing to classes of ladies, she soon stepped into the still broader field of writing.

She had a genius for teaching, a great love for people, and a boundless desire for improvement, both in herself and others. She had a remarkable power for rousing ambition in young people, and many New England boys and girls owe to the memory of Margaret Fuller a debt of gratitude for their success in life. Meanwhile she kept on eagerly with her own studies, whenever she could get a few moments or a few hours to herself.

Her first literary work was the translation from German to English of Eckerman's "Conversations with Goethe." It was undertaken when she was about twenty-eight years old, and in the next year she became the editor of the *Dial*. This was a famous little paper, for which many of the greatest thinkers and writers of the day wrote, and which was published to spread the ideas of transcendentalism—a school of philosophy to which some of the best and greatest intellectual people of the country then belonged. After she had been in this position for about five years, Miss Fuller accepted an invitation from Horace Greeley to go to New York and become a regular writer for the New York *Tribune*, and to take charge of its literary department. Beside the many valuable articles that she wrote for these papers, she did them still greater service by her influence upon other writers. She stimulated everybody connected with them to write their best and to try to make their articles or reports better than they had ever been before. Before everything else it was her mission in life to help people to be constantly growing nobler, to have higher aims and do better work with every effort. Most of her best essays came out either in the *Dial* or the *Tribune*; a few of them, like the Goethe critique, the "Summer on the Lakes," the "Papers on Literature and Art," and "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," have been saved from the quick death of most newspaper articles, and live in our literature as among the best things of their kind.

But Margaret Fuller's character was so much more strongly marked as a woman than in any profession that it is her personal life more than her writings that is now remembered and talked about, and—more than all—felt. Her great love and helpful influence toward her friends, her active mind, her strong nature, these are the things that made her great; these are the things that left the deepest impression upon her vast circle of acquaintances.

She went to Europe when she was thirty-six years old, and there added new names to her long list of friends. Thomas Carlyle was one of the great people with whom she was most intimate during her visit to England. In France she

met the great novelist, "George Sand," and in Italy she became acquainted with the Marquis Ossoli, to whom she was soon married. There was war in Italy at this time, and she not only took a very active interest in the great political questions of the hour, but when, two years after her marriage, Rome was under siege, she took charge of one of the hospitals, and nursed the sick and wounded with Christian tenderness and devotion.

After she had been away from America four years she and her husband and their one little child set sail for New York; but the vessel never reached her port. It was struck by a hurricane off Fire Island beach, and there, in sight of the land that held so many people dear to her, and where she was so greatly beloved, she was drowned with her husband and child.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli was born in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, May 23, 1810. She died near the coast of Long Island, July 16, 1850.

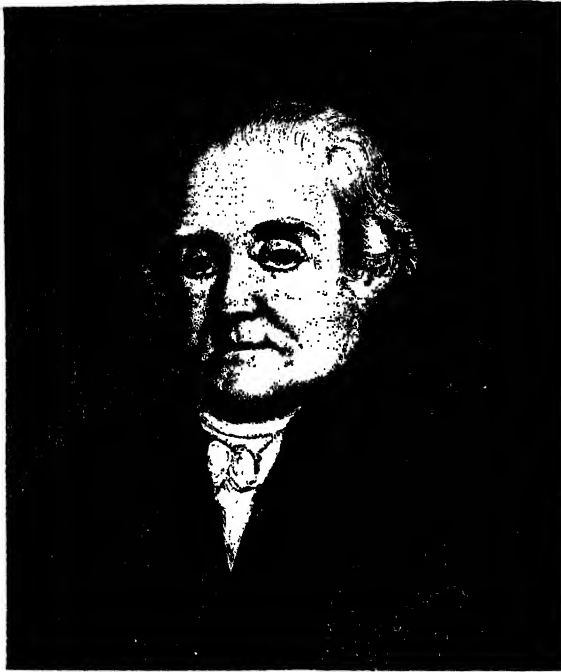
The greatest American writer on language, **Noah Webster**, came into the world with the fathers of our most famous group of authors. He lived his useful life and compiled his great dictionary when they were little children—or before they were born—and passed away when Emerson and Hawthorne were just growing into manhood, and when Margaret Fuller was a little girl scarcely old enough to read.

He, too, was a New Englander—a farmer's boy with a strong bent for study. He prepared for college, and, when he was sixteen, set out from his home at Hartford to become a student at Yale. The Revolutionary War began the next year, and, young as he was, Webster joined the militia company to which his father belonged, and did his share in fighting the English. Yet he kept on with his studies, and graduated when he was twenty years old. On his return home his father gave him an eight dollar bill of Continental currency—worth about four dollars in real money—saying, "That is all I can do for you, Noah; you have an education now, and you will have to support yourself." He had made up his mind to become a lawyer, but he first began teaching in Hartford. By this means he could pay his way, but could not afford to hire a teacher in law, so he obtained some books, and soon was hard at work studying by himself in leisure hours. After about two years spent in this way he passed his examination and was admitted to the Connecticut bar the year in which the British surrender was made at Yorktown.

The country was still poor, and had very little money to put into law business; so Mr. Webster soon went back to his teaching, this time in New York State. Before he had been there long he began a work that influenced all his future life. He knew that the school-books then used were very poor, and thought that they

might be much improved, so he resolved to make a new grammar and also a spelling-book. They were so successful that he soon began thinking about the need of a dictionary, though it was not until some time later that he undertook to make one. This spelling-book became popular all over the country, and millions of copies are still used every year.

In addition to teaching and the making of school-books and lecturing upon the English language, Mr. Webster had many other interests, especially in the poli-



NOAH WEBSTER.

tics of the country. At that time, when the United States had no President and was governed by Congress under the old Constitution, he edited a paper called *Governor Winthrop's Journal*, and strongly advocated a new Constitution in a series of able papers entitled "Sketches of American Policy." Ten years after, when the new Constitution had been adopted, and Washington's second term was almost at its close, he came forward again with strong, timely aid. This was when the people were dissatisfied with the treaty made between America and England by John Jay. Many leading men in the country were so bitterly opposed

to it that they even attacked the Government. But the best statesmen knew it was a wise arrangement, and Mr. Webster defended it in a number of articles that were so able and so easily understood that they had a great effect in changing the popular feeling to one in favor of what had been done. Some statesmen have said that these articles did more than anything else at that time for the peace and prosperity of the country.

Shortly before this Mr. Webster had married the daughter of William Greenleaf, of Boston, and after living for a few years in New York City, he moved with his family to New Haven, where most of the rest of his life was spent. He was a man who was a valuable citizen to any city. Philadelphia had been enriched by his presence while he taught an academy there in 1788, at the same time writing letters upon the Federal Constitution; after that he lived for a time in New York City where he tried to start a high-class journal called the *American Magazine*, but the country was not yet settled enough to support this sort of literature. Then when it failed he founded and became the editor of a Federal daily paper called the *Minerva*, and its semi-weekly edition, the *Herald*, which was the first of its kind in America. The names of these were soon changed to those of the *Commercial Advertiser* for the daily, and the *New York Spectator* for the semi-weekly; and so they have remained ever since. They were the leading papers of the Federal party as long as it lasted; then they were in favor of the National Republican, the Whig, and finally of the present Republican parties as the changes came one after another.

After removing to New Haven, Mr. Webster devoted himself to literary pursuits, and before long he began the great work of his life—that of preparing a new American dictionary of the English language. This required hard and constant labor for years. No large new dictionary of the English language had been published in seventy years, and in the meantime a great many new words had come into use, many old ones had grown to have new meanings, and some had dropped out altogether. Mr. Webster spent years making lists of these new words, and gathering the new definitions to the old ones. After he had undertaken the dictionary, he found that he needed to know more about the formation of words—etymology, the science is called—and so he devoted ten years to its study. He made a synopsis or list of words in twenty languages, and then began his undertaking afresh. Before it was finished he went to Europe to consult with learned men, and to visit the large European libraries in search of knowledge to be used in his great work. Soon after his return—and at the close of seven years of devoted labor—the famous book was published. Not long after its appearance here a still larger edition was published in England, where, though called the “American Dictionary of the English Language,” it has ever since been considered a standard authority.

Even during these years of hard and earnest literary work, he did not give his whole time and attention to his own affairs, but was interested in the welfare of his neighbors and did a great deal by helping to organize literary societies and by freely lending the books from his large library to help others to improve themselves. He also kept up his interest in national affairs, and published several pamphlets and articles on matters of public importance. One of his greatest services to his countrymen at this time was in securing a national copyright law—that is, a law which gives to the writer of a book the right to publish it or have it published as he pleases, and forbids anybody to print copies of it without his permission and without paying him for the privilege.

One of the things that helped Mr. Webster to do such a great amount of useful work during his lifetime was his love of order. He always had his affairs arranged with system, and kept his papers sorted and put away so carefully that he never had to waste time looking for what he wanted. His friends loved him for his pleasant, dignified manners and his true Christian kindness of heart as much as for his great intellect; and his large family of children were benefited even more by the good training he gave them than by his great fame and learning.

Noah Webster was born in Hartford, Connecticut, October 16, 1758. He died in New Haven, Connecticut, May 28, 1843.

EDITORS AND JOURNALISTS.

One of the first names in the records of journalism in America is that of **Nathan Hale**, who was for almost fifty years the editor of New England's first and still its greatest daily newspaper, the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. He was a man of thirty, when in the third year of our War of 1812 he bought and became editor of this journal—then a little sheet, scarcely more than a year old; and it was only at the call of death, when the country was in the third year of the Civil War, that he gave up his post. The paper had grown meanwhile to be the most important in New England, and one of the foremost in the country. Excepting the last ten, these years were to Mr. Hale filled with very hard work and constant activity in all the labors that a growing and powerful daily newspaper and an earnest life of broad public interests demanded.

Mr. Hale was the nephew and namesake of heroic Nathan Hale, the "patriot spy of the Revolution;" his father was an honored Congregationalist preacher of Westhampton, Massachusetts, and a man of so much learning that he fitted Nathan to enter Williams College when the lad was only sixteen years old. Graduating in 1804 young Hale chose to become a lawyer, and went to Troy, New York, to study; but after a few months he was asked to teach mathematics in Phillips Academy at Exeter, New Hampshire, and the next five years of his life were spent in that way. Finally, when he was about twenty-five years old, he removed to Boston, finished his law studies, became a member of the Suffolk bar, and began a promising practice. Young lawyers are rarely crowded with clients, and many of the spare hours that Mr. Hale had at this time he spent in writing. In a short time he became associate editor with Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick, of the Boston *Weekly Messenger*, one of the leading New England papers of the day. There were then no important daily papers in any part of the country, and what few weekly journals there were had little merit. Several active, able men of Boston felt that this want of good newspapers was a great misfortune to the country. So, securing the services of Mr. Hale—who had a real

genius for journalism—they tried to make the *Messenger* such a paper as they thought the country needed; and their efforts were successful. It was then that some of the first distinct features of American journalism had their birth. The *Messenger*—that is, Mr. Hale—began the practice of discussing public questions in occasional “leaders,” or editorials, and it was also the first American journal



NATHAN HALE.

to talk about and intelligently explain European politics and history; it soon gained a reputation throughout the country for the clear way in which it described and talked about the politics of the end of Napoleon's reign. *

Not long after Mr. Hale had become well established as the leading spirit of this paper, it became plain that its usefulness might be much extended; so, in the year 1814, with the help of the good, enterprising old Judge Lowell—the godfather of the city of Lowell—the editor of the *Messenger* bought the *Advertiser*—the new little daily paper, which was as yet more of a business

journal than a political one. Into this enterprise Mr. Hale put forth his best gifts and the results of his experience on the *Messenger*. From the first day it became a favorite with the Boston merchants, the people of best education, and with the leaders in thought and the Federal party. Its signs of success were so sure that Mr. Hale soon launched out boldly into enterprises for raising its standard and strengthening its hold on the public. Gradually it absorbed the best features, the circulation, the advertising, and the good-will of every political and commercial journal in Boston, and of many outside of the city—for this was in the “era of good feeling,” when James Monroe was President, and when no real division of party existed in the nation.

As long as the Federal party lasted, the *Advertiser* was a Federalist. Then, moving along with the changes in the times, but without much altering its policy, it staunchly supported the Whigs, and after that became one of the greatest organs of the present Republican party—a position that it still holds. In 1828, when the North took up the Protective Tariff, Mr. Hale wrote a pamphlet on that policy which became the basis of the protective tariffs of the United States from that day to this.

Always quick to adopt new improvements in the methods and machinery of his business, Mr. Hale was one of the first men in this country to set up a steam printing-press and to adopt the process of stereotyping. In many such steps he led the way, in which other publishers followed; but greater even than his business enterprise was his power as an editor. He was a man of excellent education; he understood foreign languages—it is said that he once published the translation of an entire French journal that was filled with important news—he had clear, sound views on public matters and a wide interest in the growth and improvement of the people and the country, an extensive and accurate knowledge about practical matters of the time, a cautious and sober judgment, and great purity and integrity of personal character. All this was stamped upon his paper; the editorial columns expressed his own personal opinions and were written by his own hand—it was not till near the close of his long career that he would allow any one else to write these articles, though most of the papers that had copied the editorial feature from the *Advertiser* employed various writers for that department. Mr. Hale never lost sight of his responsibility as a leader of public opinion. He would not express his views upon any public subject until he felt that he had mastered all the facts necessary to form a wise and correct opinion. He would rather be no leader at all than not to lead in the right direction. He was exceedingly modest and reserved, but he had no weakness in his character. Some one who knew him once said that he carried as bold and brave a heart, as firm and unwavering principles as ever filled a human breast; no man could intimidate

him, and nothing could tempt him to do wrong or to use his columns for unworthy purposes.

Another marked feature about this paper was its care about stating the truth, and not printing rumors until it knew them to be correct. Those were the days when accurate news did not travel as fast as it does now, and many papers sparkled with startling statements one day that had to be corrected the next. Mr. Hale's idea was that it is worse than improper or impolite to tell a lie. He looked upon it as *wrong*. Many of his brilliant rivals who enjoyed making a great fuss over a rumor called the *Advertiser* "slow," and finally it came to be well known by the satirical title of "the respectable daily." Most of these petty taunts were not worth regarding, but in this last title the accurate editor took a real pride. He wished no higher praise than to conduct a journal that deserved and enjoyed the respect of the most intelligent people in the country; he was happy to be "respectable," to have his readers know that they could rely on his statements. For this he could afford to give up the credit of "smartness," gained by recklessly stating doubtful facts, boldly uttering crude opinions, and also by the wanton attacks on private character in which some journals of the time showed off the most brilliancy.

In those days the *Advertiser* was the only paper of literary merit in Boston. Edward Everett and his gifted brother, Alexander, Daniel Webster, Prescott, Ticknor, and scores of others from among the ablest men and women in the country were constant writers for it. Mr. Hale himself had good taste in these matters, and his wife—a sister of the Everetts—who was an accomplished scholar, was a very valuable helper in this department. The early poems and articles of some of our first writers were published in these columns, and its reviews were often among the first to see and point out the genius of Bryant and other young authors of that day.

Thus the honored editor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* used his enterprising spirit, not to enlarge the glory of his paper, but to push forward all kinds of public good. His chief aim was to make it a power for the benefit of the country and its readers.

In a thousand ways—it has been said—he served his city, his State, his country, and his fellow-man. He was a staunch supporter to every worthy cause. He was a man of very profound and exact information; he was interested in letters and art; in the Massachusetts Historical Society; in religious matters—an earnest Christian—in civil engineering, and all kinds of internal improvements. He is called the father of New England railroads. From the first that was known about this mode of traveling, he appreciated its advantages more than any other man in New England. He advocated it and explained its details in his

paper. He did more than any other person to have the Boston and Worcester Railroad organized and built, first by convincing his readers of the advantages to be had from railroads; then by persuading capitalists to invest their money in the enterprise, and at last by securing for it a charter in the Legislature, to which he was often a member. When the corporation was organized he was made its first president, and he held the office for nineteen years. It was also chiefly due to him that the Cochituate water was brought into Boston for the city water supply. He was a member of both the constitutional conventions of Massachusetts—the one of 1820 and of 1853; five times he was elected to the Legislature, and a brilliant political career was opened to him more than once; but he chose instead to be a faithful editor of a “respectable daily,” not for himself—for he made no great fortune—but for the benefit of his country and his countrymen.

In this his life was a grand success. A great New York daily once said that the tone and character which he gave to the *Advertiser* form an epoch in the history of American journalism. For almost fifty years he was held in the highest respect as a journalist and a citizen, and as a man of wisdom, industry, public spirit, and almost unequalled influence throughout New England.

Most of the men of his own age, and many of the younger ones who knew him, have now passed away, but a few still live who cherish the memory of his thoughtful face and pensive eye, and can still tell us of the flush and the light that used to overspread his countenance when he saw the fulfillment of the great objects for which he labored. He left his paper in the hands of his son, the Honorable Charles Hale, who with a genius equal to that of his father, spent his life in its service. Though he, too, has now passed away, the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, in spite of all its powerful rivals, still holds its place as the leading—and the “respectable” daily of New England.

Nathan Hale was born at Westhampton, Massachusetts, August 16, 1784. He died at Brookline, a suburb of Boston, February 8, 1863.

While New England, and especially Boston, was the home of the first newspapers of this country, New York City has long been the real seat of American journalism. It is here that our greatest dailies were born, and for almost a century it has been regarded as the fountain-head of all newspaper enterprise.

No man has done more to give New York its great newspaper reputation than **James Gordon Bennett**, the founder of the New York *Herald*. Not many people who read that famous sheet now can remember the day when it first came out, or even know the story of its birth. This happened in a Nassau Street cellar in the summer of 1835, near the close of General Jackson's second term as President, and when people were beginning to talk about having Martin Van Buren to take

his place. The *Herald* started as a little one-cent paper, and was about as large as a sheet of foolscap. It was bright and saucy, having its say about almost everything, and aiming to tell New York what was going on in the world, especially in the United States. The establishment was on as small a scale as the paper, if not smaller. The cellar office was furnished with two empty flour barrels that supported a good-sized pine board, which served as a table and held a pile of the day's papers on the end that was nearest the steps. The center was the desk of the pro-



JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

prietor, editor, reporter, bookkeeper, clerk, office-boy, and in fact the entire staff of the *Herald* establishment in the person of a "tall, vigorous looking man, then about forty years of age." He sat in the only chair in the office, which was a plain wooden one, and stood behind the board. Scissors, pens, inkstand, papers, and pencil occupied the other end of the board, at the right hand of the busy man who looked up from his work when people came in, and, often without speaking, allowed them to help themselves to the *Heralds* and add their cent to the pile on the table, wrote out advertisements for them, or received their orders, whatever they might be, and returned to his writing as soon as possible.

It was a tiny business, the unpromising beginning of a great enterprise. Its proprietor was a Scotchman, who, when he was a lad, had read the Autobiography

of Benjamin Franklin, and had joined a young friend in coming to America, mostly from a desire to see the place where his hero was born. He had not found everything ready to receive him here. The short time he spent in Halifax, after landing, was a very hard one, for he only brought money enough to pay about two weeks' board, and suffered privations and hardships to avoid using it until he saw the chance of getting more. Gradually he worked his way to the city where Franklin was born, but Boston gave him as cold a welcome as Halifax, and he spent his last penny there before he found any work. He was too proud to beg, and almost two days went by without his having a bit of food. He was able to break this wretched fast by a happy accident. One morning as he was walking along Boston Common, wondering why, in a whole city full of business, he, willing and able, could find nothing to do, he saw a shilling lying in his path. Scarcely believing his eyes, he picked it up. It was a true shilling; it bought him food and gave him courage for another trial in his weary search, which soon ended in his finding employment in the bookselling and publishing business. He became a clerk and proof-reader for Wells & Tilly; but the firm did not last long, and with his earnings in his pocket, and some little record in the publishing business, he came to New York. This was in 1822, and James Gordon Bennett was then a man of almost thirty years of age. He taught school, lectured on political economy, gave lessons in Spanish, and finally took a place in a printing-office, where, for all kinds of drudge-work, he managed to earn from five to eight dollars a week, sometimes getting a little outside work from publishers that added a trifle more to his income.

By and by he went to Washington to act as correspondent from the capital during Congress for the New York *Enquirer*. The newspapers of those days had nothing to compare with the great corps of editors, correspondents, and reporters now belonging to every sizable journal, and so it was a brand-new thing when young Bennett sent up some spicy, gossipy letters about Washington people and society, which he modeled after Horace Walpole's bright society letters that he had come across in the Congressional Library. As he did not sign his name this happy thought gave him no fame, and therefore little money; but the popularity of his letters gave him an idea of what people like to read in a newspaper, and that was worth a good deal.

Although he worked hard and faithfully at different kinds of journalism, especially of a political sort, for some time, he seemed to make scarcely a moderate success of life. But all the while he was gaining a wide experience, and although he was in the midst of many bad influences, he kept his own habits good and pure, making, as he said himself, social glasses of wine his aversion and public dinners his abomination.

In 1835 he had two or three hundred dollars saved, and with this he set up his newspaper, his long-desired enterprise of a paper of his own. "The little *Herald* was lively, smart, audacious, and funny; it pleased a great many people and made a considerable stir; but the price was too low, and the range of journalism was then very narrow." Every effort was made by the other daily journals to kill the *Herald*, and, industrious, able, and energetic as its owner was, he would probably have failed if it had not been for a young Englishman named Brandeth, who wanted very much to find some cheap and effective way to tell the public about his pills. It was a fortunate event for Mr. Bennett and his paper when this young doctor paid a visit to the Nassau Street cellar and agreed with him to advertise Brandeth's pills regularly in the *Herald*. By this arrangement a certain amount of money was sure to come to the paper every week; it gave the hard-working editor some encouragement to keep on—he had often been in doubt on Saturday night about money for the next week's issues—and, with his "indomitable character, his audacity, his persistence, his power of continuous labor, and the inexhaustible vivacity of his mind," he did keep on, through ups and downs, doubts and discouragements, which were at their worst during the first year. After that the price was doubled and prosperity kept steadily increasing till the *Herald* became of first importance not only in this country, but in others, bringing to its founder the largest revenue which had ever resulted from journalism in the United States, and finally becoming the most valuable newspaper property perhaps in the world, certainly in this country.

It was not one era, but several, that Mr. Bennett made in journalism. The very beginning was the first one, when, with five hundred dollars in cash added to an unknown capital in brains, and a vast amount of experience as a newspaper reporter, correspondent, assistant editor, editor, and owner, gained through many changes, this journalistic scientist gave his first little sheet to the country with its plain-spoken announcement. "Our only guide," this read, "shall be good, sound, practical common-sense, applicable to the business and bosoms of men engaged in every-day life. *We shall support no party, be the organ of no faction or coterie, and care nothing for any election or any candidate from President down to a constable.* We shall endeavor to record facts on every public and proper subject, stripped of verbiage and coloring, with comments when suitable, just, independent, fearless, and good-tempered. If the *Herald* wants the mere expansion which many journals possess, we shall try to make it up in industry, good taste, variety, point, piquancy, and cheapness. It is equally intended for the great masses of the community—the merchant, mechanic, working-people—the private family as well as the public hotel, the journeyman and his employer, the clerk and his principal." The editor promised to "give a correct picture of the world—in Wall

Street—in the Exchange—in the Police-office—at the Theater—in the Opera—in short, wherever human nature and real life best display their freaks and vagaries.”

A writer who knows the full history of this great enterprise says: “There were constant improvements in the art of making newspapers in the *Herald* establishment. Mr. Bennett devoted his whole time and thought to journalism. He was a walking newspaper. After he started the *Herald* the success of his journal was the aim of his life. Early and late he attended to his business. No political office had any attraction for him; to increase his circulation; to improve and fill his advertising columns; to obtain the best correspondents; to get the news to his office before any of his contemporaries had it, were his ambition. To accomplish these points he would spare no expense.”

It was in doing this that Mr. Bennett—who did about all the brain-work on the paper himself for a long time—introduced one important new feature after another into the methods of newspaper-making. He was the first to publish Wall Street reports and money articles, which now have an important place in every great journal; it was the growth of his paper that called forth the need of better means of circulation than the old carrier system and it was his enterprise that finally led to the forming of news companies.

The wonderful little paper met with what at first seemed a great misfortune when it was about three months old—the whole establishment was burnt up. But Mr. Bennett was unharmed, and he was the *Herald*. In a very short time it was going again, and instead of sharing the ownership as he had had to before, he now ran the business all alone with greater genius and enterprise than ever. He opened its second era with another in journalism—a “cash system” of payment. Profiting by the experience of other publishers who had lost thousands of dollars in bad debts, Mr. Bennett resolved that he would neither do a credit business for others nor ask others to do it for him. It was almost unheard of with newspapers then; it is now the general policy.

A year after the fire the *Herald* became a two-cent paper, for the public would rather pay double the original price than for one day to miss the bright, original, newsy little sheet. A few months later a *Weekly Herald* was begun, and with it journalism saw another new feature in the summaries of news, which Mr. Bennett afterwards introduced into his daily issues, and which to busy people has long been one of the most valuable features of the paper. In the next year wonderful strides forward were made in methods of collecting news—steam and electricity not being in common use then—and this was followed by improvements in all departments of gathering and presenting news. The first newspaper “war map” was published in the *Herald* on the 5th of January, 1838; news-boats

were also adopted for it in that year, and in the middle of March the first double sheet made its appearance to give more room for the commercial reports and other articles upon the material interests of the country that had been introduced, and also for the important speeches made at the government capital upon the United States Bank and other great public matters. In this same year Mr. Bennett also undertook illustrating scenes connected with the important events of the day, and this, with the maps of war, of burnt districts after great fires, and of localities about which there was any special interest, made a beginning for the pictorial press in which Harper brothers and Frank Leslie have since made themselves great and have become known as the fathers of illustrated journalism in America. It was also in 1838 that Mr. Bennett went to Europe—on the return trip of the little steamer *Sirius*—and made extensive arrangements for forming a regular European staff of writers and reporters to his paper on *all* matters of general interest. “Travelers’ letters” and “observers’ notes” had been known in American papers before; but this was the first foreign news bureau ever established.

The next years saw other new steps, the most important of which were the full and careful reports of sermons and religious news, and a great increase of all kinds of advertising—the *Herald’s* advertisements are now a more important feature than almost any other in the entire newspaper world. In 1844 a private overland express was opened to New Orleans for the purpose of bringing news of the Texas and Mexican affairs to the *Herald*. It was the first express of the kind ever run, and beat the Great Southern mail from New Orleans to New York by from one to four days. Soon after this the telegraph was introduced, and Mr. Bennett was of course among the very first to make use of its services. The first “interview” ever published came out in the *Herald*. In 1859, at the time of John Brown’s celebrated raid, one of the regular reporters went out to Petersburg to see Mr. Gerrit Smith, the Abolitionist, and had a long talk with him about the affair at Harper’s Ferry. The next day, when the conversation was printed, it made a great sensation, and the fashion for “interviewing” became popular at once. When the first shots on Fort Sumter opened the Civil War, Mr. Bennett already had half a dozen correspondents in the South, and when the first Union Army was organized a *Herald* corps of both army and navy correspondents was also fitted out. There was a *Herald* wagon and a *Herald* tent with perfect equipment and careful attention from home with every corps of the army; and no fight, no movement of any importance took place that was not reported to the *Herald* by an eye-witness, taking his chances of the dangers of battle and imprisonment with the soldiers. It has been said that no history of the war can be complete with the incidents connected with these war correspondents omitted.

Other journals were also represented, and largely, but the *Herald* stood first. During the four years of the conflict it spent half a million of dollars on this one enterprise, and was well repaid for it too.

Mr. Bennett made many enemies in his paper, and as a man he had some qualities that people did not like; but as an editor, a journalist, and a newspaper owner he was more admired than almost any man in his profession. It is said that America has never had a greater journalist, nor any citizen who has been more abused or more praised during his public career. His success was unexampled, and was won by great foresight, energy, and industry. The *New York Times* once said: "He was never connected with jobs, either in State or National politics; he never swore allegiance to any party, and he built up the great newspaper which he controlled solely by his own genius, courage, and pertinacity. His mind is characterized by originality of thought and wit in equal proportions; and he has always appreciated the value of news. These elements—independence, originality, wit, courage, and news—have made the success of the *Herald*, and this success there is nobody to dispute."

James Gordon Bennett was born at New Mill, Keith, Banffshire, Scotland, September 1, 1795. He died in New York City, June 1, 1872.

It was sometime during the year after the close of the Rebellion that Mr. Bennett, full of years and full of honors, took his son and namesake into his sanctum and taught him the mysteries of his wonderful establishment and its success; and **James Gordon Bennett, Jr.**, was a pupil worthy of his teacher. When, at his father's death, he became the sole owner of the *Herald*, he was perfectly able to undertake its management. He was already acquainted with the ins and outs of the vast business, and he soon proved that he was in every way fitted to take his father's place. He has the same remarkable talent for journalism, with a boldness and foresight in enterprise that is most wonderful, and has actually influenced the age throughout the whole world. "He is assisted by a corps of thirty or more editors, among whom are some of the brightest intellects and ablest writers of the country. A council of editors is held daily. Whether present or absent, Mr. Bennett breathes into this council the tone and policy of the paper according to his own idea. When not present he reaches his associates by wires, whether in Europe or America, and directs the course of his paper. He is a liberal patron of the telegraph, and before his own—the Bennett-Mackay cable—was built he had spent, for special services since the completion of the cables, over a quarter of a million in gold. Mr. Bennett is manager in detail as well as in gross. It costs nearly two million a year to run the *Herald*, and its profits are at least eight hundred thousand a year. Less than ten years ago he refused the offer of

twenty-two hundred thousand dollars for the whole property. All this business the chief editor holds in his own hands. He knows every employé, what is paid him, and what he is about. He knows what it costs to run the *Herald*, and where the money goes. He is economical where economy is a virtue; lavish where it will make the *Herald* great." Large and many as the departments are, each is perfectly arranged. There are leading bureaus for news and for business in all the great cities of Europe and America; steam yachts at Sandy Hook and White-stone ready for instant and regular use; a cable of its own, and keen, intelligent business and editorial agents all over the world.

One of the first and boldest of his enterprises was to have sent by cable the whole of the King of Prussia's important speech after the battle of Sadowa of the Prusso-Austrian war. This cost in tolls seven thousand dollars in gold, and was only one of the features in one day's issue of the journal; but one day's issue of that journal sometimes yields half of that sum in clear profit. Nothing that will be of general importance to the public or add to the power of his paper is too great for him to undertake—and make successful.

When old Mr. Bennett was thinking about starting the *Herald*, one of the men that he asked to join him in the enterprise was **Horace Greeley**, who was then editor of the *New Yorker*. He was about sixteen years younger than Bennett, and was well known as one of the best printers and cleverest journalists in New York. "How much money have you?" asked Greeley. "Five hundred dollars," was the answer. "It isn't enough," said the printer-editor. "No, I won't go in with you, because I don't think the enterprise will succeed."

The energetic Bennett found other colleagues, and Horace Greeley kept on at his own work. But this was not for very long; for he, too, was anxious to become the owner of a great daily, and six years after the little *Herald* appeared he had his wish. But the story of his life, both before and after beginning newspaper work, tells of a pretty hard struggle to reach the honored position in which he finally became well known to all the world.

Before this century had much more than turned its first quarter he was an odd, hard-working, studious lad, barely in his teens, living with his father and mother and his brothers on a wild, newly-cleared farm in the frontier country of western Pennsylvania. The family had moved to this place from Vermont, and it had not been a very beneficial change for them. Before long Horace, who had learned the printer's trade in his native State, had to start out to look for work, because the family were so poor that it was likely that there would not be living for all during the winter, unless some effort was made beyond the limits of the log-cabin and the farm. Horace was a tall and awkward lad, with fair white skin, a noble,

open face, and tow-colored hair ; but he looked so mean and shabby in his homespun clothes that the first people he met made fun of him instead of giving him work ; many of them thought from his peculiar looks and piping, whining voice that he was not very bright. But if they listened to his talk for a few minutes, they changed their minds about that, for he had a quick and intelligent mind, and, though he had to work very hard as soon as he was old enough, he had managed to gather a good deal of general education for himself. Every minute he could spare from work or sleep he had taken for reading, and what he read he remembered. These were but scanty chances, for Horace Greeley was not the boy to shirk any task ; all the time he ever had for books was well earned and only taken after he had done, and done well, what it was his duty to do for the family needs. Yet he would learn. Even in the poorly-furnished country printing-office, where he learned his trade, he got more education than some men receive from a great college. Once the leading men in the neighborhood had offered to pay his expenses through a college course, but his parents refused, probably because they could not spare his help for four years and because they were too proud to receive any charities. Then they had all moved to the wilds of Pennsylvania. Even there he managed to study and to inform himself about politics, on which he held very decided opinions, and showed great eagerness and ability when talking about them.

So, in spite of his poor clothes and awkwardness, he showed his worth, and before long he found work as a substitute on the *Erie Gazette*. After seven months the regular man came back and his job was at an end ; but meanwhile he had won the respect and regard of his employers and companions. He had also made money. In the whole time he had drawn only six dollars for his personal expenses ; and, when the rest of his wages were paid, he took out fifteen dollars for himself and sent the rest—about a hundred and twenty dollars—to his father. Then, chiefly by canal and by foot, he worked his way to New York, and arrived in the great city—which had one-sixth as many people then as it has now—at about sunrise, one sultry summer day in 1831. His journey of six hundred miles had only cost him about five dollars, and without a friend or even an acquaintance in the city, he had made the bold venture of coming here to seek his fortune, with ten dollars in his pocket to fall back on in case he failed. But retiring and bashful, shabby and without much knowledge of the world as he was, he had not come to fail. First he found a cheap—very cheap—boarding-place, and for a whole week he tried in vain for work. Nobody believed that the white-skinned, white-headed, awkward-looking fellow who came into their offices and piped out, “ Do you want a hand ? ” really had any working ability ; and he had no idea of persisting after his first request had been refused. So, day after day, he made his long rounds in

vain. His chance came another way: the landlord, whose good-will Horace had gained, through that week of discouragement, mentioned to an acquaintance that his boarder, a printer from the country, had had a tiresome and unsuccessful search for work. The acquaintance said that printers were wanted at No. 85 Chatham Street; and to that number Horace went the first thing Monday morn-



HORACE GREELEY.

ing. He was there so early that the doors were not yet unlocked, and so he fell into talk with one of the men who came after awhile and had to wait till the doors were opened. The printer said: "I saw that he was an honest, good young man, and being a Vermonter myself I determined to help him if I could." So, at his new friend's earnest recommendation, the foreman gave the lad a chance, not believing he could do anything. The work was wanted on the polyglot Testament, and after Horace's cases were filled—we are told by one of his friends—he worked all day with silent intensity, and when he showed to the foreman at night

a printer's proof of his work, it was found to be a better day's work—larger in quantity and more correct—than any man had yet done on that most difficult job. The battle was won. He worked on the Testament for several months, making long hours and earning only moderate wages, saving all his surplus money, and sending the greater part of it to his father, who was still in debt for his farm and was not sure of being able to keep it.

This work lasted for over a year, and when it was finished more followed. He joined Francis Story in starting the short-lived but remarkably able *Morning Post*, the first daily penny paper ever published; and in the next year—1834—as the head of the business firm of Greeley & Co., he founded the *New Yorker*, a weekly literary paper, the best periodical of its class in the United States. Six years later he started the *Log-Cabin*, a spirited little sheet, for the service of Thurlow Weed—who is known as the founder of political journalism—and the Albany politicians during the “Hard Cider Campaign” for William Henry Harrison “and Tyler too.” This paper—it has been said—was never equaled among its kind before or since. While both of these journals gave their editor great credit they were not successful in making money. But he learned the newspaper business in them. Reputation and experience are sometimes as good or even better capital than money. At least so it was with Horace Greeley, and the last number of the *Log-Cabin* announced a new daily paper to be called the *Tribune*. The *Herald* and the *Sun* were already in the field, but they did not fill it, for the little one-cent Whig paper—which its founder aimed to make one that should inform and morally benefit the people—soon attracted notice, and although it was no easy matter to give away all of the five thousand of the first issue, in less than two months there was a demand for eleven thousand. The first number had four columns of advertisements; the hundredth, thirteen columns. It was a sudden and a great success. From the first day it appeared—April 10, 1841—it has had a moral character, and like the *Herald* it kept its own individual and original tone and lived through all the big efforts that were made to crush it. Mr. Greeley was the editor, and having no gifts for money matters himself he secured for his business manager Thomas McElrath, to whose ability and experience—he had been a lawyer and a book publisher—a great deal of the success of the *Tribune* is due.

The *Tribune* has not been so great a roadmaker in journalism as the *Herald*, but it also has followed a course of its own. The *Herald* was aiming to be a great mirror of the world's events; the *Tribune* aspired to be a mold of sentiment, a former of public opinion as well as a newspaper. Yet it has also been an enterprising institution. It was in this office that the idea of association in newspapers in the United States was first proposed and carried into effect. The *Trib-*

une Company was the first newspaper stock company on this side the Atlantic. Its property was divided into one hundred shares of a thousand dollars each. Some of these were owned by every important man in the establishment, and its officers were elected by the shareholders. This divided the responsibility and enlarged the interest of all connected with the paper, while it made no change in the management. Mr. Greeley owned the largest number of shares, and was elected editor-in-chief as long as he lived. There are very few great papers in the country now that are not owned upon this plan.

Mr. Greeley was a superior journalist, a man of literary taste and ability, and he soon drew to his paper some of the cleverest reporters, the best writers, and the ablest critics in the country. Thousands of people looked to it before expressing their own opinions upon the new theories in science and philosophy, upon books, art, and the drama, and accepted its judgment upon these matters as final. It also influenced the moral tone of its readers, and was more prominent than any other journal in the country in the interest and support it gave to all movements of philanthropy and reform; one of the great objects of its life was to promote the good and to put out, keep down, and reform the bad in all walks of life. Mr. Greeley was warmly interested in every movement that seemed likely to improve the condition and enlarge the opportunities of the toiling poor. He had Margaret Fuller come to New York partly to investigate the conditions of this class and to bring them before the public. By his rivals these interests were called the *Tribune's* "isms," and were much ridiculed. The pure and the right he was always ready to champion either in the abstract or in special cases; and he was equally ready to denounce anything or anybody that was breaking the highest laws of morality, and to pick such cases out and expose them to the public, whether in institutions or individuals.

But probably the most powerful of all the influences Mr. Greeley exerted was in politics. This began in the old *Log-Cabin* days, and lasted as long as he lived—longer, for the *Tribune* is still what he made it. At first, as a Whig, he was, as he said, the junior partner with the great politicians, William Henry Seward and Thurlow Weed, in the famous "firm" of Seward, Weed & Greeley, whose influence is described in the sketch of Mr. Seward in the chapter on "Later Statesmen and Orators." When the Whig party died out the *Tribune* almost formed the Republican party, which it has stanchly supported ever since; it has also been one of the longest and greatest advocates of the Protective Tariff that the country has ever had. Into whatever political contest it took part it always threw its whole strength. At the time of the celebrated Kansas war in Congress it was all Kansas. It almost seemed as if the paper contained nothing else for months. On its thirtieth birthday it said of itself: "So long as slavery

cursed our country this journal was its decided and open though not reckless adversary; now that slavery is dead we insist that the spirit of caste, of inequality, of contempt for the rights of the colored race shall be buried in its grave." Temperance, woman's rights, the abolition of capital punishment, and the condition of the poor were a few other of the *isms* Mr. Greeley steadfastly supported. At first he was in favor of allowing the States that wished to withdraw from the Union to do so, but when the war actually broke out he was a powerful supporter of President Lincoln and the Government; and after the conflict was over he advocated the doctrine of "universal amnesty and universal suffrage"—that is, he was on the side of those who declared that the "rebels" should not be punished, and that negroes should be allowed to vote on equal terms with white men.

Mr. Greeley's office-holding began when the *Tribune* was seven years old, by his election to Congress; but although during all the rest of his life he was a candidate—sometimes successful and sometimes not—for many offices, from Representative up to the Presidency, he was not anxious to take such positions, and it was not in that field that he really shone. His true political power was in his paper. "He brought into the discussion of political, social, and industrial questions, not the ambitions of an office-seeker, but a strong desire and purpose to secure the highest welfare of the whole people. If he was not always right on current questions, nor always free from the impetuosity which too often mars the efforts of reformers, he discussed those questions with a vigor and intelligence not often shown by the conductors of political journals in his day. A high moral purpose was at the bottom of every form of political and social activity to which he lent his support, and few men, especially such a strong partisan, have ever enjoyed in a higher degree than himself the respect and confidence of his political opponents." He had the courage to go against anybody, when he thought it right. Many times he hurt his own political influence by taking sides against an unpopular right. He wished to be honored, yet he was always careless of his own popularity and bent only on promoting the public welfare.

The *Weekly Tribune* has always been of even greater importance than the daily edition. From the first its contents have been clean, interesting, instructive, and of first-class literary merit; its subscription price was placed at the lowest rate. It was advertised everywhere. It began to offer all kinds of premiums, from a strawberry plant and a gold pencil to a steel-engraving portrait of Horace Greeley, for the largest number of subscribers. It established the club system now used by many publishers; and by many clever schemes pushed its circulation into almost every Republican family in the country.

The year in which the *Tribune* was founded Mr. Greeley also began to publish

a "Political Register;" a useful and valuable little manual of political statistics. This was a very successful enterprise, and was afterward enlarged and made into the "Whig Almanac," and then the "Tribune Almanac," which has long been a very valuable little pamphlet and as much of an institution in the country as the *Tribune* itself. Other extras, special lectures, portraits, and books are also published at this office, for sale or to be given away for certain numbers of subscribers to the daily or the weekly paper.

Outside of his newspaper writing—which was among the very best this country has ever published—Mr. Greeley wrote several books upon political questions, on American history, and related the story of his own career in "Recollections of a Busy Life." He was also a well-known lecturer on social and political reforms and on agricultural and manufacturing interests. Though he was unimpressive in looks, voice, and manner, he was so well known and so much esteemed for his character and opinions that he always drew a large and attentive audience, and it was in this way as well as in the columns of the *Tribune* that he did more than almost any other man of his time to promote the development of the great interests of the people.

The last chapter of Mr. Greeley's life was very sad. He allowed himself to be nominated for President in the campaign of 1872, and he not only suffered the pain of defeat, but he was bitterly accused by his old friends, as well as by political enemies, of being disloyal and unprincipled, and of many other dishonorable offenses. This, together with the severe illness and death of his wife—over whose bed he watched in deepest anxiety for weeks—so overtaxed his powers that he died very soon after the news of General Grant's election was announced. "It was not the presidential defeat, but the cruel impeachment of his integrity by old friends that wounded his spirit past all healing." When it was too late his countrymen awoke to an expression of how deeply they admired and loved him; and offices of respect that he could not feel showed how great a place he had won in the hearts of all good men of all parties and every variety of opinion. He was a man who made a great mark in journalism—few in the world have been greater—and he was "one whose name will live long after many writers and statesmen of greater pretensions are forgotten." A writer says, such men as he have taught the world to avoid many errors and have set an example of sincere devotion to a nob cause of disinterestedness and lofty aims.

Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, February 3, 1811. He died in New York City, November 29, 1872.

The *Tribune* has had many of the greatest American writers upon its staff, but none, perhaps, who have risen to greater power and fame than Charles A.

Dana, the present editor of the *New York Sun*, and Henry J. Raymond, who was the founder of the *New York Times*.

New Hampshire has been generous to her country with her great men; and eight years after she gave us Horace Greeley, his famous brother journalist, **Charles Anderson Dana**, was born there. He entered the newspaper world with a good education—mostly gained at Harvard College—after spending some months with Hawthorne, George Ripley, and several other noted people in the famous Brook Farm community near Boston. In fact, about his first work in journalism was as one of the editors of *The Harbinger*, a journal that set forth the ideas of the celebrated French socialist, Charles Fourier. As Mr. Greeley had a great deal of sympathy with the views of this writer, not long after the Brook Farm company separated, Mr. Dana—and Mr. Ripley, too—became writers for the *Tribune*. Mr. Ripley, who was formerly a Unitarian clergyman, became literary editor at a salary of five dollars a week. He was probably the ablest critic this country has ever produced, and did a great deal toward forming the *Tribune's* standard in these matters.

Mr. Dana having a good knowledge of foreign languages, of facts in Old World politics, and many ideas about European matters, took charge of the foreign department of the paper for twelve dollars a week. (Prices for newspaper work have vastly changed since then.)

Before long he went to Europe, and during the Revolution of 1848 he was the regular *Tribune* correspondent from France. When he came back to America Mr. Greeley offered him the post of his first assistant, or what is called the office of managing editor. He held this position for more than ten years, working meanwhile with Mr. Ripley upon the *New American Cyclopædia*, published by the firm of D. Appleton & Company. This task was both large and severe, but they put most faithful service into it, and had the satisfaction of seeing it take its place at once as a standard work in America and in England.

Mr. Greeley held Mr. Dana in very high regard at this time, and more than once spoke of his great ability; but they did not always agree. In 1861, about the time that the famous "On to Richmond" movement was made—that which hastened the sorry battle of Bull Run—there was a serious disagreement between them, and Mr. Dana left. In a short time Mr. Stanton appointed him Assistant Secretary of War, and sent him to the West to help along the plans of General Grant. Until the summer of 1865 Mr. Dana remained in this post, an active and able helper in the great Union cause. Then he went back to newspapers, this time to Chicago, where he became editor-in-chief of the new party journal, the *Chicago Republican*; but here, too, there was a disagreement, and Mr. Dana was paid ten thousand dollars to give up his interest in the paper and leave

it. He did so, and returned to New York just in time to join in with a section of the Republican party who wanted a new organ. He met their want by buying the New York *Sun* of Mr. Moses S. Beach. There was a strong effort made by the New York Press to keep this party from starting a paper, and Mr. Dana's



CHARLES ANDERSON DANA.

purchase was a very clever turn in the face of the Associated Press, which suddenly found that the new independent Republican paper, which they thought their opposition had about made impossible, was issuing out of one of their own subscribers—the *Sun*, the oldest penny paper in America, which had led a prosperous Democratic life for over thirty years.

This was the beginning of the New York *Sun* of the present day—famous for its able editorials, its sparkling items, its brevity of words and fullness of news. By a great deal of hard work upon the *Sun* Mr. Dana soon made it a powerful rival of the best dailies in New York; he improved the contents, the news, the editorials, and the literary matter; he advertised it far and wide, offering premiums and almost every other inducement that could be thought of; and, though he raised the price to two cents a copy, it soon had an immense circulation. It is still in its glory, at the head of a certain class of small-sized, low-priced, but powerful and popular dailies, some of which are published in New York, and others in various parts of the country.

Mr. Dana is about the only great editor of the past generation that is living. His old friends and fellow-workers of the stirring times in American politics have passed away; but he still holds the reins of his great daily with all his former strength and ability.

As a gentleman he is very much admired for his handsome looks and courtly bearing, for his literary tastes and unusual accomplishments, and for his beautiful, courteous manners. His love for his friends, and especially for his family, is one of his most delightful social traits to all who know him.

Charles A. Dana was born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, August 8, 1819. He is now living in New York City.

There have been very few men in the newspaper work of America that are more widely known and more deeply respected than **Henry Jarvis Raymond**, the founder of the New York *Times*. He was born in a village of Lima, in Livingston County, New York, and there, a lovable, gifted boy, he began his education in a district school near his father's house. Quick to learn and anxious to push ahead in life, he was soon able to enter the village academy, from which he went to the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, and in the beginning of the famous hard times of 1836, when he was only sixteen years old, he entered the University of Vermont. He outstripped most of his fellows there, and at the close of the regular four years' course, he graduated at the head of his class.

When this brilliant, energetic young man left college he had made up his mind to be a teacher; he had already taught for a short term in a district school in New York State, and he went to work at once to find a school. But after looking in vain for several weeks, he gave up the search, and resolved to go to New York City and see what work he could get there. He found his niche for a time in a down-town lawyer's office, where he studied law and earned his living by teaching a Latin class in a classical school and writing for the country press and for Horace Greeley's *New Yorker*; he had begun to write for this while at college.

Even at this age, he showed remarkable gifts and ability, and before long he was offered two positions: one was to go South and teach school for four hundred dollars a year, the other was to stay in New York and work on Horace Greeley's paper, for the same price. He decided to accept the latter, and striking root where he was, he soon grew to be one of the best reporters in the country. In less than a year Mr. Greeley started the New York *Tribune*, giving Raymond the place of assistant editor; and it was there, in the modest little office at No. 30 Ann Street, in a responsible place on one of the greatest papers of the day, that he laid the foundation of his fame—by untiring industry, by quickness and enterprise in getting in his articles ahead of other reporters, and by the ease, readiness, and brilliancy of his writing. He would—says an editor of one of the great magazines of Raymond's day—write a leader or take down a speech, after a shorthand method of his own, with equal skill; and Mr. Greeley has since said of him that he was the only assistant he ever had whom he felt it his duty to advise to work less hard.

After two years—busy, active years of varied labors—he went from the *Tribune* to the *Courier and Enquirer*, where he stayed until he had rounded out ten full years of editorial work. During the last three years of this time he had also been a figure in New York politics, as a Whig member of the State Legislature, and Speaker of the Assembly for the last two terms.

In 1851 Mr. Raymond resigned from the *Courier and Enquirer* and left public office for a sojourn of several months in Europe. In midsummer he came back with his plans all laid and most of his arrangements made to begin at once the great work of his life.

For a long time it had been his ambition to found a public journal that was different from all those already in existence and which should supply the want that they did not meet. The *Tribune* and the *Herald* were making such great fortunes that there were plenty of capitalists—George Jones, a publisher, E. B. Wesley, a banker, the Harper brothers, and others—who were ready to form a company and supply the money needed to start it, especially as there was a greater demand for newspapers of this class than the machinery of those already established could fill. So it was that very soon after he came back from Europe—on the 18th of September, 1851—the first copy of the New York *Times* appeared, announcing itself as an independent paper and modeled on a plan of Raymond's own, which was between the two extremes of the *Herald* and the *Tribune*. The price was one cent. “It began its prosperous life with a handsome bank account of one hundred thousand dollars, and it is no small credit to its founder that this capital returned interest before the end of the third year. It drew at once to its staff the best talent in the country, and in both ability and reliability came nearer

to the standard of the *Nation* and the best English papers than any other journal in the land. In this Mr. Raymond's influence controlled the whole staff. He had a true sense of the dignity of his profession and his responsibility to the public; and he was too conscientious, not merely morally but intellectually, to permit his being drawn into the vortex of radical politics and reforms. He was not only a writer but a thinker, and he could not fail to see that in life there is no such thing as absolute and unqualified truth; he could not help seeing all sides of a subject, what it did not as well as what it did take in. Seeing this, it was simply impossible for him to grasp one side of an idea and crusade against whoever happened to view it at another angle."

The first number, though edited in "pigeon-hole" quarters on Ann Street, and brought out in an unfinished building, with many drawbacks and obstacles in its way, was a better sheet than any other first number that a New York newspaper office had ever produced. During the first week subscriptions and advertisements poured in; at the end of the second year the paper was doubled in size and price, and then it began to pay dividends, small at first, but rapidly increasing. Then its office was removed to the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets, in the building afterward known as the Park Hotel. After that its proprietors began to buy real estate, and before long a handsome new building was built for it on the famous Old Brick Church property, where it now stands, worth a million of dollars or more.

Among Mr. Raymond's strongest business traits was his appreciation of good workers and the value of good pay, and his gentlemanliness toward all his employés. He understood how to control his temper, yet he could state facts and show his displeasure with great force when serious blunders were made. He made friends with his assistants, and began soon after the *Times* was founded to bring them together at his house in social meetings. In this way he got acquainted with them outside of business talk, and they with him and with each other. Few knew him without loving and respecting him. One of his staff once said: "Mr. Raymond was one of the most genial of companions—a man full of wit, originality, and variety; but with an undercurrent of sadness in his whole being, due largely to his keen perceptions of life. He had had to fight his way in the world. His nature was a great one originally, and it came out of the trial like gold out of the furnace. He was incapable of any want of generosity toward those who were struggling along the difficult and thorny path over which he had once traveled. He had gone through every variety of newspaper toil and was able to appreciate the earnest intentions of others." Ambitious he was, but never vain, never even satisfied, so great were the possibilities that he saw in his field of labor. He was a marvelous worker, very abstemious in his habits, which was the secret of his vast amount of labor.

Like Mr. Greeley, he had a love for politics as well as newspapers, and, like that of his great brother journalist, his public life was a failure. Some one has said, if he could have been placed at the head of a great party he would have been a distinguished statesman, but the task of climbing to power demands certain qualities that he lacked. It was only about a year after the *Times* was founded that, as a delegate to the Whig National Convention at Baltimore, he went into public life for a second time. Two years later he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

New York State, and in 1856 he drew up the famous "Address to the People," which was adopted by the Republican party at its first national convention. He also took an important part in the great campaign of 1860, which ended in the election of President Lincoln and the secession of the Southern States; and toward the close of the war he was elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress, where he gained marked distinction in the stormy debates of that famous session.

He was a conservative Republican in his views, which he advocated in many powerful speeches; but the radical side of the party was too strong for him, and no eloquence or ability could secure the other's success. The Philadelphia Con-

vention of August 14, 1864, which ended in failure, drew forth Mr. Raymond's warmest sympathies. He prepared the Declaration of Principles adopted by the Convention, and presented it with an address which, it has been said, forms one of the most sagacious, lucid, and statesman-like documents in our political literature. But the Convention was held in vain, and Mr. Raymond never again took a prominent part in public life outside of his newspaper duties. He finished his term in Congress, declined a renomination, and from that time to his death—the sad, untimely stroke that carried him away in the very prime of life—he confined himself entirely to his editorial work.

His political career drew forth regret from his friends, gibes from his enemies, dissatisfaction and even malediction from the greater part of his party. He saw too many sides to a subject to be a politician. "A man who steps into the mire of American politics, particularly when the tides of party feeling ran as high as they did at that time, must go in with his whole heart and soul, or he is certain to miss the mark. There is no room for doubt, for hesitation, for inquiry;" and this Raymond could not do. He fought brilliantly, he left a noble record, but he fought a fight of which the issues were fated against him. And the failure injured his fame and impaired his usefulness.

It was only after his death that justice was done him. Then "those who had pursued and vilified him in life were the first to pay tribute to his merits. The good that he did lived after him; the evil, it was confessed, never existed."

Henry J. Raymond was born at Lima, New York, January 24, 1820. He died in New York City, June 18, 1869.

Among living journalists there are few if any of greater influence or fame than **George William Curtis**, the editor of *Harper's Monthly* and *Harper's Weekly*. He is a native of New England, but came to New York with his family when he was fifteen years old. Here he had only a little more time for study before he was put to business in the counting-house of a dry goods importer, where he stayed until he was eighteen years old. It was about this time that the Brook Farm community was started, and after about a year of counting-house work Mr. Curtis and his elder brother went up to Roxbury to join the famous little company of socialists there. A year and a half he spent among them, studying and working on the farm, and then for another year and a half he helped a Concord farmer with his regular out-of-door work. Then he went to Europe, and after a twelve-month of travel entered the University of Berlin, living in the Prussian capital during the revolutionary scenes through which it passed in 1848. After this he had more travel—through Central and Southern Europe, and also through Egypt and Syria. Some of these experiences he put in a book called "Nile Notes of a

Howadji," which was published after he returned home in 1850. It had a pleasing, sketchy style, and was so successful that its author began another volume, and in a couple of years later the "Howadji in Syria" came out, meeting with still greater success. Mr. Curtis has written many books since that time, but people say that this is still the most charming of his works.

In the meantime he had found regular literary work on the editorial staff of the *Tribune*, and in a short time he began to make for himself quite a name by the delightful letters now gathered in the book called "Lotus Eating." In 1852 he became one of the editors of the newly-started *Putnam's Magazine*, and after that died he found his permanent place with the firm of Harper & Brothers, which he still holds as editor of the *Weekly* and the *Monthly* at a salary, it is said, of fifteen thousand dollars a year for life. It has been said "that Mr. Curtis has a reputation that is higher probably and at the same time more purely literary than that of any other man in the profession. As the amiable and cultivated occupant of the 'Easy Chair' of *Harper's Monthly*, as the letter-writing 'Bachelor' of *Harper's Bazar*, and especially as the editor-in-chief of *Harper's Weekly*, he has exercised an influence upon the reading public of America which, if it is not profound, has certainly been genial, elevating, and refining. There are few men in America who, when they take up their pens, can be sure of reaching so wide an audience; and there is scarcely another who, having written so much, can look back over the record and find so little to regret."

Nor have Mr. Curtis's labors been confined to journalism. He is always in great demand at college and other literary celebrations. As a lyceum lecturer there are only one or two in the country of greater popularity.

George William Curtis was born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 24, 1824. His home is on Staten Island, and most of his life is spent in New York City.

Probably the greatest newspaper man in America, outside of New York City, is **George W. Childs**, the owner and editor of the celebrated Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. This was one of the first and most successful penny journals in this country, and was established by three New York printers, when Mr. Childs was a little fellow only seven years old. It had been going and prospering for seven years before he knew much if anything about it, for he was a Maryland lad, and did not go to Philadelphia until he was fourteen years old. Then, being poor and with his living to earn, he went there to make his fortune in the modest beginning of clerk and errand-boy in a book-store. He always had a taste for business and a determination to make his own way; he began to be an errand boy in a book-store at home during the school vacations when he was only ten years old.

Then he was in the navy for fifteen months, and after that went to the City of Brotherly Love and big book-stores. He had wonderful quickness and business push, so that he was soon sent by his employer to all the trade sales at New York and Boston to make the regular purchases; and in four years he started into the trade for himself. He hired an office in the old *Ledger* building, where he sold newspapers and magazines, and began to build up the business which soon became so important that throughout the country when any one spoke of the "Philadelphia Publisher," it was known that he meant George W. Childs. From the beginning he was so smart and industrious and so full of self-reliance that he pushed right ahead, seeming to feel that he would make his way to great things. He was sure to win, for beside his other business qualities he had judgment—the rarest of all faculties.

One day the celebrated owner of the *Ledger*, Mr. W. M. Swain—one of the three New York printers—was talking with his young tenant about his prospects in business, and Childs said: "I have made up my mind, Mr. Swain, to own the *Ledger* one of these days." "Have you? Well, my young friend, you will be an old man before you accomplish that, I guess," said the proud proprietor; but time showed that he was not a prophet. The seller of journals became a seller of books, then a publisher, and with tact, courage, perseverance, and skill, a great publisher. He became one of the firm of Robert E. Peterson & Co., afterward Childs & Peterson, and then he united with the house of J. B. Lippincott & Co. He brought out some of the most important books in the country about the time of the Rebellion, and in 1863 he became editor of the *American Literary Gazette and Publishers' Chronicle*, which he made one of the leading booksellers' magazines of the country, a most valuable journal to the trade, and an interesting one to the public. It has now become the *Publishers' Weekly*, and is published in New York.

Thus Mr. Childs spent sixteen years gaining wealth and wisdom, and a vast amount of experience in selling newspapers and publishing books, carefully reading the New York *Herald* and the *Public Ledger*, looking over the best English law-books for reprinting in America, examining the manuscript of some of the ablest and most instructive books that were written at that time, and in doing a great deal of other reading, thinking, and observation. Along with this culture and knowledge of books he had been laying up money, till at last he found himself with enough to realize his long dreamed of ownership of the greatest daily paper in Philadelphia.

Then one day Mr. Swain had a caller, and, on looking up he saw Mr. Childs, a full-faced, neatly dressed, courteous gentleman, who appeared that day rather confident in his manner and very much to the point in his conversation. He first

recalled the "threat" he made to Mr. Swain sixteen years before, and then told him that he had never forgotten it, and that his special business with him that day was to carry out this purpose. After some talk and several more visits he succeeded, and on the 3d of December, 1864, the *Ledger* lost Mr. Swain—who retired "trebly a millionaire"—and gained Mr. Childs, and with him a mighty im-



GEORGE W. CHILDS.

pulse toward greater power. It was already a very important paper, but the new owner saw where it could be vastly improved and he set to work at once to give it a wider and more comprehensive grasp of intellect in its management. The reading columns began at once to show more industry, more power, and greater variety. One of the most splendid buildings in Philadelphia was built for its editors, clerks, machinery, compositors, and customers. Its new im-

pulses increased the demand. Mr. Childs raised the price to two cents—almost all the papers had to do so during the war or afterward, because paper and other materials cost so much more than they had before—and still it prospered immensely in both circulation and advertising.

It has made its owner a much richer man than he was before and in more ways than one has greatly enlarged his chances for doing good—which seem to him to be the real value of wealth and power. He is noted for the generosity he has shown to writers and literary people, both the struggling young ones and those that are well known; and there are few men in the country who have given greater aid to worthy charities than he. He offers prizes and other inducements to bring out the best talent among American authors. Having excellent taste himself and good assistants in all departments, he keeps the *Ledger* up to a good literary standard. His weekly is the old *Dollar Weekly* to which Mr. Swain clung as long as he lived, “so as not to leave journalism,” he said, “in giving up the daily.” It is now called the *Home Weekly*, and has an immense circulation.

Many of Mr. Childs’s charities are of his own planning and for the benefit of men, women, and children connected in one way or another with the newspaper business. He has established a printers’ cemetery at Woodlands; he has given a handsome sum for a fund for the widows and orphans of printers; and he presented ten of his leading employes with life insurance policies for the benefit of their families. Once a year—on Christmas or Fourth of July, or some such great holiday—he brings all the newsboys of Philadelphia together for a great feast.

As a man he has the esteem and friendship of our own greatest soldiers, statesmen, and financiers; he is the intimate friend of nearly every celebrated man and woman of the age, both at home and abroad; he is welcome in every society for his virtues as a gentleman even more than his fame as a wealthy publisher and able journalist.

Mr. Childs was born in Baltimore, Maryland, May 12, 1829. His home is now in Philadelphia.

DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS.

IT has been said that America has produced only one great musician. That was **Lowell Mason**, teacher, composer, and leader of the public taste. He had an inborn genius for melody and harmony, which showed itself when he was a baby ; but seventy-five years ago music was very little understood in this country. In New England—where Mason was growing into young manhood at that time—people still felt as the early Puritans did, that music was a vain and unholy art. They sang hymn-tunes in church, to be sure, but that was all the music they believed in, and it must have been very little indeed. Hymn-sounds were a better word, for the meeting-house singing in those old days had time, perhaps, but neither tune nor expression, surely. It satisfied the congregation ; it was praise to God, and to them that was all the place that music had in the world. So, when this little Lowell would do nothing but sing and play on every musical instrument that he could find, nearly everybody who knew him thought it was a great pity, and that he would never be of any account in the world.

His father was in despair. He tried to have the lad help him in his business, which was keeping a country store, but he had not the least interest in the store, and often forgot all about it. Sometimes when his father would leave him alone in charge of it, if he happened to see some boy who liked to hear him play—if it was only on a jew's-harp—he would wander off with him, all taken up with the music, and without a single thought for the store. For this “mooning” and carelessness young Lowell Mason soon got the name of being an untrustworthy, idle boy. But whenever he had a chance to use his great musical gifts, he was industrious enough ; he was ready to undertake any amount of labor if it was musical labor. Though he did not behave well to the people about him, who misunderstood him or his passion for music, he was not a really bad boy, though people often said he was. He did nothing vicious, and throughout his life he was a man of upright, pure mind and good habits. His delight in musical instruments made him learn to be saving of his money so that he could buy them. Then as

he had no one to teach him to play on them, he taught himself, and to do that took patience and perseverance.

When he was sixteen years old he took charge of the village choir, and from that time till he was twenty he spent much time teaching singing classes in his neighborhood. Then he went to live in Savannah, Georgia. He was older now, and realized that he must earn his living in the world like other men, and as he could not do it by music alone, he obtained a position in a bank, using his spare time—which happened to be abundant—in training church choirs.

People in Savannah were more interested in music than were those of the Massachusetts village of Medfield, and after awhile Mr. Mason was invited to give a public concert. He had a large audience, and everybody was delighted with him and thought him a wonderful musician.

The wild boy had now become an excellent, religious young man; and so he had a double interest in sacred music. It was worship to him, as well as art, but the poor quality of it pained him still; and in the course of time he was the means of bringing about a great change in it all over this country.

At Savannah Mr. Mason had the good fortune to meet a thoroughly trained musician, who gave him very valuable lessons in harmony and musical composition. With this new knowledge, he began thinking of introducing into his church choir an entirely different and much better class of hymn-tunes than were used in any of the Protestant churches in the United States. The way he did this was not by thinking that he himself could write better sacred music than the tunes sung in the churches; he knew that the old masters of Europe had written the best works in the world, so he searched the works of the great and famous composers of sacred music of the last century, Handel and Haydn, and with his own skill in harmony and counterpoint set passages from their works to the grand old church hymns, and taught them to his choir. These experiments were successful, so he kept on, and after a time he found that he had so many of these beautiful hymns that he began to think about making a book of them, so that other church choirs might also use them.

Nine years after he first went to Savannah he returned to Boston with his musical manuscripts, to look for a publisher. This was a discouraging errand for awhile. He did not want to copyright his hymns, because he wanted everybody to use them; they were for worship, and he cared more about doing good with them than for making money out of them for himself. But no publisher was willing to take the risk of publishing them on any terms. At last he turned to the Handel and Haydn Society, a new musical club that had been formed in Boston but a short time before, with the object of making people understand and love the music of the two great composers whose names it took. It was already well known in

the musical world, and Mr. Mason thought that, as his book contained so much of the music of Handel and Haydn, perhaps the society would publish it; and after a good many doubts, they consented to do so, and the book was brought out with the name of the "Boston Handel and Haydn Society's Collection of Church Music." It made a great success at once. So many copies of it were sold that the society made a great deal of money out of it, and became far more important than



LOWELL MASON.

it had ever been before. All over the country the new book came into use, and it purified and raised people's taste in music wherever it went. Having once sung this kind of music they could never go back and be contented to sing the sort of tunes they had had before.

Dr. Mason's fame became so great after this that many people in Boston thought he ought to be there instead of in Savannah. Finally three churches agreed to pay him two thousand dollars a year—then considered a large salary—if he would come to Boston and take charge of their choirs. He did so, and before

long he gave up two of the choirs and devoted all his time to the other one—the choir that belonged to Dr. Lyman Beecher's church. Here he worked with his whole heart; he never spared any time or trouble to make the music of that choir as good as it could possibly be. His influence spread far and wide; other musicians took up the same thing in other places, until there was a complete change in the musical taste of the entire country. He always made his church choirs feel that the music they made was not merely a sort of concert for show, but was a part of the solemn worship of God.

Dr. Mason's musical labors went in another direction also. When he was about thirty-seven years old he succeeded in arousing in Boston a great interest in teaching music to children. Before this time, no one in America had ever thought of making music a part of the regular education of young folks. He made up large classes of children and taught them for nothing, he was so anxious to spread the knowledge of music, and to show how much of it children could learn. This action had a great and lasting effect; music was made one of the regular studies in the public schools of Boston, with such great success that it has been taught there ever since; and now most of the large public schools of the country have followed the example.

Dr. Mason also proposed to open the Boston Academy of Music, which has ever since been a great musical institution. He was truly great as a teacher, as a great composer and an organist. He not only could play, write music, and bring people together in musical societies, but he had the power to give out his knowledge in a way that interested his pupils in their lessons and induced them to work for themselves. They learned much beside music from him. He taught them to be industrious and self-reliant, and all his influence was used for their moral and religious good.

As a man, he was courteous, kind, and frank in his manners, and of the most generous and upright character. The last years of his life were passed in a quiet country-seat, with his married sons and their families, and many friends close about him. He lived to see his children and grandchildren grow up with something of love and talent for his own art; and, long before the good old man—the venerable father of American music—passed away, he saw his son, Dr. William Mason, take his place among the first pianists in the country.

Dr. Mason was born in Medfield, Massachusetts, January 8, 1792. He died at Orange, New Jersey, August 11, 1872.

The first great American actor was **Edwin Forrest**, and there are many good critics who think we have never had another of equal power. He was the youngest son of a Scotchman—a rich Philadelphia merchant—and he was born in

the early part of this century. Before he and his brothers and sisters were grown, their father died, and their mother had a hard struggle to keep her family together, but by industry and good management she brought them up respectably. She even planned to educate Edwin for the ministry because he had such a beautiful voice and showed so much talent for reciting verses and passages of Scripture. But his bent was for using his gifts in another way—on the stage. When he was real young he often managed to go to the theater, earning his ticket by distributing play-bills on the street, waiting on the employés, or doing anything he could. Very soon he made up his mind that he wanted to be an actor himself.

When he was eleven years old a manager who had often seen him about the theater asked him one day if he could play a girl's part; some girl who was to appear in a small part that night had been taken sick. Edwin was delighted at this chance to come before the footlights, and set to work in a very boyish way to make himself look like a girl. His efforts were not very successful, though; and when he stepped before the audience they laughed and hooted at the big boy's shoes and trousers that showed below his skirts. The people made such a noise that he could not make himself heard. Even this did not entirely abash him; for some time he would not give up; finally, when he had to come off the scene, he succeeded in making one line heard—he called to a boy in the pit, who was particularly noisy in his ridicule, and told him that when the play was over he would come out and "lick him."

The manager was so disappointed and mortified over this event that it was a long time before Edwin Forrest could get any other chance to play. In the meantime his mother was apprenticing him to one tradesman and then to another to teach him, if possible, to be industrious and useful. But he had little interest in anything outside of theaters. He was not contented until he had forced his way upon that same stage where he had disgraced himself with the shoes and trousers, and had, as he felt, redeemed himself. Several times he got before the public, and each time he did so well that when he was only fourteen years old some prominent gentlemen of Philadelphia became interested in him, and finally got the use of a theater for him and gave him a chance to take an important part. He made his own choice, and took the character of *Young Norval* in Home's tragedy of "Douglas." When the important night came the house was filled with a large audience. There were many good critics among them, and all were full of curiosity to see what this presuming boy would do. They soon found out; he astonished them with his power. Curiosity and criticism were turned into enthusiastic praise. The performance was a triumph, and after it was over there was no doubt about the fact that Edwin Forrest had the genius of a great actor. He did not enter the profession at once, though; but went on working in a shop, as

before, devoting all his spare hours to the work and study of fitting himself to enter the lists by and by.

When he was between sixteen and eighteen, he felt ready to begin, and, getting an engagement in a travelling company, he was an actor for the rest of his life. He played all sorts of parts in his early years on the stage, working hard for little pay, and learning a great deal that was soon to help him take a foremost place among the actors of the world. Industrious and lovable, he made many friends among the best people he met; and several of the most superior men and women of the country were deeply interested in his future.

When he was about twenty-one, the great English actor, Edmund Kean, made a visit to this country. Forrest saw him during his tour, and afterward played with him—a most important event in the art of the promising young Philadelphian. Kean's playing was a marvel of power and simplicity to him; he watched him and studied his methods with the deepest interest—too great and too original himself to want to copy, or to be able to copy any one, but not too much of a genius to learn a great deal from other members of his profession. Soon after their first meeting, Forrest had a chance to play in a performance given for the benefit of some charitable object, at a New York theater. He appeared as *Othello*—one of the most important and most difficult rôles in the English drama—and his success was so great that he took his place at once among the greatest stars on the American stage.

After this he played for five years without a break, in all the chief cities of the Union, the idol of the public, and the glory of the profession. By nature he was uncommonly well fitted for an actor. He was exceedingly handsome—with a tall, perfectly proportioned, and very muscular figure; a grand head, and a voice that was one of the most wonderful that was ever heard. His acting was what is called "robust"—that is, he always used a great deal of strength and voice in all his parts. This was very marked when he was young—he did not then control his enormous physical powers enough—but as years went on he became more finished and restrained. Kean taught him the value of a polished art.

After he had thoroughly established himself at the head of his profession in this country, he arranged to take a vacation of two years and go to Europe. At the time of his departure he received attentions from many of the greatest men in America, and was more honored than any actor had ever before been in this country.

If the people had done their utmost to honor him when he left them, they had learned how to do much more during the period of his stay; for a tremendous welcome awaited him on his return, and everywhere that he went he found himself most ardently received. After one great, successful season at home, he again

went to Europe, and then arranged to play in London. He was the first American actor of note who had ever appeared before a British public, and he did credit to the land he went from. The Britons recognized his merit, and received him with praise and flattering attentions, rating him among the world's greatest actors. His most important rôles were the character of the Indian in the play "Metamora," the *Gladiator*, *King Lear*, and *Othello*, in Shakespeare's greatest



EDWIN FORREST.

tragedies; *Damon*, in the play of "Damon and Pythias," *Virginus*, and *Hamlet*, but to this last he was less suited than to all the others.

After his first great triumph in England he visited the mother country several times and played many successful engagements there.

As a man Mr. Forrest was high-tempered and undisciplined, but he had a strong—though often rough—sense of honor, that scorned any sort of secret injury, such as he was once accused of in a famous quarrel between himself and the great English actor, William Macready. In his later years he made a great

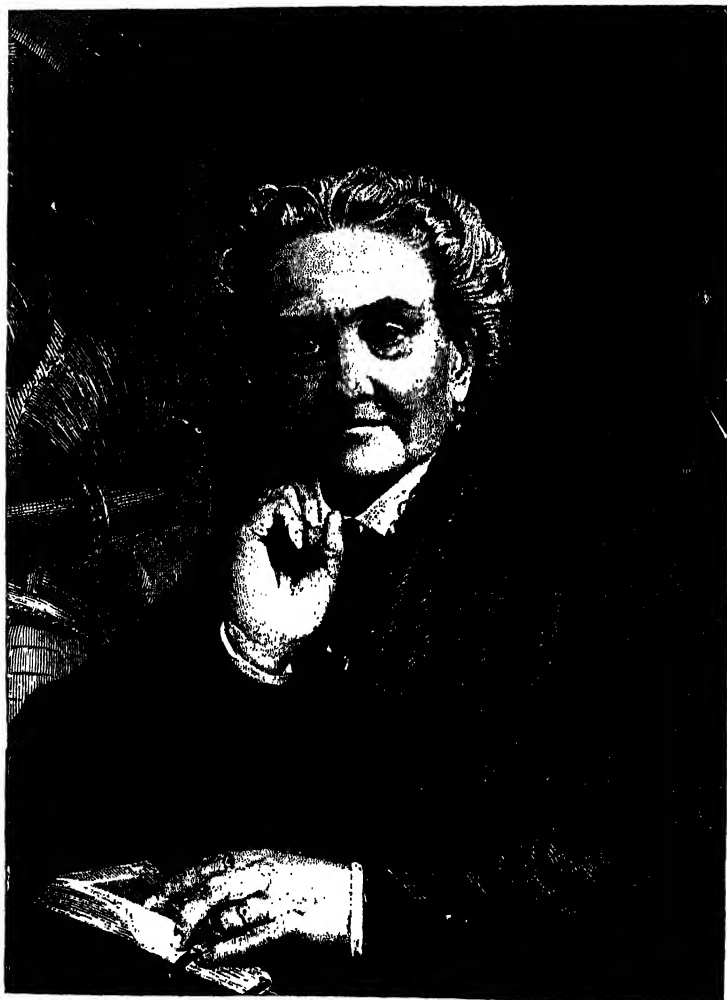
deal of money, and wanted to do good with it. He loved his profession and his fellow-workers in it, so he established a Home for old and invalid actors in Philadelphia. He always loved books; he gathered together one of the finest private libraries in the country; and through his own efforts he became one of the most learned men of his time upon matters connected with the drama, past and present.

Edwin Forrest was born March 9, 1806, in Philadelphia, where he died December 12, 1872.

No name connected with the history of the American stage is more famous or more honored than that of **Charlotte Cushman**. She was ten years younger than Forrest, a native of Boston, and an actress for forty years. During most of that time she had no rival in this country in her powerful tragic rôles, and scarcely an equal among all the English-speaking actresses of the world.

From the time she was a little girl, Charlotte Cushman looked forward to a public life. When she was thirteen years old her father lost his property, and it then became necessary for her to begin to prepare for some way of earning her living. She had an ear for music and a fine voice, and with the help of some good friends—she always had many of these—she began to study to become a music-teacher. Afterwards it was thought she might make a great success as a professional singer. For this she took lessons and studied very hard, and when she was nineteen years old she made her first appearance in opera in Boston. This made no great impression, but was so successful that she soon made an engagement to sing in opera in New Orleans. Here, in her great ambition to succeed, she strained and overworked her voice. In her unreasonable zeal she actually lost her aim, for one day she found that she could sing no more. At first she was in despair—all the hopes and the efforts of the many friends who had aided her and all her own work had suddenly come to nothing; but she had too strong and energetic a nature to waste much time in useless regrets. She went to consult a New Orleans manager she knew, who said that perhaps it was not so great a misfortune after all, for he thought she ought to be an actress and not a singer. Then he presented her to the most important man in his company to see what arrangement he could make for going on the theatrical stage. Her acting in opera had already made a good impression, and after a few rehearsals she had an engagement to play the part of *Lady Macbeth*. She was overjoyed at the idea of playing this part, in which in after years she achieved a world-wide fame. She had no suitable clothes, but she would not let that daunt her, and went at once to another actress in the city to try and borrow something to wear on this great occasion. The lady to whom she went was kind-hearted and anxious to help the

ambitious young girl; but it was a very difficult task to make the clothes that fitted her short and fat body do for the tall and, at that time, thin figure of



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Charlotte Cushman. They set to work, though, to do their best, and busily pieced down skirts, took in seams, and finally arranged a costume that they thought would do. Dress was not then regarded as so important a matter on the stage

as it is now, and people who could act were praised, regardless of the clothes they wore.

Miss Cushman's first appearance as *Lady Macbeth* was successful, but made no great sensation. The next year she came to New York to try and get an engagement. Before long she made a contract to act for three years as leading lady of the Bowery Theater; her salary was to be twenty-five dollars a week for the first year, thirty-five a week for the second, and forty-five for the third. A good actress would think such prices very small nowadays; but she was almost untried at that time, and her pay was then considered quite liberal. Miss Cushman thought so, and sent for her mother and her young brothers and sisters to come to live in New York, where she could be with them—for she was the provider and care-taker for them, young as she was.

Once again her too great energy and lack of caution got her into serious trouble; she so overworked herself in preparing for her new engagement that before the time came for her to appear she was taken seriously ill. For a long time she was unable to do anything. Though she was engaged for three years she was to play only a month just at this time in New York, and upon that month depended her whole future. When she got well enough to act only a week of her precious month was left. During that week she played a number of great parts. She began with *Lady Macbeth* and scored a success at once. But now a new trouble met her. A fire broke out in the Bowery Theater, burning the house and causing so much loss to the manager that he could not fulfil the contract he had made with Miss Cushman. This was a terrible blow to her; but she had a gallant and courageous spirit, and when she was baffled on one hand she was always ready to turn to something else.

She soon got a five weeks' engagement in Albany, and her success there was so great that she stayed on at the same place for five months. This was a great thing for her; it gave her a name with the public and some importance with managers and other actors. She had had a chance to show what she could do and had compelled admiration. She had also become more thoroughly in love with her profession than she ever was before, and had started upon that course of ceaseless study and discipline which she kept up to the end of her life, and which added greatly to her powers. Speaking of a great trouble that came to her in her young womanhood, she said: "*Labor* saved me then and always," and this was true of her in many ways. She was not a handsome woman, and yet she rose to the head of a profession in which it is said to be almost impossible for a woman to succeed without beauty. It was to her industry and ambition as much as to her genius that she owed this success.

Eight years after her appearance in New York, and when she was at the

height of her fame in this country, she went to England. There were many obstacles in her way there, and she was weeks and months in getting an opportunity to appear at all; but all was overcome at last, and when she did appear before the London public it was in a perfect triumph of success. This experience ended the period of her bitter struggles; the rest of her life is a smooth record of appreciated work in her great art.

Miss Cushman's younger sister, Susan Cushman, followed her in her choice of a profession, and the two for several years were often seen together, oftenest appearing in "*Romeo and Juliet*," Charlotte playing *Romeo* and Susan *Juliet*. Miss Cushman was said by good critics to be one of the best *Romeos* ever seen.

Her parts were many and various, but her gifts were best shown in those that demanded force rather than softness, strength rather than the display of weakness. *Queen Katherine*, *Meg Merriles*, and *Lady Macbeth* were the characters in which she was most famous in her later years, and ones in which she will always rank as the first actress of the English-speaking stage, after England's grand genius, Mrs. Siddons. She loved to act and appeared in public as long as she possibly could. Even when her playing days were past she gave readings and recitations that were attended by vast crowds of enthusiastic people.

She was admired, loved, and almost worshiped by the American public for years before her death. She had great social as well as dramatic gifts, and her company was eagerly sought by famous men and gracious women; it seemed as if all the honors that her countrymen could invent for such a favorite were heaped upon her. During the latter years of her life she suffered greatly from a cancer, but she bore her pain silently and bravely, often cheerful and joking in spite of her agony.

Charlotte Cushman was born July 23, 1816, in Boston, where she died February 18, 1876.

The most illustrious American actor now upon the stage is **Edwin Booth**. By his natural gifts, his exquisite art, and his beautiful character, he is an honor to his profession and his country, and holds a position at home and abroad that is unrivaled among American actors and eminent among all men.

He is the son of Junius Brutus Booth—a popular English actor who came to America about twelve years before his famous son was born—and is now but little past middle life, in the prime of his powers and the height of his fame. He came into the world on the night of a great meteoric shower; and the superstitious negroes on his father's place—which was then in Maryland—thought it was a sign that the baby would be "lucky," that his birth was accompanied by so many "falling stars." He was named by his father after Edwin Forrest, a great rival

at that time of the elder Booth. Edwin's little-boy days were spent in the quiet, country life of the farm, with his brothers and sisters, and when he was old enough to study he first went to a little old-fashioned country school. After awhile he was sent to a larger school at Baltimore, and when he was about fourteen years old his father began to take him with him on some of his theatrical tours. How his schoolmates did envy him these journeys, but to Edwin the novelty of them soon wore off; he would have gladly let any of the boys go in his place, for it wasn't much fun to him to have to constantly take care of and wait upon his father, who was as odd or eccentric as he was great. There were times when his father seemed almost insane, and though he was not intemperate—as many people once thought—he often behaved exactly like a man who had been drinking. The task of watching him and keeping him out of harm's way at such times now often fell upon Edwin. It was a trial for the young fellow, but he was conscientious and devoted in doing it. The father and son had a great deal of love for each other, and through many years old Mr. Booth relied very much upon his son for care and company. This sort of a life broke into the lad's studies and almost drove him to adopt his father's profession when the time came for him to take care of himself.

But Edwin Booth had a bent for the stage which was so strong that he would probably have become an actor if it had been very difficult instead of very easy for him to enter the profession. He took his first part when he was sixteen years old. It was at that famous old theater, the Boston Museum, and his part was the small one of *Tressel*, in Shakespeare's play of "Richard III." Though he had been acquainted with stage matters and stage people all his life, and was the son and constant companion of a great actor, he did not expect—as do many young people who want to be actors—to leap at once into the foremost rank of his profession; he expected to learn its details and slowly and with hard work to make his way upward. He was playing with his father, and his father was really interested in his performance, but he said very little to encourage the lad. He thought it best to let him rely upon his own judgment.

Two years he worked humbly and industriously; then he had his first important part—*Richard*—in the same play he had first appeared in. His father was announced to take the part at the old National Theater, in New York, but at the last moment the old actor declared that he was sick and could not and would not play. Everything was in confusion and everybody in despair. "Play it yourself," said the father to the son, when Edwin besought him to come to the theater; and this he finally did. He had never prepared himself to take that character, but he had heard it so often that he knew it by heart. So he put on his father's clothes, which were much too big for him, and went on the stage as *Rich-*

ard III. The audience were at first cold and curious, but before the play was over they applauded him long and loudly. It was the beginning of his success; but fame was yet far off.

Soon after this event young Mr. Booth went to a theater in Baltimore at a salary



EDWIN BOOTH.

of six dollars a week. Here he was to take different parts, but successful as he had been—youth and want of experience considered—in playing *Richard III.*, when he came to try to play different parts and different kinds of parts, he was awkward and confused and seemed an entire failure. So he had to go back to his father's company. The next year they went to California, then a new, wild country.

It proved a very unattractive place for a popular actor, and before long old Mr. Booth returned to the States, leaving Edwin to take care of himself. He had an exceedingly hard time in doing it, too. Theatrical business, in those days uncertain in the most favorable places, was extremely poor in the newly settled country of the West; and soon after his father left him the young actor started upon a most strange and varied set of experiences. Sometimes he had an engagement and money and almost as often he had neither. Once when he was very poor he took the last piece of money he had and staked it at a gambling-table and lost it. This was the first time he had ever gambled, and it was the last. He has often said since that the loss of that piece of money in that way was one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to him, as it made him detest all forms of gaming forever.

After many ups and downs he came to be a great favorite in California, and gained so much success that he was encouraged to think of coming back to New York and making another attempt before the audiences of the great city. He was very modest and did not at all believe that he could become a great star; but he hoped to be a leading man in some New York stock company, which would at least be a good position and steady employment. He returned, got a place, and put forth his effort. It was clear to every one that he would succeed—more than that, that he had a most brilliant career before him. In many of his father's parts he aroused a good deal of enthusiasm, and as soon as he played *Hamlet* the best critics in town recognized that his equal in that character was scarcely known in stage history. His graceful, slender form, his exquisite manner, his fine, melancholy face made him the very ideal of the Prince of Denmark. From that day to this *Hamlet* has been considered his greatest part, and most thoughtful critics find in him the finest *Hamlet* within the memory of his generation. He has made several professional tours through Europe and has been received with such honors and attentions as few artists of any land have been accorded.

Mr. Booth has been twice married; his second wife—once the celebrated actress, Miss McVicker, of Chicago—died some years ago, after a long illness in which her mind was much affected. For some years before her death her husband knew that she was not always entirely sane, but he did not let it become known to the world, and when strange things occurred in the family, which people did not understand and about which they gossiped, he bore blame and slander in silence, rather than let his wife's lapses of reason become public talk. After her death her friends and family told the truth, and also revealed the tenderness and devotion and the kind forbearance with which he had patiently made the best of her misfortune.

In every way Mr. Booth merits as much admiration as a man, as he wins as an

artist; and all lovers of beauty and truth must hope that it will be long before the story of his life can be completed.

Edwin Booth was born in Hartford County, Maryland, on November 13, 1833. He is still playing in one great city after another, both of Europe and America.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

The leading comedian of America is **Joseph Jefferson**, who belongs to the fourth generation of actors in the Jefferson family. His great-grandfather was in the same company for years in London with the illustrious English actor, David Garrick, and was his friend and a man of standing in his profession. It was this man's son who was the first famous "Joe" Jefferson, and who founded the American branch of the family. He came to this country near the close of the last century, and was for a long time a successful and popular actor. He had a son, named after himself, who was the father of the present "Joe" Jefferson, the greatest representative of his famous family.

This actor—who is no greater in his exquisite art than in his virtues and goodness of character—was born in Philadelphia, and made his first appearance before the footlights when he was a baby in long clothes. When he was four years old he sang and danced before an audience of theatrical people, who felt that he did “very remarkably well.” When he was eight years old he and his parents were engaged at the Franklin Theatre in New York, where he appeared in many small parts and in some that were quite important. So it was that he grew up in the theatre, as it were; and he is not known to have ever thought of following any other than the actor’s profession. Between his engagements he was sent to school, and when he was playing he was taught at home, and the learning of parts was itself good training for his mind.

Though he can scarcely remember the time when he was not on the stage, Mr. Jefferson’s first marked success was when he was about twenty-five years. It was in the New York theatre of the then famous Laura Keane, and his performance was in the comedy part of *Dr. Pangloss*, in the play of “The Heir at Law.” In this theatre Jefferson made a reputation for that delicacy and refinement of feeling that has always been a marked trait with him. Because he would not speak coarse lines, or bring low jests into his parts some unworthy actors tried to quarrel with him and make him unpopular. They nicknamed him the “Sunday-school comedian,” but Jefferson took their taunts calmly, and would not in the least alter his course. The very names of the actors who attacked him have been long forgotten, while that of Jefferson has reached an everlasting fame.

His second season in New York made him widely famous. His position was assured by the success he made in the part of *Asa Trenchard* in the play of “Our American Cousin.” In this he had a chance to be pathetic, and his exquisite pathos, his wonderful ability to bring tears and laughter at the same time is more than anything else the gift that has raised him above other comedians of his day.

Jefferson’s name is more associated with the character of *Rip Van Winkle* than with any other, though he has played many parts, and since he reached middle life, at least, he has played all of them well.

His first visit to England was made when he was about thirty-two years old. He left New York with an established reputation as a fine artist, but his greatest triumphs were still to come. He had taken the character of *Rip Van Winkle* in one way here without attracting special attention. But he felt that there was great merit in it if rightly produced, so he had the part rewritten and improved; then he gave it careful study, and finally when fully prepared he presented it on the London stage, where it met with enthuſiastic praise at once.

A great comedian—it is said—is always rarer than a great actor in tragedy;

and if ever that greatness has been presented it is in the art of this famous man. The delicacy, the humor, and the pathos, the knowledge of human nature and the sweet atmosphere of innocence and loveliness that mark Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* make it a perfect piece of acting—a true work of art, which people are the better for having seen. A celebrated preacher says that it shows better than any sermon the beauty of charity, and adds that Jefferson is the “genius which God has given us to show in the drama the power of love over the sins of the race.”

For many years after his appearance as *Rip Van Winkle* Mr. Jefferson played scarcely anything else. All the world was eager to see him in his greatest part, and would give him no chance to take up any other. It was only after nearly twenty years of constantly giving *Rip* that, a few years ago, he made his appearance as *Bob Acres* in Sheridan's play of “*The Rivals*. Since then he has often been seen in several old English comedies, always successfully, but never with the perfection with which he portrays the famous idler of the Catskill Mountains.

He has several sons, who are constantly associated with him either as actors or as his business managers; and all who know them in their family life love the Jeffersons and feel for them the respect that is due to high-minded men and women.

Honorable, and gentle, and refined are the terms applied to the great comedian by those who know him best. He is something of a painter as well as a great actor, and many of his pictures, though they are only the pastime occupation of his leisure, are really beautiful works of art, expressive of the delicacy and poetry that make him one of the most lovable of men even to the great public that sees him only over the footlights.

Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia on February 20, 1829. He is still playing, chiefly in the large cities of this country.

It has been said that the only American-born painter of real skill that lived and worked in this country before the Revolution was **John Singleton Copley**. He was a native of Boston, Massachusetts, and adopted painting as his profession when he was seventeen years old. This was twenty-one years before the battle of Lexington, when art was very little known in America and when the occupation of a painter was regarded with little favor by the practical Colonists. Throughout all the settlements there were only a few artists in the country at that time. A small number of these were Americans, and the rest were foreigners; none had any great ability. For the most part, they gave lessons and painted portraits; but none of them came within Copley's circle. He had no teachers, and it is even

said that when he took up the profession he had scarcely seen a picture of any merit besides his own.

He was a very slow worker, and labored hard over his paintings—which in his early years were mostly portraits—giving a great deal of care to all the little details of dress and surroundings. His skill was so wonderful that he soon made a great name and a good deal of money; many pupils came to him, sometimes from a distance—in those days it was more of an undertaking to go from New York to Boston than it now is to cross the continent. There are still in existence many beautiful portraits from his hand; for in those old Colonial days it was very fashionable to have the great Mr. Copley paint some member of almost every leading family in New England and New York. Beside his skill in making likenesses and in faithfully picturing the handsome uniforms of the men and the gorgeous garments of the ladies, he was remarkably correct in his drawing and made most beautiful and brilliant colors.

There was at that time very little in this country excepting patronage to encourage an artist; and so most young men who had a taste or a genius for art went as soon as possible to Europe, where they could see the work of the great masters and have association with other artists. Copley did not follow this plan until after he had been a painter for twenty years. Then, leaving his wife and family for a time, he went to England, where his name was already known and some of his work had been exhibited. He found the people ready to welcome him and to buy his pictures, and might have become very successful at once if he had stayed there. But his object was to go to Italy, and in that country he passed a couple of years in diligent study. Then he returned to England, and changing his mind about returning home, sent for his wife and family to join him—for the American Revolution had just broken out in the Colonies, and Mr. Copley felt that it was a poor time for him to go back to New York: the people had something else to do than patronize art. So he settled himself to portrait-painting in London till the trouble in his own country should be over; but he never returned to America.

The English artists and the English public treated him very well indeed; they ordered his paintings, elected him a member of the Royal Academy, and so encouraged his talents that he finally undertook history-painting, in which he soon became very successful. During the period between the two wars between England and America, he was busy with his brush, now at historical pieces, now at portraits, making a good living and enjoying the respect and friendship of some of the best people in Great Britain. The first of his famous pictures, outside of the portraits, was the "Boy and the Tame Squirrel;" and the greatest were the "Death of Major Pierson" and the "Death of Lord Chatham." It is said that scarcely any paintings of the last century rank far above these works. Our artist's election to

the Royal Academy was upon the merits of the "Death of Lord Chatham," which represents the great orator falling, just after he had made his celebrated speech upon the American War. It also contains the portraits of the most distinguished peers of Great Britain at that time.

Mr. Copley's powers always showed best in his portraits; a few of his other works have an undying merit, while many were feeble and lifeless in drawing and cold and dull in color.

' As a man, there is little known of him. We are told that he was peculiar in



JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

his dress and in his manners, fond of books, a lover of history, and well acquainted with poetry, especially the divine works of Milton.

John Singleton Copley was born in Boston, Massachusetts, July 3, 1737. He died in London, England, September 25, 1815.

The greatest historical painter of these early times, the first period in American art, was **Benjamin West**. He was one year younger than Copley and the son of a Philadelphia Quaker. He chose the artists' profession a year

before his brother-painter and was already settled in England when the Revolution broke out. From the time he was a little boy in dresses he showed a wonderful genius for making pictures of what he saw. It is said that he had never seen a painting or an engraving till he made a colored drawing of his little sister in the cradle. His parents discouraged him, but he had to keep on. His first paint was chimney-soot; but a band of wandering Indians taught him to mix rude colors from clays, such as they used to daub their faces; others he made from bark, leaves, and berries, and by grinding charcoal and chalk. Blue he got from the indigo that his mother used in washing, and his brushes were made with hairs that he pulled out of his cat's tail. When he was nine years old he painted a picture in water-colors, which in some points—he said himself in after years—he never surpassed.

The story is told of how he used to play truant from school, even when he was only nine years old, to work at his beloved pictures. As soon as he got out of sight of his father and mother he would steal up to his garret, and there pass the hours in a world of his own. At last, after he had been absent from school some days, the master called at his father's house to inquire what had become of him. This led to the discovery of his secret occupation. His mother, going up to the garret, found the truant; but she was so much astonished and delighted at the boy's work that met her view when she went into his stolen studio, that, instead of rebuking him, she could only take him in her arms and kiss him again and again.

The people of that day, especially the Quakers, looked upon picture-making as a thing that should never be encouraged; but all attempts to keep Benjamin from it were in vain. He seemed to be inspired, and many of the Friends were afraid to oppose him. Finally a public meeting was called to see what should be done with the strange child, and after talking over it a long while the good Quakers came to this decision: "To John West and Sarah Pierson a man-child has been born on whom God has conferred some remarkable gifts; something amounting to inspiration, and the youth has been induced to study painting. Such rare gifts cannot but be for a wise and good purpose. The Divine Hand is in this. We shall do well to encourage this youth." Then the lad was called in to the meeting, and, standing with his mother on one side and his father on the other, he was surrounded by the assembly, which listened while the famous John Williamson said: "This genius is given by God for some high purpose. He hath in this remote wilderness endowed with the rich gifts of a superior spirit this youth. He hath our consent to cultivate his talents for art." The meeting was then closed, and as the women passed around they kissed the young artist and the men laid their hands upon and gave him their blessing.

But Benjamin West was born to be himself whether he had the Friends' consent or not; and while the Society was considering whether they were willing to let him paint he shocked them still further by joining a military company that went out to look for the remains of Braddock's army after it was defeated by the Indians in attempting to capture Fort Duquesne.

When the lad was sixteen he had already adopted art for his life-work. In the course of two years he painted portraits in the villages near Philadelphia, made his first historical picture—"The Death of Socrates"—for a gunsmith, and then, enlarging his field, painted portraits in Philadelphia, and finally in New York. Here he met some generous merchants who felt that his remarkable gifts ought to be cultivated, and offered to help him with money to go to Italy, the land of pure art and great painters.

Being the first American artist who had ever gone to that country he was cordially welcomed in Rome. One of his patrons was Lord Gratham, of whom he made a portrait that attracted a good deal of attention, and was at first thought to be the work of Raphael Mengs, one of the first European portrait-painters of that day. His genius bloomed still finer with cultivation, and in a few years he became a member of the greatest art societies of Italy.

In 1763, after he had been three years in the land of art and sunny skies, he started for home by the way of England. The people and the artists of London received him with marked respect, paid many tributes to his skill, and finally induced him to remain with them rather than go back to America, which, dear to him though it was, was at that time but a poor field for an artist. So, sending for Miss Elizabeth Shewell, who had promised to become his wife, he decided to remain; and after a very romantic escape from her brother through the aid of Benjamin Franklin and some other friends of the young couple, the lady embarked for England, and was married to West soon after she landed.

The study in Italy had done great things for the artist's genius; he had learned more about art than he had ever before dreamed of, and feeling that he had gifts for historical painting, he had resolved to aim at that highest department of art—as it was then regarded. He had already been successful in a few such efforts in Italy, and in England his "Agrippina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus" met with great success. It attracted the attention of King George the Third, who sought the artist's acquaintance and became his friend and patron from that time forth for forty years. At the same time he held a high place in English society, and in 1792 he followed Sir Joshua Reynolds as president of the Royal Academy, but he declined the honor of being made a knight. Excepting for one year he was elected to the head of the Academy as long as he lived.

It has been said that Mr. West's extraordinary reputation—for he was the

rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and after that noble gentleman's death he was rated as the best painter of his time in England—was largely due to the quickness and ease with which he worked—so different from Copley, who was painfully slow—and to the correctness of his designs according to the standards of the Academy. The chief merits of his work were the composition and drawing; the coloring was mostly of a reddish-brown tint, neither pleasing nor like nature. While there was little that was peculiar to himself about his pictures, his works were remarkable for being almost all of equal merit: the flame of genius that burst forth in childhood burned with a broad and steady light till after he was past three score years and ten. Judges of art tell us that he never rested on other people's ideas, that his mind was as ambitious as it was grasping, and that all his fancies were true to life.

"The Death of Wolfe," one of his early pictures, formed an era in the history of British art. Against the advice of the great Sir Joshua and almost all other artists and critics, he painted this picture with the figures in the costumes of their own time—the custom before had always been to use the classical dress of the ancients. It was considered a very bold step and one that would probably hurt the artist's reputation; but it proved a great success, and Sir Joshua was one of the first to congratulate Mr. West on his experiment.

Most of his works were on subjects taken from early English history and were made for the king. He planned out a grand series of paintings illustrating the progress of revealed religion for the chapel of Windsor Castle. Twenty-eight of these were finished; but, in the first part of this century, the royal patron became insane and the Prince Regent canceled his order for the rest of the series. Mr. West was then sixty-seven years old, and felt pretty downcast over the unfortunate turn affairs had taken. It was then that his countrymen in Philadelphia showed him their appreciation by electing him, "as the most distinguished son of Pennsylvania in the ranks of art," an honorary member of their newly founded Academy of Art.

After a little time he began a new series of religious pieces, the first of which, "Christ Healing the Sick," was intended as a present to the Pennsylvania Hospital. But this was bought by the British Institute for about fifteen thousand dollars, and a copy with some alterations was made and sent by the artist to Philadelphia, where it was most cordially received and greatly admired. It may still be seen in the hospital. It is one of the few of his works to be found in America. Others are "Death on the Pale Horse"—which was the most remarkable work of the second religious series—his "Christ Rejected," and his "Cupid," all of them in Philadelphia; his "Lear" is in the Boston Athenæum and two of his pictures illustrating scenes described in Homer's Iliad are in the Historical Rooms

in New York City. Most of his pieces, the famous "Battle of La Hague," several other of his great battle scenes, and many other works, are in England, where they are preserved with great care as some of the best history pictures owned by the nation.

During a long career of almost unbroken prosperity, this industrious artist painted or sketched over four hundred pieces, many of which are of great size; and when the venerable hand was finally stilled by death it was found that he had more than two hundred drawings beside his pictures. Few men of his time were more highly respected than Mr. West. He was a thorough gentleman—honorable, kindly, and generous; outside of his ability in art, he was a man of great force of character, and his name goes down in history as that of one of the ablest and greatest men our country has produced. He never forgot his love for America. He did a great deal to help and encourage the young artists who went from here to England. Many of them would go directly to him on arriving in London, and he always gave them his friendship, influence, and aid. Often he invited them to set up their easels in his studio, giving them all the advice and instruction he could.

The loss of the king's patronage was soon made good by the honor and respect paid him by the people. He was esteemed above almost any artist of his time, both in England and America, and when death came to him at last his body was laid in St. Paul's Cathedral by the side of England's own great painters, John Opie and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Benjamin West was born at Springfield, Pennsylvania, October 10, 1738. He died in London, England, March 11, 1820.

It has been said that perhaps the first painter who gave a national turn to fine arts in America was **John Trumbull**. This handsome, courtly gentleman—the son of famous old Jonathan Trumbull, the Colonial Governor of Connecticut—was an able soldier in the Revolution; he was also a scholarly man, and among the rare few of his time who had been favored with a classical education at Harvard University.

No one thought of him as a painter until some time after he had won considerable military fame. First he was known as a high-spirited, proud, and quick-tempered young fellow, who made drawings of the British works that won for him the post of aid to General Washington; then he became a major and stormed the works of Burgoyne at Saratoga. His bravery and good soldiership brought him promotions, one after another, until he finally became a colonel. Although few people knew of him as an artist he always had a love and some talent for art; and long before he went into the war a copy of a great Vandyck, which was made

by Smybert—a Scotchman who came to this country and did a great deal for our young artists—had given him a passion for color and for the painting of historical pictures; so, when he became displeased with some act of Congress in regard to his commission and he threw it up, his first thought was to go to England and study painting. Arriving in London, he sought out his famous countryman, and was soon asked to join the company of earnest young American artists that gathered around Benjamin West, who was then about forty-two years of age and already a man of very high standing and a favorite with the king.

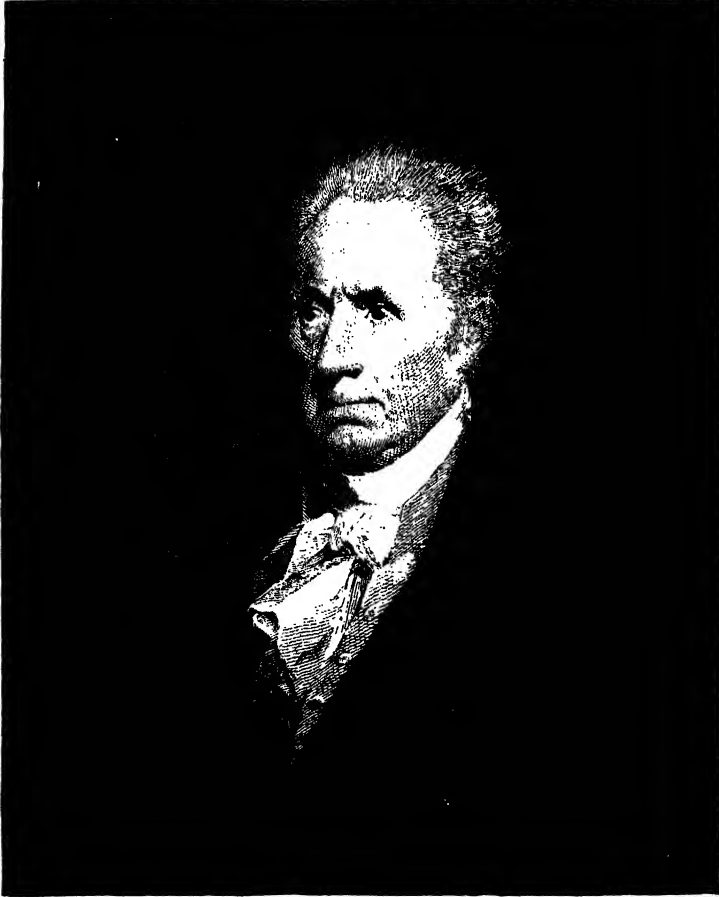
Trumbull's gifts were for portraits and historical painting, and the powerful though somewhat faulty pictures he made of Washington, Hamilton, and others, are among the most spirited works in the galleries of American art. But his masterpieces were historic scenes: "The Declaration of Independence," "The Siege of Gibraltar," and the noble canvases of the "Death of Montgomery" and the "Battle of Bunker Hill." An American writer on art says that the last two "were not surpassed by any similar works in the last century, and thus far stand alone in American historical painting. When John Trumbull painted those two pictures, he was inspired by the fires of genius for once in his life. His later historical works are so inferior in all respects as scarcely to seem to be by the same hand."

After nine years of study and work, he returned to America, but went back twice after that, one time as secretary to John Jay, then United States Minister to England. Finally, after the close of the War of 1812, he settled in this country for good, and painted the four large national pictures for the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington—the "Declaration of Independence," the "Surrender of Burgoyne," the "Surrender of Cornwallis," and the "Resignation of General Washington at Annapolis, December 23, 1783." These are chiefly valuable for their portraits.

Trumbull, like all our artists of that time, was very anxious to see this country improve in art; and it was with great joy that in the latter part of his life he saw his hope beginning to be fulfilled. He lived to see artistic taste and ability growing up among his fellow-countrymen, and also the awakening of the first feeble attempts to teach painting, engraving, and sculpture in his native land. He was one of the founders of the Academy of Fine Arts—the mother of the National Academy of Design—and was its president as long as it lived, which was nine years.

John Trumbull was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, June 6, 1756. He died in New York City, November 10, 1843.

The year 1756 was a doubly important one to American art, for it not only saw the birth of Trumbull, but of his still more gifted brother-artist, **Gilbert Stuart**, who has been ranked as “the greatest colorist and portrait-painter we have seen



GILBERT STUART.

on this side of the Atlantic.” He was born in a family of both Scotch and Welsh blood, and his father, out of loyalty to the young grandson of James II., then claiming his right to the throne of England, added the name of Charles to that of Gilbert, which had already been given to his son; but the artist himself dropped this in after years, though it is now often used as part of his name.

Like many of our early artists, Stuart showed his talent and energy while he was but a boy; he was only thirteen years old when he began to draw likenesses with black lead-pencil, and when he was eighteen he undertook serious study to prepare himself to become a painter. These early lessons were with a Scotch portrait-painter, named Cosmo Alexander, who was staying in Newport at that time. Stuart's interest in art and his decided gifts interested the Scotchman very much; he took him with him on a tour through the Southern States and finally invited him to return with him to Scotland. But they had not been there long before Alexander died, leaving his pupil in the care of Sir George Chalmers, who also died in a short time; and the poor American lad suddenly found himself entirely alone. Feeling unlike fighting his way single-handed in a strange land, he got a place before the mast and worked his passage home. Then he settled in his native town—Narragansett, Rhode Island—and without any more lessons began a successful career as a portrait-painter. He moved to Boston and finally to New York, receiving many orders and becoming quite celebrated. In the winter before the Revolution began, he and his life-long friend, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, held the first "life class" in America. Procuring a muscular blacksmith for a model they practiced together and alone the drawing of the human figure from life.

The next autumn—when Stuart was twenty-two years old—he set sail for London, where for two years he lived a wild Bohemian life, making little progress in his work and suffering much from poverty. He was a skillful musician as well as a painter, and once, when he was very poor, he was attracted in his desolate walk through the London streets by the sound of an organ in an opened church. Going in he found that several persons were playing before a committee to select an organist for the church. He asked for the privilege of playing with the others, and being allowed to do so, he was selected for the place at a salary that covered all his wants. Meanwhile he painted also, having a few sitters through the influence of Dr. Waterhouse, who was then in London also, studying medicine. But even with these chances, he had only scanty success till he met that ever-faithful friend of American artists, Benjamin West. He saw Stuart's gifts at once, offered him valuable assistance, and for several years made him a member of his own family.

Stuart was a man of fine social qualities, but his life was always marred and his work much broken by his love of liquor and gay company. In West's studio, though, he studied industriously beside John Trumbull and several other talented young artists. After a time—it was the year in which the Revolution closed—he opened a studio of his own in London, and made portraits of King George III., the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Northumberland, Sir Joshua Reynolds, John

Kemble, the great actor ; Colonel Barré, and many other celebrated persons. He rose almost as high as the great Sir Joshua as a portrait-painter, and became the first man in that branch of art in Great Britain. He went to Dublin and to Paris to paint the portraits of some great people there, Louis XVI. among others in Paris ; and in 1793, leaving Copley and West in the height of their fame in London, he returned to America—far more famous and a much better artist than when he left it. In Philadelphia, Washington, and the other chief cities of the land, he painted the portraits of the greatest men and loveliest women of the time. His studio was thronged with patrons and admirers and his genial society was welcomed in the highest circles. His best and most famous work was in the portraits of Washington. He made three original paintings and twenty-six copies of them. By all the best judges, these portraits have always been looked upon as the best likenesses and the most faithful portraits of the character of our first commander and statesman that have ever been made. Among them is the famous full-length painting which represents the great man “crowned with glory and honor, and in the majesty of a severe old age.” Others of his greatest portraits were of Jefferson and Monroe, while the famous picture of John Quincy Adams was left unfinished at his death and was completed by Thomas Sully, an English painter who worked mostly in this country and whose portraits have a rare grace and refinement.

Stuart's works are widely scattered on both sides of the Atlantic. It has been said that as a painter of heads he holds the first place among all American artists—some critics except Copley—and that his flesh coloring rivals the best work of modern times. But, unlike Copley, he gave little care to anything in the picture beside the head ; the dress and surroundings are often done in a very slovenly manner.

It is also said of him that in power of drawing and expression, and in truth and purity of color, his portraits stand almost without rival in American and European art. He had great powers of showing the character of the face he painted. Washington Allston said that he seemed to dive into the thoughts of men, for they were made to live and speak on the surface ; adding also that he was in the widest sense a philosopher in his art, thoroughly understanding its principles in harmony of colors, of lines, and of light and shadow, showing that exquisite sense of a whole which only a man of genius can realize and embody. “America has produced no painter who has been more unmistakably entitled to rank among men of genius as distinguished from those of talent.” He followed no beaten track, it has been said ; his eagle eye pierced the secrets of nature according to no prescribed rules. His last years, from 1805 until his death, were spent in Boston, continually at work, except during the times that everything was neglected in in-

temperance ; for the bad habits of the gifted artist grew stronger with his prosperity, and, clinging to him all his life, stood in the way of his ever reaching the perfection in art for which his talents fitted him.

Gilbert Stuart was born at Narragansett, Rhode Island, in 1756. He died in Boston, Massachusetts, in July, 1828.

The influences that Copley and West, Trumbull and Stuart brought into American art were English ; the Italian influence came partly from John Vanderlyn, who painted the beautiful pictures, "Ariadne" and "Marius Among the Ruins of Carthage" and the portraits of De Witt Clinton and many of our great statesmen of that day ; but not from him alone, for the works of the celebrated Southerner, **Washington Allston**, a greater artist than Vanderlyn and a man of his own time, were strongly influenced by the richness and purity of the old masters of Italy.

This artist, who made such wonderful colors that he was called the American Titian, was the son of a Carolina planter. He could scarcely remember the time when he did not love art and had not shown a talent for it. It is told that when he was five and six years old his favorite play was making little landscapes about the roots of an old tree in the country ; sometimes he would fashion a cottage out of tiny sticks, shaded by little trees, composed of small suckers gathered in the woods ; other days, his play would be to make the forked stalks of the wild ferns into little men and women, by winding about them different colored yarns. He would pretend that they were people, and would present them with pictures made of the pomegranate flower.

When he was seven years old he was sent to Newport, Rhode Island. There painting was his recreation from school duties, as it was also from the college studies that came on later. Soon after graduating from Harvard—which was in the year 1800 and when he was twenty-one—he returned to his native State and turned all his worldly goods into money to help him to learn to be a painter. This was no mean supply, for he had inherited a fortune ; and he was able at once to go to Europe, where he spent many happy years in patient labor and the faithful study of art and in the company of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and others of the loftiest men of the age. His nature has been described as pure, docile, unworldly, and full of reverence for God and Nature. Among all his noble companions he felt himself that the poet Coleridge, who was his intimate friend for many years, had had the greatest influence upon his mind. In art he was inspired most by the Italian masters, though his teachers were West and Reynolds, beside John Henry Fuseli, the follower of Michael Angelo. Vanderlyn and Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, were his intimate friends. It has been said

that no private American ever made a better or more lasting impression abroad than Washington Allston. He had a fine, noble mind, with the highest ideals, and he wrote exceedingly well both poetry and prose. But it is as a painter that he is really famous, and especially as a colorist.

After being in Europe—mostly in Rome—for about five years, he came back to America for a couple of years, married the sister of William E. Channing, and then went to England in 1811. He there entered upon his career as an artist, producing a number of works of merit, most of which were upon subjects taken from sacred history. One of these was “Uriel and the Sun,” and another, “The Dead Man Revived by Touching the Bones of Elijah,” won the great two-hundred-guinea prize of the British Institution and was bought by the Philadelphia Academy. These and the other works that came from Allston’s brush at this time “showed high imaginative power and a rare mastery of color, light, and shade.”

After about five years of excellent work and very profitable study in England, Mr. Allston went to Paris, and in the next year—1818—he returned to America and settled himself to spend the rest of his life in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts. It was here that Horatio Greenough, the ambitious young sculptor, first met him, and found in him a great master. Greenough says: “Allston taught me first how to discriminate—how to think—how to feel. Before I knew him I felt strongly but blindly as it were; and if I should never pass mediocrity I should feel that it was because of my being away from him.”

Allston’s coming back to America was an unfortunate thing for his art; though his countrymen appreciated him for the large reputation he had made in England and admired his work, he found among them scarcely any of that sort of intelligent appreciation, sympathy, and patronage which was necessary to such a sensitive nature as his, and which in Europe had been like warm sunshine to bring out his gifts. While his mind teemed with great and lofty ideals, his painting became listless and irregular; and during the quarter century that he lived here he finished nothing that could compare in importance with his earlier work. Altogether his works are not very many, but they “all bear the imprint of an original and artistic mind. The best are founded on Scriptural subjects. He also painted landscapes and sea pieces of great excellence, and in ideal portraits combined an almost unrivaled purity of flesh tints with depth and power of expression.” It has been said that it seems as if he might have made paintings of more absolute power than he did, because he left many crayon sketches and studies for paintings which are “full of fire, energy, and beauty, delicate fancy, and creative power.” Sometimes, but rarely, we “get a glimpse of the fervor and grandeur of the imagination that burned in that brain, whose thoughts were greater than its capacity for expression.”

After his return to America till his death most of his painting time was put upon the one work, "Belshazzar's Feast," which he hoped to make his masterpiece. He made the studies for it in London in 1815, and for almost thirty years he worked upon it from time to time; but, suffering often with attacks of bad health, and having an ideal that grew higher as his work went on, he had to leave it unfinished at last—a splendid specimen of his genius and a key to his life—which was greater in aspiration than in achievement. This painting is now in the Boston Athenæum, and is one of the few of his works that are owned in this country, for most of his paintings—and there is a long list of important ones made before he left Europe for good—are owned in England, where his name is now and always has been more famous than it is here.

As a man, as a poet, and as an artist, he had a soul for the Good, the Beautiful, and the True; he lacked courage and strength, but he had a noble mind. Some writer has said he accomplished so little because he thought so much.

Washington Allston was born at Waccamaw, South Carolina, November 5, 1779. He died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 9, 1843.

The year 1828 is a marked one in the history of American art; for in it the American Academy of Design was founded, and the second period in our art—the epoch of landscape-painting—began. Up to this time historical pieces and portraits, in which our artists are said to have even gone ahead of their English brethren, held the field of our arts. But now, led chiefly by that honored father of American landscape-painters, **Asher Brown Durand**, a large number of our artists turned their attention to picturing scenery; "and for forty years a long list of painters have made the public familiar with their native land and have thus at the same time roused a popular interest in art."

Mr. Durand, a son of an old Huguenot family of New Jersey, ranks with Thomas Cole, an Englishman by birth, and Thomas Doughty, who left the leather trade to become a landscape-painter, as one—and in most respects the greatest one—of the three founders of American landscape-painting. It is not in that branch of art alone that he distinguished himself. It has been said that few artists have been so successful as he in following entirely distinct branches of art. As an engraver—as his engraving of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne" shows—he has scarcely been equaled in this century; as both a designer and engraver, this country has produced no artist who could outshine the genius shown in his "Musi-dora;" in portrait-painting he took his place with some of the best; and in landscape work—which he took up in his thirty-eighth year—he "at once became not only a pioneer, but a master." For massive handling, fresh and vigorous treat-

ment of trees see—says one of our critics—a model in his “Edge of the Forest” in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington.

“The art of Durand is wholly national; few of our painters owe less to foreign inspiration. Here he learned the various arts that gave him a triple fame; here he found the subjects for his compositions; and his name is destined to endure as long as American art shall endure.”

The story of Mr. Durand’s life shows that he had more than common trials when he was striving to become an artist, and that, in spite of those trials, he did



ASHER BROWN DURAND.

an uncommon amount of good work. His first efforts were in the shop of his father, who was a watchmaker and silversmith; there he learned the use of fine artistic tools, and became acquainted with the graver. He can scarcely remember the time when he did not intend to be an engraver. When he was only ten years old he made an engraving of Washington’s head on a copper cent, which he hammered out to about the size of a silver dollar. Educating himself for his art he kept on copying pictures on metal plates till he was old enough to be apprenticed to a letter engraver of Newark, New Jersey, with whom he afterward came to New York, and finally joined in partnership, having become meanwhile a better workman than his master. The engraver’s art was but little practiced and little cared for during the first quarter of this century, and the ambitious young artist had a

hard time to make a name or much money. But he usually had plenty of work, of about all kinds, from making business-cards to illustrating Shakespeare. Among the best work that he did in these early days was the well-known portrait of Noah Webster—seen in his “Unabridged Dictionary”—and the engraving of one of John Trumbull’s masterpieces, “The Declaration of Independence,” upon which Durand spent three years of labor. Following this were portraits of the great surgeon of that day, Dr. Valentine Mott, the celebrated Philadelphia physician, Dr. Philip S. Physic, John Quincy Adams, the statesman, and Lindley Murray, the scholarly author of the “English Grammars” and “Spellers.”

Well as he did this sort of work, his aim was toward a higher and more ideal class of art; he wanted to study and to portray the human figure, and, not being able to get any living model or to find any worthy picture to copy, he designed for himself and engraved the famous and the beautiful “Musidora,” which was so little valued at the time that Mr. Durand said himself it never paid him the price even of the copper. It was a new departure, and shows what genius and what courage the artist possessed. This was finished in 1825, and after two years of work, chiefly upon engravings of the great actors of the day, he began bank-note engraving, in which he made a high reputation. “His wonderful accuracy, the cleanness of his touch, were even more effective on the harder steel than on the softer copper.” In this work it is necessary to make a delicate picture in the smallest possible space, and it has been said that there has never been an artist either at home or abroad who has been Mr. Durand’s equal in this respect. But he himself looked back upon the five years he spent in this service as years of drudgery, for his taste was to a freer kind of art. It was relief to him to change again to portrait engraving, and to work for the popular old “Annuals,” which are forgotten now excepting for the gems of American art which they contain. It is worth while to draw them from their hiding-places on the top shelves of the great libraries to see the elegance and minuteness of their pictures—a beauty that is seen in no modern American engraving.

Beside fancy portraits and figure-pieces Mr. Durand began at this time to make his first landscape engravings—an effort that was coldly received by the public, because they were on American subjects—views about home, which were not deemed worthy the trouble of an artist. But his portraits—of Miss Sedgwick, the writer; John Trumbull, Stuart’s “Washington,” John Marshall, De Witt Clinton, and many others that came from his industrious graver—were all well received. In 1835, after years of patient work and skill, his engraving of Vanderlyn’s beautiful “Ariadne” was published; it was not appreciated at first and the artist received nothing for it, but gradually its merit became understood, and it now ranks as “the highest achievement of the American burin.”

Excepting for his work on the Bryant portrait, engraved by Mr. Jones and touched up into life and character by Mr. Durand in 1860, after "Ariadne" was finished he laid aside the graver forever, having spent his boyhood and most of his manhood with it in hand, and having made by it a lasting place among the first artists of America and of his age. Now, in the prime of life, he put his labors into another branch of art, for he felt that engraving alone did not give vent to his inspiration; he must express himself in colors. The secrets of the painter had come to him as he had been teaching himself all the rudiments of engraving; and in the year 1836—when he was forty years old—he took up the brush, and during the next forty years made it the chief tool of his art. He visited Europe not long after, but soon returned to spend the rest of his working years in devotion to his newly-chosen branch of his grand profession. He painted with success portraits—notably one of his friend John Trumbull—and historical subjects, of which the "Capture of Major André" is one of the best known, and still holds its place as the true picture of that famous scene in our history. But his greater achievements were in landscape-paintings—especially scenes among the mountains, along rivers, and other portions of the then almost entirely unportrayed beauties of the United States. Little work of this kind had been done until he took it up, and by his success he opened a new era in American art.

Mr. Durand had not worked in colors long before he ranked among the greatest painters of his day—and the middle of this century saw a great many more workers and critics in art than seemed possible in the time of Copley, West, and Allston. When Professor Morse, the telegraph inventor, resigned from the president's chair in the National Academy of Design, Mr. Durand was elected to fill the place, which he did for seventeen years, resigning in the year that the Civil War broke out.

When he was seventy years old, he left New York, where he lived for a long time, and built a great, roomy house upon the site of the place where he was born, and there the remainder of his beautiful, blameless life was spent. On account of age and feeble health he laid aside his brush forever, after finishing a large landscape when he was eighty-three years old, but though his memory almost entirely left him, his love of art and enjoyment in pictures remained to the end, which came but a few weeks ago. The great, roomy studio at the top of the house, and all the rooms below were literally lined with pictures and studies, but among them all there was nothing so beautiful as the aged artist's venerable figure and noble head, crowned with the snowy locks of ninety years, and set with the mild blue eyes that lighted up with a wonderful charm the handsome, expressive features.

Asher B. Durand was born August 21, 1796, in Jefferson Village—now Maplewood, South Orange—New Jersey, where he died September 17, 1886.

Probably no American has had greater influence upon the art of this country than **William Morris Hunt**, who died only a few years ago, while yet in the prime of life. His best work was as a teacher, but he was also eminent as a painter of portraits, of history, and of what are called *genre* pictures. This is a word borrowed from the French, who use it as we use "kind" and "sort." In art it is applied to compositions or studies of the human figure which are not portraits or historical scenes, but pictures of certain types of people. They may be in single figures or in groups, and are often composed in scenes that tell some story from life. *Genre*-paintings are made of any size that the artist may choose, while portraits and historical pieces are life-size or larger.

Mr. Hunt laid the foundation of his splendid training in art by practicing modeling for five years. He modeled when he was a student at Harvard, and afterward, when forced by ill-health to leave college without graduating, he went to the famous Academy at Düsseldorf, Prussia—where many American artists have studied—and there worked at sculpture as well as at painting for almost a year. This was when he was twenty-one years old; and even then he began to see that the noblest field of art lay beyond the set rules and old methods that were insisted upon by the Düsseldorf masters; so, before very long, he left that academy for Paris. There, in the leading art center of the world, he found something of the freedom that he wanted, and placed himself under the great master of history- and *genre*-painting, Thomas Coutour. It has been said that the celebrated Frenchman probably never had a pupil who did such justice to his methods as did William Hunt. The two pictures that first made his fame—the "Prodigal Son" and the "Fortune Teller"—are said to be very much like Coutour's best work, although full of original impulse, and pathos, and beauty.

While studying with Coutour, Mr. Hunt saw the work, and was one of the first to discover the great genius of Jean François Millet, who, close to the greatest art city in the world, had toiled hard and patiently for many years without any recognition. Hunt saw in him a great, original master artist, who obeyed the voice of his own genius, scorning to turn aside into the beaten track or to follow the rules of any school, though all the critics and artists of Paris should pass him by. Soon after Hunt came to know this great, calm, faithful artist, he made arrangements to become his pupil. This was the beginning of a vast change for the now much-admired Millet, and it was a step of large importance to Mr. Hunt, and through him to American art. It has been said that through Mr. Hunt the great first principles of art began to be mastered and brought to America with the most advanced theories, truths, or discoveries in the technical part of the subject, as they had never been before. What he learned in Paris was the means of an improvement in the art of his own country never before dreamed of. He was

a man of great force of character more than of original genius; and he had the true ideas about art. He saw what it should be and what its followers should aim at, what can be done by it and what cannot. It was in all this that his years of study in Europe gave him great knowledge and judgment—more, probably, than any other American has ever had; and when he came back to the United States in 1855, he placed these rich stores within the reach of his brother and sister artists. He first made his home at Newport, Rhode Island, and then, for the rest of his life, in Boston, introducing new methods and large ideas to American artists and art lovers, and forming among them a circle of powerful influence.

There soon gathered round him a school that took in and further spread his opinions, and, in some cases, profited by his style and influence; he also was the means of sending a large number of art students to Paris and also to Munich, where they learned bolder, freer methods than those of the old school of painters, and enlarged their own ideas.

Both in Paris and in this country Mr. Hunt painted many pictures which have great merit and beauty; but "it cannot be said that he has added greatly to the sum of the world's art by anything strikingly original." The most noted of his portraits is that of Judge Shaw, in which—critics say—he does not show the influence of either of his masters. Treating it wholly in his own way, he has presented "a figure as classic in its dress-suit as if it wore a toga. It is the portrait of a stout, middle-aged man with all the experience of life in his face." (Hunt's aim was to picture the character more than the outward likeness.) Strong and impressive in painting men, he was fine, delicate, and often dreamy with women—so admirable in all, that even those who esteem portrait-painting as one of the greatest branches of art, have not hesitated to give Mr. Hunt first place in it. As a colorist, though, Washington Allston and John La Farge rank above him. Among the most famous of his *genre* work are the "Marguerites"—two pictures painted on the same outline, one with Coutour—boldly and brilliantly done—and the other with Millet—gentle, tender, and seeming to be "bathed in a sweet, mellow glow." The study is a woman, with the back toward you, standing in a field of wheat, and plucking the leaves from a daisy she holds. He also made a very successful series representing picturesque types of city life in Paris, which were lithographed and published by the artist a little more than twenty-five years ago. The "Girl with the Cat" is looked upon as another exquisite piece of drawing and color, showing very plainly the influence of Millet, as does also the "Violet Girl." Probably the "Prodigal Son" is the greatest history-picture of this artist. Its figures are wonderful character-portraits.

The last work that Mr. Hunt did was to paint the two large pictures called the

"Flight of Night" on the walls of the Assembly chamber, in the State House at Albany, New York. These were made from one of the first designs he ever modeled, and are reckoned the finest of all his works.

"As a draughtsman no one is better, and this, along with his keen feeling," gives him a great power as a portrait-painter. He seems to know the whole range of human emotions. The subtlety and tenderness in some of his women's faces, the innocence and pathos of his children, the complexity of the man of the world, the power and impulse of genius—all these we note as we turn from portrait to portrait. He seems to have looked at his sitter with no prejudice and painted him as he really was."

The greater number of his pictures are on exhibition in Boston; a few are scattered in different collections throughout the country, but many of them were burned in the great Boston fire of 1872, which swept away his studio with so much other valuable property in its headlong tide of destruction.

William Morris Hunt was born at Brattleboro', Vermont, March 31, 1824. He died at the Isles of Shoals, New Hampshire, September 8, 1879.

Among the other prominent American artists of recent times Eastman Johnson is thought to stand foremost in American *genre*-painting. He "was among the first to recognize in American life the picturesque and characteristic traits which our artists were once fain to see abroad. Thanks to his admirable example, American *genre*-painting now rivals that of any European nation in variety and excellence, and gives promise of greater triumphs in the future." (Mr. Johnson was born in Maine in 1824, and now lives in New York City.) William H. Beard—famous for his excellent and often witty bear pictures—ranks as the best painter of animals in America, and one who is unexcelled abroad. Beside these there are the names of John F. Kensett—who died in 1872—Sanford R. Gifford, and R. Swain Gifford among the most original landscape-painters, while along with them are many others distinguished in both landscapes and marine pieces. Among historical painters of recent times the most vigorous work and the greatest number of pictures have come from Emanuel Lentz, whose "Washington Crossing the Delaware" is well known from engravings.

Many of our artists have done their best work and made themselves a lasting name by illustrating papers, magazines, and books. Among these the most celebrated are Felix O. C. Darley, of Philadelphia, who was one of the first artists to draw for engravers, and who will ever be famous for his illustrations for the works of Irving, Cooper, Longfellow, and others; Thomas Nast, whose cartoon sketches for *Harper's Weekly* have been one of the most powerful political influences of the age; C. S. Reinhart, who, for many years, has been making some of

the best sketches of people, for a great variety of different stories, articles, and poems that have appeared in our books and magazines; and Edwin A. Abbey, who is much younger than Reinhart, and shows a greater ability than almost any illustrator of his time. He is also a very successful *genre*-painter in water-colors. Beside these there are W. H. Gibson, famous for out-of-door sketches; George H. Boughton, Frederick Diehlman, Howard Pyle, and many others.



ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

(From a portrait engraved by himself in his eighty-fourth year.)

Along with these artists and of equal importance to this branch of art are our wood-engravers, of whom there are now many. William Linton, Thomas Cole, Davis, Yuengling, being only a few of the most prominent ones. The leader in these ranks, which have now grown very large, was **Alexander Anderson**. He was the first—and perhaps the greatest—wood-engraver of America. From before the beginning of this century, and almost till it turned upon its last quarter, the mysterious little monogram, “A. A.” kept steadily appearing in its quiet corner on many hundreds of pictures, especially the illustrations in school-books.

Alexander Anderson came into the family of the “rebel printer” of a republican paper in New York while the smoke of Lexington and Concord was still in the air, and was taken away to Connecticut by his father when he had to flee for his life with his printing establishment, upon the taking of New York by the British. After the trouble was over, though, the family returned and Alexander Anderson’s birthplace was his life-long home.

He was an engraver born; he loved art as soon as he knew enough to love anything; and he began to use the graver when he was only twelve years old. Being too timid to ask questions, he used to peep into the shop-windows of jewelers and silversmiths to see how they lettered spoons and ornamented other gold and silver articles; then getting one of the big copper cents, that were common in those days, rolled into a thin sheet, he would work on it as he saw the engravers work through the windows. In this way he taught himself the art of the burin. Another matter that he was deeply interested in, in these school-boy days, was medicine; and a good deal of his drawing and engraving was done in copying the anatomical figures from medical books. His father—an able, sensible Scotchman—did not think very highly of Alexander's fondness for art, but he was pleased that he liked medicine, and encouraged him to study to become a physician; and so he did, going to Columbia College, and receiving his degree of M.D. when he was twenty-one years old. It is said that the theories and opinions upon the causes and cure of chronic mania which were contained in the essay that he read when he received his degree have long been established facts in medical science. He began to practice medicine at once; but he had not given up drawing and engraving meanwhile. By the time he was seventeen years old he had done considerable work for newspapers and had made so much progress in art that he was employed by a New York bookseller to copy some illustrations made by the celebrated English artist, Thomas Bewick, the father of modern wood-engraving. Up to this time Anderson's engraving for newspapers had been on type-metal, and he had no idea that wood was used for the purpose. When about half the Bewick illustrations were finished, he was told that the Englishman's pictures were engraved on boxwood. Then Anderson's should be. He procured some wood at once, invented proper tools, and, "to his great joy, he found this material more agreeable to work upon and more easily managed than type-metal."

This was a wonderful discovery, and the happy artist devoted a great deal of his time after that to practicing his new-found art. "At the beginning of his practice in medicine he drew and engraved on wood in an admirable manner a full-length human skeleton from 'Albinus's Anatomy,' which he enlarged to the length of three feet," and which is said to be the largest fine and careful engraving on wood ever attempted—"one which has never been excelled in accuracy of drawing and characteristic execution."

When he was twenty-three, Dr. Anderson met with a sad loss in the death of all his family. Home and happiness were broken up, and leaving New York he went to the West Indies, making a long visit with his uncle. But finally he resolved to come back to New York, and on his return he gave up medicine for engraving, which was his life-work for almost three score and ten years.

He studied with an eminent Scotch artist in New York and became a successful engraver on copper, making several pictures which gave him a lasting fame; notably the frontispiece in Robertson's "History of Charles V.," and a portrait of Francis I., which were published in 1800. Then he set up for himself and did work on both wood and copper until the year 1830. He illustrated one of the earlier editions of the famous Webster spelling-book, now published by the Appletons; and years after, when Dr. Anderson was the most venerable, as well as the most famous member of his profession, he engraved a new set of pictures for a more fully illustrated edition of the Speller, which was still as popular as ever. The pictures were made by one of his own early pupils—who at this time was a man seventy years old.



THE FIRST WOOD-CUT MADE IN AMERICA.

During his long and busy life, Dr. Anderson engraved many thousand subjects. After 1812 he worked only on wood, and his skill with that became as great as with his metal plates. He illustrated many standard works, and was for a number of years employed upon the publications of the American Tract Society, only retiring from that house in 1865, when he was ninety years old. He kept his skill and mental powers almost unimpaired during all that time; and, until within the last sixteen years, it was not uncommon in and about New York to see his venerable, thick-set figure—which was never quite up to medium height—and to see his benevolent, kindly face among the younger men and women on the crowded streets. He was "extremely regular and temperate in his habits, genial in thought and conversation, and uncommonly modest and retiring."

Alexander Anderson was born in New York City, April 21, 1775. He died in Jersey City, New Jersey, January 17, 1870.

"The list of American sculptors embraces a number of eminent names, beginning with that of **Horatio Greenough**, from whose hand came the first marble group made by an American." He was a Boston man, who was fortunate in having a good education to start with in life, and the helpful interest of Washington Allston to assist him in art. Leaving college before he graduated, he went to Rome when he was about twenty years old, and there devoted himself to his chosen branch of art. He returned to America several times and filled a good

many orders here, but for the most part his life was spent in earnest study and hard work in Florence, Italy. As the first of American sculptors he won a great name, but much of his work has not the merit to make his fame lasting. He was certainly a man of intellect and culture, with a strong love for art; but as a sculptor his natural gifts were not so great as those of others who soon came after him. He designed the Bunker Hill Monument, by which—it has been said—he will be known the longest. He made a number of good busts of some of the leading men of his time—James Fenimore Cooper, John Quincy Adams, John Marshall and others—and soon after settling in Florence he made the “Chanting Cherubs” for Cooper, who was one of the first of his patrons. The most important order though, that he carried back with him after his first visit home, was the much-criticised statue of Washington which faces the main doorway of the Capitol at Washington from across the broad front carriageway. The bas-reliefs on the throne-like chair are really fine, and perhaps the half-nude Roman attire would seem less ridiculous upon our great hero and statesman if the statue had been placed where Greenough expected it to be—under the dome of the Rotunda. His group called “The Rescue,” on the portico of the Capitol, is liked scarcely better than the Washington—so much nobler and more fitting a thing seems demanded in that prominent place. Mr. Greenough came here from Florence to oversee the raising of this piece to its place, but there was much delay about the work of moving it, and before it could be set up, he died of brain-fever. He was in the midst of his work when this sad stroke came upon him; he had just begun a course of art lectures in Boston and left the sketches for twenty years of work planned out ahead of him. He wrote several essays on matters of art, and was really greater as a critic of art than as an artist; but his name will always be remembered and honored as the father of American sculpture.

Horatio Greenough was born in Boston, September 6, 1805. He died at Somerville, Massachusetts, December 18, 1852.

The year which saw the birth of Horatio Greenough saw also that of his greater brother-sculptor, **Hiram Powers**. He, too, was a native of New England—from the Green Mountain State—but life presented a rougher road to him than to Greenough. While the Boston lad was preparing for and attending college, and studying under Allston, Powers was fighting his way in an emigrant’s settlement out in Ohio. He passed through a poor district school, a clerkship in a store, an apprenticeship in a clockmaker’s shop; and, after learning to model figures in clay from a German sculptor he met, he became the superintendent of the wax-work department of the Western Museum at Cincinnati. After seven years in this position—when he was thirty years of age—he went to Washington

and there built up quite a business at modeling in plaster the busts of the noted people in the city. His skill had already attracted a good deal of attention and interest, and won for him several friends. One of these was Mr. Nicholas Longworth, a Cincinnati millionaire, who believed that the talented modeler had



HIRAM POWERS.

unusual gifts for art, and sent him to Italy to study. Powers went to Florence where Greenough was already settled, and from that time the beautiful art city on the Arno was his home, as long as he lived. He studied and worked very earnestly, and made so much of his talents and all the chances that Florence affords that before long he became known as a great artist.

All his work has a peculiar delicacy and refinement that makes it distinct from all other American sculpture. The statues of "Eve," the "Greek Slave," the "Fisher Boy," "Il Penseroso," "California," "America," and the "Indian

Maiden; "those of Washington, Webster, and Calhoun are all considered fine pieces of art work, and so are the busts of "Proserpine," Adams, Jackson, Webster, Calhoun, Chief Justice Marshall, Edward Everett and Martin Van Buren. The two most important ideal pieces are "The Last of His Tribe," and a "Head of Jesus Christ." Among these are some of the most famous pieces of modern statuary. This artist has left a great legacy to his profession in his invention of a process of modeling in plaster, which does away with the need of taking a clay model, and so makes the labor of the sculptor much easier and quicker.

Hiram Powers was born near Woodstock, Vermont, in July 29, 1805. He died at Florence, Italy, June 27, 1873.

Thomas Crawford, of New York, though younger than Powers by almost ten years and outliving by him sixteen years, has a name among the foremost sculptors of this century that even the celebrated author of the "Greek Slave" does not outshine. His style is massive and imposing, in the strongest contrast to the fine, delicate work of Powers; but there is always a perfect harmony about his figures that keeps them from ever seeming to show any exaggerations. It has been said that Crawford held among our sculptors a place like that of Allston among our early painters. "There is a classic majesty about his works, a sustained grandeur that is warmed by a sympathetic nature. He had what most of our sculptors have lacked—genius. Were he alive to-day, when a new order of sculpture is bursting its bonds, he would have few peers."

His real art-education began about fifty years ago when he was a lad of twenty, who, having made his way to Italy and presented a letter of introduction to Thorwaldsen, was invited to work in the studio of the great Danish sculptor. He was a courageous worker and dearly loved his art. At home in New York, during all his boyhood, he had spent a great deal of time in making drawings and wood-carvings; then at the age of eighteen he had found a place with some sculptors of monuments, and in the two years that he had stayed with these men he had not only made several designs for monuments, but had worked upon some portrait busts of Chief Justice Marshall and other men of the time. But in Italy, his aim was for the truest, highest art he could attain. It was soon plain that he had genius as well as great ability, but he felt that he could only succeed by incessant labor; so he worked cheerfully and bravely year after year, though for a long time the orders that he received for portrait busts and copies of statuary in marble scarcely brought him money enough to pay for his living and buy his materials. But one day, in about the year 1840, the eye of an American sight-seer in Rome fell upon one of his groups and from that moment the patient, conscientious work of Thomas Crawford, which for so long had been going on un-

known to the world, began to reap its reward. The American tourist was young Charles Sumner, the man of taste and culture, the polished gentleman of Boston's best society; the group was Crawford's "Orpheus," representing the young lyre-player entering Hades in search of his wife, Eurydice. Mr. Sumner was so impressed by the beauty and the artistic genius shown in this piece that he resolved at once that America should hear of the gifted man who had produced it as soon as he returned. He carried out his purpose, raised a subscription among his friends and ordered of Mr. Crawford a copy of the "Orpheus" in marble—which now stands in the Boston Athenæum. When this was finished it was sent to Boston with several other pieces of the sculptor's work and placed on exhibition. Mr. Crawford, his genius, and his beautiful statuary suddenly became the topic of the time, and his countrymen were unstinting toward him in their praise, their appreciation, and their handsome support. This exhibition was an event that formed an epoch in his life.

After this he was able to give more time to original work: before, he had had to do a great deal of copying to earn money enough to pay his way. He fitted up a large studio in Rome; and, his industry seeming to grow with his good fortune, during the years that followed, he did the greatest amount of the most of the purely classic work of his life. Many of his pieces were subjects taken from poetry and mythology, but the most famous probably was a series of bas-reliefs from the Scriptures.

In 1844—when he was thirty years old—he came back to America for a time, married, and left behind him the famous bust of Josiah Quincy, Jr., which he modeled for the library of Harvard University, but which is now in the Athenæum. When he returned to Europe it was with many orders for new works; so that when he again came here, five years later, it was with greater fame than ever. It was while on this visit that he happened to see in a newspaper the proposals for the monument to Washington, to be set up by the State of Virginia. Preparing a model, he sent it to the committee, who unanimously accepted it as the best offered.

One other visit he made to America in 1856, leaving his family here, and returning alone to Rome. The rest of his life—until in his last years he became blind, and a great sufferer from a tumor on the brain—he was a most faithful and industrious worker. He turned out a vast quantity of pieces, all of which bear the stamp of genius, of original invention and fresh thought, though the manner in which some of them are done—what artists call the "treatment"—is often criticised.

When, in the prime of his busy life, Mr. Crawford's illness came on, he had made over sixty finished pieces—many of them colossal in size—while fifty

sketches in plaster and designs of various kinds stood waiting for the development of his ideas or the touch of his skilful hand. Beside the "Orpheus"—generally said to be his best work—and the bust of Quincy, among his most noted pieces are the statue of Washington on horseback, at Richmond, Virginia, and the colossal statue of Beethoven in the Boston Music Hall. In Central Park, New York, there are eighty-seven casts of his pieces, and many other large cities in the country possess both originals and copies of his best works. The Capitol at Washington is the richest of all places in Crawford's sculpture. In the Hall are statues of Channing and Henry Clay, on the doors are his bronze groups in relief, picturing the American Revolution—believed by some people to be his masterpieces—on the pediment are his figures representing the progress of civilization in America, while above them all, on the summit of the dome, where her stateliness and grace is quite out of sight, stands his colossal marble figure of armed Liberty.

The last years of Mr. Crawford's life were very sad; they were clouded by illness and great suffering. In vain he went from one place to another, consulting the best physicians in the world, dying at last in London away from his Roman home and friends, and away from his family and his native land.

Thomas Crawford was born in New York City, March 22, 1814. He died in London, England, October 10, 1857.

It has been said that no living American artist holds a more prominent position in the world or shows more ability to do many things well than the sculptor, musician, and author **William Wetmore Story**. He is the son of grand old Judge Story, and possesses a goodly fortune and a fine education. After graduating from Harvard College in 1836—when he was twenty-one years old—he studied law, was admitted to the bar in Boston, and by writing several law-books became quite noted in that profession during the next ten years.

Before he was thirty years old he had written and published two volumes of poems—some of which are truly beautiful—and had also told the story of his noble father's life in two volumes. The next thing he did was to go to Rome and devote himself to sculpture for which he has had great love and a marked talent ever since he was a boy. Giving himself very earnestly to this he soon won much success, and it has even been said by a leading London journal that, after the celebrated Welshman, John Gibson, he is the greatest sculptor of the English-speaking race.

He has made many fine portrait pieces, among which are a sitting statue of his father, which is now in the chapel of Mount Auburn Cemetery; statues of George Peabody, Josiah Quincy, and Edward Everett; and busts of James Russell Lowell and Theodore Parker. He has also done several ideal works of great

merit, among which are the "Shepherd Boy," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Sappho," "Jerusalem"—said to be the noblest of all—a "Sibyl," and the three famous pieces in the Metropolitan Museum, of New York, "Medea," "Semiramis," and "Cleopatra." His most perfect work is said to be "Salome." The opinion of Mr. Story in America differs from that of the London journal. One of our critics says that the very best of his works show more the talent of a rich and highly cultivated mind than the pure flame of genius. They are beautiful; we admire them a great deal; but they do not make us enthusiastic.

W. W. Story was born at Salem, Massachusetts, February 12, 1819. He is now living in Florence, Italy.

Among several American women whose genius or skill has won for them a noted place among sculptors, the greatest is **Harriet Hosmer**, a native of Massachusetts, who has lived in Italy ever since she took up the profession of art. Her fame ranks next to that of Mr. Story, and her work is all strongly marked by her own individual thought and imagination. Her taste for sculpture showed itself when she was a lively, romping girl, riding horseback, hunting, rowing, skating, swimming—and enjoying all sorts of out-of-door sports, in which few could excel her. Her art work began with modeling in clay; and when she decided to become a sculptor, her father—who was a physician—taught her to study all the parts of the human body, and afterward sent her to the medical college at St. Louis. She was only twenty years old when she returned home from this course; but even then she did such an excellent piece of modeling in her first work—"Hesper"—that it was decided to send her to Rome, where her gifts could be made the most of; and there, in the grand old art city, she first studied under Gibson, and has since lived and worked for over twenty years.

The most famous of her pieces are "Medusa," the much-admired statue of that famous woman of Florentine history, "Beatrice Cenci," which is now in the Mercantile Library of St. Louis; "Zenobia in Chains," a majestic figure which Miss Hosmer made her greatest undertaking, and in which she tried to express her ideal of a woman and a queen. Others of her most noted pieces are the popular little "Puck," of which about thirty copies were made, one being ordered by the Prince of Wales; the "Sleeping Sentinel," and the "Sleeping Fawn."

Miss Hosmer was born at Watertown, Massachusetts, October 9, 1830.

Miss Emma Stebbins, the friend of Charlotte Cushman and the author of the "Life" of that celebrated actress, is another sculptor of note; Mrs. Freeman, of Philadelphia, has also done some beautiful works, and Miss Whitney, one of the few who have returned from Italy to work in this country, has achieved

marked success, especially in the statue of "Rome" mourning over her past glory; "Africa," and a statue of Samuel Adams, now in the Capitol at Washington.

Most Americans and many good foreign critics think that our greatest living sculptor is **John Quincy Adams Ward**, who did some of the finest and most striking of his works without having had any of the foreign education that is deemed necessary to properly understand art. Mr. Ward is certainly the most thoroughly American of all our sculptors. He is an Ohio man by birth, and at first he thought he would become a physician, but, having a special gift for art, he broke off his medical studies when he was twenty years old and went into the studio of Henry Kirke Brown, one of the best sculptors in the country. After spending six years of study and encouraging work with Mr. Brown, Mr. Ward went to Washington, and after that—in the year in which the Civil War broke out—he opened a studio in New York, where he soon won a fame not only greater than that of his teacher, but in the minds of many persons greater than that of any other American sculptor of his time.

"Mr. Ward is one of the more vigorous and individual sculptors of the age. While he is well acquainted with foreign and antique art, he had worked at home and has drawn his inspiration from the art and nature of his own land. He has a mind overflowing with resources, and his fancy is never still."

Beside his statues of Fitzgreen Halleck, Shakespeare, "The Private of the Seventh Regiment," and the "Indian Hunter" in Central Park, he has many pieces that are marked by great ability. The best of all perhaps is the bronze statue of Washington at Newburyport, Massachusetts. "There is in this statue, which is colossal in size, a sustained majesty, dignity, and repose, and a harmony of design rarely attained in modern sculpture."

Mr. Ward is now in the prime of life; he has long enjoyed the friendship, the appreciation and respect of his fellow-artists in New York, and in 1874 was honored with the election to the office of President of the National Academy of Design. J. Q. A. Ward was born at Urbana, Ohio, June 29, 1830.

BUSINESS MEN.

THE extent and wealth of American business enterprise, especially in foreign trade, has been remarkable from almost the beginning of Colonial times. Before the Revolution our commerce was large and powerful. In its annals are found the names of some of our most successful men—great in force of character, powers of mind, honor, and good works; and it is to them as much as to any class of our citizens that the United States owes its growth and its standing among the nations of the world.

Most of our greatest business men made their mark after our country gained its independence. While Washington, Hamilton, and Jefferson were building up the nation, and Jackson, Scott, Decatur, and Perry were fighting for its rights on land and sea, they were toiling to establish its commerce and trade. Some headway had already been made. A few important business-houses had been established before the Revolution, and were doing a large and profitable trade at home and with foreign countries. Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution was one of these.

Another was **Elias Haskett Derby**, of Salem, Massachusetts. He was probably the most important and the most respected New England merchant of his time. About five years younger than Morris, he had a tall, handsome figure, an elegant carriage, and the grave, dignified manner of a thorough gentleman of the olden time. He was an earnest, industrious worker, and gained his education and much of his good standing by his own efforts, for his father, a sea-captain and a merchant, was not a wealthy man, and called upon Elias's help while he was still a growing boy. With few chances for education he made himself a scholar, and soon took charge of his father's books, wrote his letters, and attended to the accounts of the family.

All this he did so well that he soon had a good deal of responsibility for his father, and for himself, too, for he married very young. From the time he was twenty-one until he was thirty-seven—that is, from 1760 till the Revolution broke out—he not only had full care of his father's books, but of his wharves and other

property, while he was also in business on his own account. At the beginning of the war he owned seven sailing vessels in the West India trade, and had a capital of fifty thousand dollars. This made him one of the rich and important men of the colony. In those days Salem was a great port. Boston only was greater in New England, and but few others were equal to it in all the Colonies.

Mr. Derby's life was a private one; he rarely if ever held a public office, yet he was known and honored, not only in his native town and throughout the Colony, but in many far-off ports where he took or sent his vessels.

There is no one who did more than he to improve the shipping and extend the commerce of the country, nor who has had a stronger or better influence on the young men who became masters and merchants after him.

He is honored, too, as a patriot; for while most of the rich men of Massachusetts sided with the mother country during the Colonies' troubles, Mr. Derby kept with the Americans, though it was the worst thing he could do for his business. And he did more than side with the Revolutionists; he helped them. At the time of the battle of Lexington, he loaned to the Government a large portion of the supplies for the army; and three years later, when General Sullivan marched into Rhode Island, he supplied the troops with boats to cross from the mainland to the island on which Newport stands. He also furnished coal to the French fleet.

During the first year of the conflict, he tried to carry on his business as if there were no war, but his trade was about ruined, and much of his property was destroyed, for the British cruisers did not spare the merchantmen of the rich Salem master. He found that he should either have to turn his vessels into privateers—that is, to obtain from Congress or the State the right to capture British merchant vessels—or else give up the sea-trade, which he and his fathers had followed for half a century. “Boston and New York”—history says—“had been occupied and nearly ruined by the enemy. Newport, Philadelphia, Savannah, and Charleston soon shared their fate; and the main reliance of the country to keep up its intercourse with Europe, for supplies of arms and military stores, was on the shipping of Salem and a cluster of small ports around it.” This demand was not felt in vain; there were rich ship-owners and good seamen to answer their country's unspoken call to resist the deeds of the British upon the high seas. Mr. Derby was foremost among them, and did a large share in fitting out and arming over a hundred and fifty private vessels that were sent out from Salem after the first year of the Revolution. These vessels did excellent service. Some few met with a sad fate, but altogether they captured almost three British ships to every one they lost from their own fleet. As the war went on, Mr. Derby saw the importance of speed in vessels, and before long he set up a navy yard, building a class of vessels much larger in size, finer in make, and of greater speed than any

the Colonies had ever before had. They were in every way able to hold their own with the British sloops of war, which was a wonderful advance in American ship-building, and of great value just then to American independence.

For himself, Mr. Derby made no effort to grow rich at privateering, as many ship merchants did, but he was fairly successful, and at the close of the war he had four good ships in place of the seven sloops and schooners that he owned when the conflict began. But privateering gave him an experience which was of more value to him than its prizes. It taught him a great deal about commerce, and as soon as the welcome peace was declared, he started into new paths of his former



ELIAS HASKETT DERBY.

business. In knowledge, in courage and enterprise, and in vessels, he was now fitted for something beyond the humble trade he had carried on before the war, and was ready for ventures that he had never thought of before. His first step was to open trade with St. Petersburg. Then looking about toward other countries, and finding that other merchants were filling the small trade between the Southern States or West Indies and London, France, and Spain, he resolved to start in toward the East, and take his place with the incorporated companies of France, England, Holland, and Sweden. He became "the father" of American commerce in India. He sent out a good ship to Cape Town and the coast of Africa on a great but successful venture, selling a cargo and bringing back ivory and gold-dust from Africa, and sugar and cotton from the West Indies; but not a single

slave, for Mr. Derby said he would rather sink all the capital he had put into his ship than to be in the slightest way connected with this trade in human beings. This, too, when slave stealing and trading were common, and when America was about the greatest market for them in the world.

He learned more about the wants and the prices of the India market from this expedition than he gained in actual profit, and from that time on, he sent out many ships to several great ports of India, and finally to China. He became one of the most important shipping merchants of the time, leading the way for many others, until our nation became known and respected in the commerce of the world. Others soon followed Mr. Derby's example in going to China, and by the year 1791 there had been fifteen American vessels in Canton. But for a long time he kept the lead. He carried on a great India trade for eleven years, bringing cargoes to Boston and Salem from many famous ports in the East, or carrying them to important merchants of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Richmond, for this great ship-master supplied Oriental goods to some of the largest houses in this country, beside carrying on considerable trade with almost all the important ports of Europe.

He supplied American commerce with trained seamen as well as ships. At the beginning of this century there were few officers in the country able to take charge of an Indiaman on such long, untried voyages as he planned, so he had lessons in navigation given to many lads of the town at his own cost, and those who gave promise were put upon his ships. After a fair trial, all that showed tact and ability were soon given command at liberal salaries and an interest in the voyages.

He gave a great deal of thought to improving ship models and to all other matters connected with the progress and improvement of the great business of foreign trade. Without having any scientific knowledge about the building and sparring of ships he was an excellent natural judge of models and proportions, and had better success in his efforts to make swift sailing vessels than had any one else in this or any other country.

"To him," says one of the men of his time, "our country is indebted for opening the valuable trade to Calcutta, before whose fortress his was the first vessel to display the American flag; and, following up the business, he reaped golden harvests before other merchants came on the field. The first American ship seen at the Cape of Good Hope and the Isle of France belonged to him, and so did the first that carried cargoes of cotton from Bombay to China, and his were among the first which made a direct voyage to the Celestial Empire and back. He continued to carry on a successful business on an extensive scale in those countries until the day of his death. In the transaction of affairs abroad he was liberal—very much

more so than modern shipping merchants—always desirous that every one, even the foremast hands, should share the good fortune to which he pointed the way; and the long list of masters of ships who have made ample fortunes in his employment is a proof both of his wisdom in living and his generosity in paying them.” While the whole course of his life was devoted to his business with its many cares, responsibilities, and large interests, Mr. Derby was also a liberal and public-spirited man. He spent a great deal of money to improve and enlarge the importance of Salem, to improve the defenses and the commerce of the country, and some of his large loans to the Government were for over sixty years unpaid to himself or his heirs, either in principal or interest. From about ten years before the close of the last century, as long as he lived, Mr. Derby kept up a correspondence with Benjamin Goodhue and Fisher Ames, members of Congress, and through them he did a great deal to influence the laws that were made in regard to commerce during that time. When President Adams ordered a navy built, Mr. Derby was one of the foremost men to make up a subscription for Salem’s share; and it was from the yards there that the famous frigate *Essex*—built by Enos Briggs—was launched. She was the fastest ship and also one of the cheapest in the navy. She captured about two million dollars’ worth of property from the enemy, was commanded by Captain Porter, then one of the most gallant sailors in the service, and, when she was taken at a disadvantage by an enemy larger than herself, her commander and crew fought a battle which did honor to the country. Although she was afterward captured in neutral waters in the Pacific, it was not until after one of the most savage and desperate struggles of all recorded in the history of the War of 1812.

The last ship Mr. Derby sent out was a noble merchantman in command of his son, who had an eventful and most successful voyage with her to the Mediterranean, and did not return until her master had passed away from life. His estate was worth over a million of dollars. This, it is said, was the largest fortune left in this country during any part of the last century. It had been honorably made, by enterprise, care, and good judgment, and a good management that saved him many severe losses. His enterprise and wisdom in matters of commerce were above those of any other man of his time, and it is even said that few sea merchants, if any, have ever been greater than he.

The large fortune and great business name he left behind him was stamped with the still nobler reputation of integrity, liberality, and high honor as a merchant and as a man.

Elias H. Derby was born August 16, 1739, in Salem, Massachusetts, where he died about the 8th of September, 1799.

When the patriots of America were in the last year of the Revolutionary War, **John Jacob Astor**—afterward the wealthiest man in the United States—was a sturdy lad of seventeen, just leaving his father's house in the German village of Waldorf, near Heidelberg. He carried with him a bundle of clothes and two dollars in money, and was further fitted to make his way in the world by a good, plain education, a strong constitution, plenty of common-sense, no bad habits and some very good ones. "Soon after I left the village," he said, "I sat down beneath a tree to rest, and there I made three resolutions—to be honest, to be industrious, and not to gamble." He got work on a raft going down the Rhine, for which he received ten dollars at the mouth of the river. This took him to London, where he had a brother who made musical instruments for a business. Two years were spent with the London brother, and at the end of that time John Jacob had learned to speak English, found out a good deal about musical instruments, got a good suit of clothes and seventy-five dollars in money. Twenty-five of the dollars bought seven German flutes of the elder brother, and twenty-five more paid for a steerage passage to America. On the voyage he became acquainted with a German who had been engaged in buying furs from the American Indians and told young Astor a great deal about how to carry on that business, so that he resolved to try it himself. In New York, the two ship-companions went to the house of another brother of Astor's, who was a prosperous butcher. There the prospects for the young man were talked over, and the men decided that he had better find employment with some good furrier for a time, until he got a practical knowledge of the business. He went earnestly to work, and not only learned the value and the quality of furs, and how to take care of them, but all the details of curing and preserving them. From the trappers that came to the store, he learned the habits and the haunts of furred animals and the best way of securing them. By carefully attending to his business and making himself useful to his employer in every way possible, he rose from one position to another, until he was even trusted to undertake the important errand of going to Montreal to buy furs. Now the advice of his German ship-companion came into use. He had said to buy trinkets, go among the Indians, make the best bargains he could, and secure the furs on the spot. Astor found that the suggestions were very useful, and he was much pleased with his success in following them. When he returned, his employer was surprised at the great amount of skins, or peltries, he had been able to get for the small amount of money he had spent.

By the time Mr. Astor was twenty-three years old, he felt that, having carefully studied the fur-trade in all its details, and having had success in his practical experience in buying, he was ready to set up a business of his own. He took a small store in Water Street, which he stocked with toys and other articles that

the Indians liked to get. The store was small ; he had no help—although he soon took a partner—and the whole stock was worth only a few hundred dollars.



JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

When there were not many pelts coming in he shouldered a pack of trinkets and some useful things and went out among the Indian farmers and trappers, which were then numerous enough in Central New York. Usually he was soon able to buy up or barter a good stock of peltries. Then he would go back and cure them

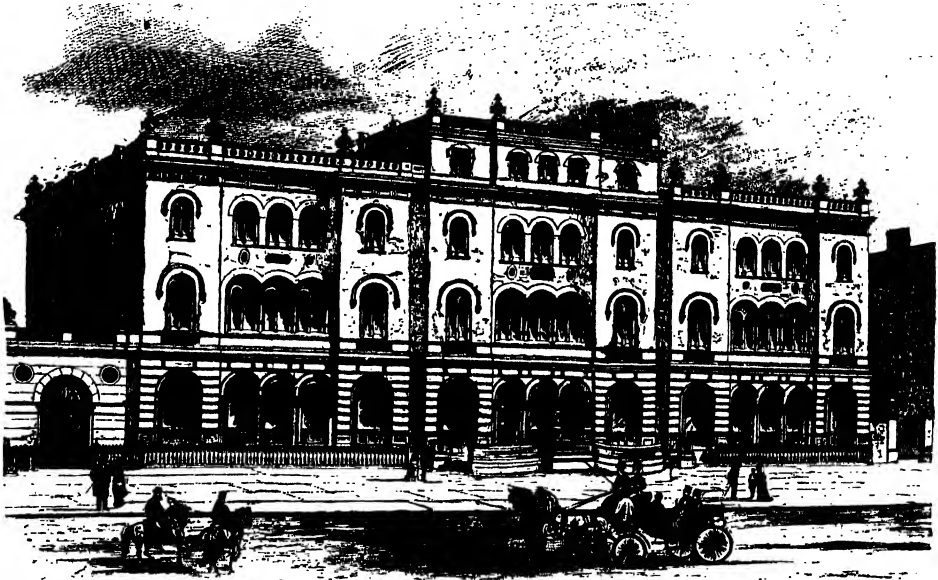
himself. When he had been able to keep some long enough to get a pretty good number together, he decided to follow more of his ship-companion's advice, and, instead of selling his goods to the New York dealers, decided to ship them directly to London, where they would sell for four or five times as much*as in America. Taking steerage passage he went himself with the first shipment, sold his own furs and made arrangements with several good houses to ship them furs, and to draw upon the firms to which they were consigned. He also made arrangements to act as the New York agent for the musical instruments made by his London brother. This was a good thing and brought him a large income; and having found a market for his furs abroad and secured the trade of Indians and white trappers at home, his business grew very fast. He lived over his store, having married a New York lady, who soon learned the business and had—so Mr. Astor said—as good a knowledge of furs and capacity for business as himself.

Of course, by this time he had many assistants, and Jay's treaty of 1795 having placed the frontier forts in the hands of the Americans, he soon had his agents at work buying furs in many places along the Great Lakes, and even across the country to Oregon Territory. He thought of and planned out the vast scheme of stretching his trade across the continent, by setting up a line of trading-posts which extended from the Great Lakes, along the Missouri and Columbia Rivers to the mouth of the Columbia, where, in April, 1811, he founded Astoria. This was to be a central station, and then by getting possession of one of the Sandwich Islands for another station, he planned to supply China and the Indies with furs directly from the Pacific coast, instead of sending them all the way round from New York, as he was then doing. It was a grand plan, but two expeditions failed, and the whole scheme was finally betrayed to the British Fur Company of the Northwest by one of his chief agents. Astoria was the main point in the American claims to the Oregon Territory, when the severe dispute was held over the Northwest between Great Britain and the United States during the years from 1842 to 1846.

After Mr. Astor had been in business fifteen years he left Water Street, bought the place at 223 Broadway—where the Astor House now stands—and moved his residence to a more fashionable part of town. By this time he was worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and was turning every article that he bought or sold into profit. The beaver skins that he bought for a dollar each in Western New York he sold in London for six dollars apiece; and, investing that money in English goods, especially the musical instruments, had the same ship bring back a cargo that sold at a large profit in America. After awhile his vessels went to Eastern as well as European ports, and the ships, bearing furs that sold at a large profit in China, brought back teas and silks that commanded

excellent prices in New York. Usually a ship going to China and back averaged a profit of thirty thousand dollars; sometimes a trip netted seventy thousand dollars.

He gave such faithful attention to his business and had such great ability in it, that when his commerce extended over nearly all the seas of the civilized world, he controlled the actions of his ship-masters in the smallest matters, and it is said



ASTOR LIBRARY.

that he was never known to make a mistake in judgment, or in the facts that he pretended to know.

It is reckoned that he made about two millions in the fur-trade; but the greater part of his immense fortune was made in real estate. As fast as he could invest money outside of his business, he bought houses and lots in the upper part of New York City; and sometimes, when people would not sell, he leased the property for a long time and made money by sub-letting it. After he bought a piece of land he built upon it, and began to make it pay at once by renting the houses; but he would not sell them. The rents soon paid for the building of other houses, until the Astor estate had as many as seven thousand houses in New

York City, a few in the central part, but mostly they were in what were then the suburbs—near Astor Place, along the Hudson, near Fortieth and Fiftieth Streets, and other sections, which with the growth of the city soon became central locations, and rose in valuation very fast. The Astor House, which was built in about 1830, was then the finest building on the street, and the largest and best hotel in the country. When it was finished he gave it to his eldest son, William B. Astor, who also received almost the whole of his father's vast property at his death, and spent large sums in carrying forward the works already begun by the great merchant. When he bought Aaron Burr's estate at Richmond Hill, he paid one thousand dollars per acre for the one hundred and sixty acres. Twelve years after it was worth fifteen hundred dollars a lot, and a lot is not quite one-eighth of an acre.

He left at his death the largest fortune ever made in America; his estate was worth at least twenty millions. Fifty thousand dollars of this was willed to the poor of his native town in Germany, and four hundred thousand was left for the founding of the Astor Library in New York City, which received nearly as much more from Mr. William B. Astor, so that it now has a larger amount of money settled on it than is possessed by almost any free reference library on the American continent.

He made other public gifts, either while living or in his will, of thousands of dollars to the association for the relief of poor old ladies, and to the German Society of New York. This was for the establishment of an office in the city where good, German-speaking clerks should be employed to give advice and information without charge to all immigrants here, who might want to know about getting settled in this country, and also to protect them against any people who might take advantage of their not knowing the language and cheat them, or do them harm.

The splendid success of old Mr. Astor, as he was long called in New York, was due chiefly to his temperate habits, his perseverance, his punctuality, and to his habit of making himself thoroughly understand an enterprise before entering upon it, and a sharp lookout that no money was wasted. In real estate he bought just in time to be benefited by a great and sudden rise in the value of New York property. He was always an early riser, and until he was fifty-five years old he never failed to be at his store before seven o'clock in the morning. In this way he gave to his large and often perplexing affairs the best hours of the day, and by the time he was master of his great business, he was usually ready to leave at about two in the afternoon. He was very prompt in all engagements, and was remarkable for his coolness and cheerfulness in the midst of his greatest losses. But those who admired and loved him most could scarcely overlook the one defect

of his character as a business man. He was not liberal, but was extremely careful and close in money dealings, although he was sometimes generous in charitable gifts.

John Jacob Astor was born in Waldorf, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany, on July 17, 1763. He died in New York City, March 29, 1848.

. One of the greatest and most highly honored merchants of his time was **Thomas Pym Cope**, a Quaker of Philadelphia. When he was eighteen years old he went from his country home in Lancaster County to that city to learn to be a business man. He entered the counting-room with an excellent start, for he had a good education in English, German, and Latin. Step by step he rose to positions of responsibility and importance, until in 1790, after he had been four years in the city, he set up for himself. He built a corner store at Second Street, and what was then called Pewter Platter Alley, and began business in a modest way with one fixed principle, "honesty always."

Seventeen years passed, and the business—still in the same store—had grown so large that Mr. Cope imported his own goods from foreign countries and began to think of building a ship for himself and entering the commercial branch of his trade. In this he soon grew to be very important, and after several years of success he established the first regular line of packet ships between Philadelphia and Liverpool, England, which has endured through all the hard times through which American commerce has passed, and has long owned ships of great tonnage.

A year or two after Mr. Cope began to take part in commercial enterprises, he removed his business to the famous old Walnut Street wharf, where he made the greater part of his vast business success. He was the friend, and in commerce often the rival, of Stephen Girard, who would be famous as a merchant if he were not better known as a philanthropist. Like that peculiar French ship-master, Cope was generous and public-spirited, and during the yellow fever scourges of 1793 and 1797 he too went to the aid of his suffering townspeople, both with money and with his own work. He held some city offices about this time, in which he did a great deal to better the condition of the sick and the poor. He was also sent to the Legislature of the State, and was asked to run for Congress, but this he refused as it would take his mind too much from his business. Yet he was deeply interested in the prosperity and progress of the country and the welfare of his State and city. Mr. Girard chose him for one of the trustees of his bank and as an executor of his will, by which so much was done for the people and the city of Philadelphia and for the improvement of the whole State. Among other good things which the Pennsylvania capital owes chiefly to Mr. Cope are

the good city water, the completion of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, the buying and laying out of Fairmount Park, and the starting of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He presided at the town meetings held about this road, urging upon his fellow-citizens the great importance which it would be to Philadelphia, and giving more money toward it than any other subscriber. There were few questions of public welfare before the people of Philadelphia during the first half of this century to which Mr. Cope did not give some sort of valuable aid. His money, his influence, his wide experience, sound judgment, and generous spirit marked the affairs of the city during all the years of his manhood. In his own business, he had the highest position as the President of the Board of Trade of Philadelphia. This is a commercial institution, which has a general oversight upon everything connected with the trade of the city. It has the power to create, foster, and direct plans and means of business, and to decide upon the customs of trade. It is both powerful and useful, and must always be made up of the most sound, experienced, and high-principled of business men, for it is necessary that the members of the trade at large, who look to it for direction, should have perfect confidence in its members, and the head of the institution is the first man in it. This place Mr. Cope held among the merchants of his time as long as he lived.

He was looked upon as the father of the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia, and was for a long time President of that Company—which has always been the pride of Philadelphia merchants. It is, with its great store of books, its beautiful hall, and courses of public lectures, one of the most useful institutions in the city. From the time the Company was founded, as long as he lived, Mr. Cope was rarely absent from these meetings, and among the younger merchants his upright figure, fine bearing, and firm and elastic step, was an object of respect and admiration; and so enterprising and courageous, so wise and prudent had been every step of his honored and successful career, that he was looked up to as a model in his business, while his public and private life was a pattern to all the young men in the city. This to Mr. Cope was perhaps the greatest joy of his life—that his example was deemed worthy to be followed by those who hoped to become the great Philadelphia merchants of the future.

In social companies the young people begged his presence. He was so full of lively spirits, of experiences, stories, pleasant wit, and refined humor, and so kindly and good-natured with all his grander qualities, that everybody felt that his company was a delight as well as an honor.

Altogether—we are told by a writer of his life—he was a merchant, enterprising, liberal, and successful; a Christian philanthropist, self-denying and devoted; a man, upright, respected, and beloved.

The business of a merchant is to buy as cheaply as possible, and to sell his

goods for as much as he can rightly get ; it is to exchange the products, to help along the intercourse of men and the interchange of merchandise between his own and other countries, to buy ships, to load them, to sell and exchange cargoes and vessels, with the object of gaining money or its value in every transaction. But all this is based on the "higher law;" and while Mr. Cope was a true merchant, his life was ruled by lofty principles of right and wrong. None of his success was gained by means which it would hurt his character to have exposed. He was square and just in all dealings, and jealous of the honor of his profession. His life told the story—which he was too modest ever to put into words himself—of an industrious, economical, prudent youth, of a just, liberal, punctual, enterprising, middle age, not too fearful of risking a venture, yet never foolhardy nor willing to buy success at the cost of another man's misfortune.

Thomas P. Cope was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, August 26, 1768. He died in Philadelphia, November 22, 1854.

Fifty years ago the name of **Abbott Lawrence** was known far and wide as that of a "Merchant Prince" of New England, and a noble-hearted, generous philanthropist. He belonged to the generation younger than Elias Derby, and was an unknown clerk when Thomas Cope was in the prime of life. He began with a plain education gained at a country school—and in the latter part of the last century country schools were a good deal poorer than they are now. When he was sixteen he began to work. With his bundle under his arm and less than three dollars in his pocket, he started for Boston, where he became clerk in the store of his brother, Amos Lawrence, who was then a merchant of high standing. He was diligent and bright about his work, "taking hold," as people say, far better than many of the boys around him. In a very short time he found that his schooling had not been enough for a successful man—as he hoped to be—so he spent his evenings in diligent study.

After five years of good, faithful service, his brother took him into partnership, and they began working together with the prospects of a very fine business. But the second war with England came on then, stopping trade and bringing money troubles, so that Abbott Lawrence lost what he had and became a bankrupt at the outset of his business career. As soon as the war was over his brother helped him generously, and they made another start together. Abbott went to England to buy goods for their stock. From this time he developed so much skill and prudence in his bargains, and so much industry and judgment about all business matters, that the firm soon began to make large profits. The trips were repeated year after year, and the house of A. & A. Lawrence built up a great importing trade, from which Amos soon retired with a large fortune. Meanwhile

they were very observing of what Americans were capable of manufacturing, and through Abbott's suggestion they looked very closely into domestic trade and resolved for the future to give more attention to goods made in this country and less to importing from foreign makers. By turning his attention to home manufactures at once, he thought he would be able to do a great deal to help along American industries, and he also thought that he could be among the first to establish his house in a trade that would finally prove more paying than importation. He was willing to risk the new departure, and try a great experiment for the sake of being foremost in the trade, if it succeeded, and also for the sake of advancing the manufacturing interests of the country. So he stopped importing, and, uniting with the Lowells and some other leading business men of New England, he put his money and energies into a new and rather risky manufacturing scheme. A factory site was selected near a great natural fall on the Merrimac River, and then he joined with Nathan Appleton and some other wealthy Boston men, and incorporated the Essex Manufacturing Company, for founding a large cotton manufactory there. The spot was chosen in 1845, and in two years a great solid granite dam was thrown across the rapids, and a canal ninety feet wide and more than a mile long was made for the water to flow into and feed the mills, which were soon built. The first wheel was set in motion the next year, and the famous manufacturing town of Lawrence was begun. The venture proved a success, and from that time forward all Abbott Lawrence's great business interests and labors were in cotton manufactures. He was the first great rival to the South, and attended the famous Convention at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, which sent a memorial to Congress, and had some influence in bringing about the increased tariff duties of 1828, against which John C. Calhoun prepared his famous paper, the "South Carolina Exposition," with its States' Rights doctrines, while all the cotton-raising States of the South rose in angry protest.

The wisdom and judgment and great business success of Abbott Lawrence made him a marked man now, and there were many calls upon him to go into public life. But, while he was always willing to do his duty, he did not wish to get into politics, and declined every nomination when he felt he could do so rightly. In 1834 he was a member of Congress and served so ably that four years later he was again sent, although he did not wish to go. Once, during his second term, when he was home from Washington on account of ill health, the people of Boston became alarmed about the Government because the banks had declared that they could not pay out any more silver—that is, they had suspended specie payment, as grown people say. The excitement would have caused a severe panic in Boston and done great harm to business but for Mr. Lawrence. He told the people that there was no danger of their losing their money if they were not in too great a

hurry ; and everybody had such perfect trust in his judgment that they were satisfied when he said the Government was all right.

He came very close to being nominated Vice-President in the next election, and was offered a seat in President Taylor's Cabinet. He refused this office, but accepted the offer of the ministry to England, where he spent three years in service that was a credit to himself and an honor to his country. His beautiful enter-



ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

tainments, courteous manners, and noble, benevolent character, made him greatly beloved and respected in London.

He, and his brother Amos also, did a great deal of good with their wealth, by giving to those who were poor and in trouble, and in great bequests to help along large causes. The Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University was founded by Abbott, who also gave many thousands of dollars for professorships and other things to aid the institution after it was built and its work was started. He gave

away about seven hundred thousand dollars during his life, beside leaving a hundred and fifty thousand by will for different charities. The most important of these were the model houses for the poor in Boston, and the Boston Public Library.

Abbott Lawrence was born at Groton, Massachusetts, December 16, 1792. He died in Boston, August 18, 1855.

Amos Lawrence was four years older than his brother. He began business in Boston when he was twenty-one, and retired, leaving his brother Abbott in charge in 1831, about six years before the manufactories were set up on the Merrimac; and from that time he devoted himself to taking care of his great fortune and to doing good with it. During the last twenty years of his life he is said to have given over six hundred thousand dollars to charity, especially toward improving schools and colleges. Williams College, the academy at Groton, the theological seminary at Bangor in Maine, and Kenyon College in Ohio, all were benefited by this generous man, while no list can be made of the large amount of good he did in a private way.

Amos Lawrence was also born in Groton, April 22, 1786, and died in Boston, December 30, 1852.

The largest fortune ever made in America was that of the famous ship-owner and railroad king, **Cornelius Vanderbilt**. He started out as a poor boy, and reached his great success by industry, economy, perseverance, enterprise, and courage. He knew how to work, and knew the value of money. He could always be trusted; when he made a bargain it was fulfilled in the best possible manner; and it was because his promises could be depended upon that he could command better prices than any of his fellow-workers.

When he was seventeen years old he had a reputation on Staten Island and among the watermen around the lower part of New York for always doing whatever he set out to. Daring, courageous, and fond of the water, he was then helping his father to run a sailboat between Staten Island and New York, to carry farm produce and passengers back and forth. He begged his mother to let him have a hundred dollars to buy a boat so he could become one of the harbor boatmen. Mrs. Vanderbilt said she would give him the money if he would plow, harrow, and plant a certain acre of rough land on the farm; and it had to be done on the day she named. He did the task, won his right to the money, and joyfully got his boat. For the next three years he earned a thousand dollars a year, and by the time he was twenty-one was the first among forty of the leading boatmen of the harbor. His boat was better than any of the others, and his knowledge of

the business was perfect. Out of the money earned in these three years, he saved enough to buy his clothes and turned the rest over to his parents.

There were many stories told fifty years ago about the daring deeds done in



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

storm and danger by "Corneel" Vanderbilt, who was reckoned the bravest, coolest, and in all points the best boatman around New York.

In 1814 he bid with several others for the contract to supply the military forts about the harbor with provisions, and although his bid was higher than the most of the others, he got the contract, because it was well known that he never failed to do a thing he set out to. But this job did not interfere with his chance custom in the daytime, for, being regular work, he thought it could be just as well done at

night, and so it was. He was married by this time, and, with his wife's help, made money very fast. In 1814 he built and paid for a little schooner, called the *Dreadnaught*, and the next year, with his brother-in-law, he built another, the *Charlotte*, which was put into the coasting trade. Three years later he owned two or three sloops and schooners and had nine thousand dollars saved. About this time steamboats were coming into general use, and Vanderbilt was given the place of captain, at one thousand dollars a year, to run for its owner, Mr. Gibbon, a new boat from New York to New Brunswick, New Jersey. He was earning more money at his own work, but when Mr. Gibbon offered him the place he accepted it for the sake of getting acquainted with steamboating. The passengers which this boat carried had to stay all night at New Brunswick before they could go on with the other stages of their journey to Philadelphia. There was a miserably kept hotel at New Brunswick, which Vanderbilt got, rent free. He fixed it up, and with his wife in charge of it, soon made it a paying and a popular house. Captain Vanderbilt ran this boat line for Mr. Gibbon for four years, amidst a great deal of competition and opposition, but so successfully that Mr. Gibbon made a profit of forty thousand dollars a year, and the captain himself saved thirty thousand dollars beside having the lease for fourteen years of a very profitable ferry between Elizabethport, New Jersey, and New York City.

Refusing all offers of partnership, Captain Vanderbilt now went back to doing business entirely on his own account with the *Caroline*, a small steamer which he built, owned, and commanded himself. For nineteen years he steadily increased his ownership of vessels running on the Hudson, on Long Island Sound, and in other places. He started and kept running lines that were so opposed by large combinations of capital that they often cost him a great deal of money, but he always was sharp and determined enough to drive his rivals out of the field or force them to make terms with him. He opened a new route to San Francisco by the way of the Panama Isthmus that made the distance between the Empire City and the Golden Gate a great deal shorter. He started lines of steamers upon both the great oceans, and, single-handed, was the great rival of about all the ocean transportation companies of his time. Far and wide he was known as the "Commodore" of the American sea trade. In all he owned at one time sixty-six good, useful vessels, of which twenty-one were steamers; these he governed and controlled himself. With a fortune of about forty millions he arranged to leave the water in 1864, being then seventy years old, and the owner of a large part of the New York and New Haven Railroad, several millions' worth of Erie stock, and the whole of the New York and Harlem Railway, with which he consolidated the New York Central and the Hudson River Road, holding controlling interests in them. Before long he made connection with the Michigan Southern

and Lake Shore Roads, and put all under one management. This, with its side branches, made a line of two thousand one hundred and twenty-eight miles, and had a capital of one hundred and forty-nine millions of dollars.

Unlike Mr. Astor, whose wealth and power rose almost along with Vanderbilt's, the "Commodore" was far from miserly, with his faculty for amassing wealth. He spent money freely to gain a desirable end, often saying that he did not care so much about making money as he did about carrying his point. He was also ready to give freely to any cause that seemed to him a worthy one. At the opening of the war, he presented to the Government the steamer *Vanderbilt*, which was worth eight hundred thousand dollars. He gave a sum almost as large to the Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tennessee. In New York he bought and gave to the Rev. Dr. Deems, the Mercer Street Church, which is now well known as the Church of the Strangers. It would be hard to find out and recount all the smaller charities that were aided by Commodore Vanderbilt's wealth. At the time of his death, his property was believed to be worth something between sixty and eighty millions. His will provided amply for his family and left the great bulk of his fortune to his son William H. Vanderbilt, who lived to carry out many of the unfinished plans of his father, and to be a benefactor to New York City and the whole country.

Cornelius Vanderbilt was born on Staten Island, May 27, 1794. He died in New York City, January 3, 1877.

While Vanderbilt was building up his fortunes in the waters about New York, and Abbott Lawrence was reigning as a merchant prince in New England, and Jonas Chickering was managing his great piano works at Boston, the name of **Harry R. W. Hill**, of New Orleans, was becoming known and honored in all the southern and southwestern portions of the country. Like General Jackson, he began to get an education in a log-cabin on one of the "old fields" of the cotton district. But even this poor privilege lasted only for a couple of years, for little Harry Hill belonged to a plain family of hard working people. At first they lived in North Carolina, but he scarcely remembered that life, for his father died when he was about five years old, and Mrs. Hill, marrying again some time after, took him to her new home in Williams County, Tennessee. The little lad made this journey all the way on foot, walking beside the horse on which his mother rode. He carried his gun with him, too, and supplied the small party with food by shooting game along the lonely road.

The new life was a rough, hard one for them all, for they had come to a frontier country next to the territory of the Chickasaw Indians. The boy had two years of the best schooling to be found, which was extremely poor, and all he

learned after that he taught himself. From the "old field school" he went into a store in the town of Franklin, where, on errands for his mother, he had made the store-keeper's acquaintance and had so attracted him by his lively wit, good nature, and bright, active ways, that he was finally offered a place behind the counter. The merchant died after several years, and although Harry was then only twenty-one years old, he settled the estate so well that the friends and neighbors of the dead store-keeper said that young Hill ought to have a chance to work into his late employer's trade. So they joined together in helping him to set up a store of his own, and in paying his expenses to Philadelphia to buy goods. They were not mistaken in him. He returned with a good stock and for seven years carried on so successful a business that he made a handsome fortune in it.

When a middle-aged man—of forty years—he married, and leaving Franklin for a larger place, settled at Nashville, took a partner, and with him was soon managing a fine commercial and steamboat trade. From there, after five years, he went to New Orleans, united with the old merchant firm of N. & J. Dick, and soon extended its importance throughout all the Southwest, managing enormous sums of money and making both his firm and himself popular wherever they were known. When the money troubles of '37 swept over the country, N. & J. Dick & Company suffered heavily. They were connected with many houses that failed, and after a number of great losses they were forced to suspend. But Mr. Hill and his partners had no idea of failure; and for seven years he toiled almost without rest till he had once more built up their power and won back the credit and character of the house. At last the labor was rewarded and they paid off all their debts of several millions of dollars in full, and had enough capital left to enable them to go on upon almost as large a scale as before the hard times. In 1847, Mr. James Dick went out of the firm, three new partners were taken in, and it was then known as Hill, McLean & Co. But its affairs were not as successful as they had been before, and in less than five years there was almost a panic in the Crescent City, when it was told one morning that Hill, McLean & Co. had again suspended. The news spread throughout the Mississippi Valley, and scarcely a business man felt himself safe, while a gloom was cast over every commercial settlement in the South and West. If that house fell, thousands would go with it. Besides their own trouble the money market was very dull, and the firm were in the depths of despair. Mr. Hill met with the other partners and told them that, for the honor of their house, and to save the terrible calamity its fall would bring to others, he would turn in all his own means, which was a private fortune that he had been making and saving, above his business operations, during more than thirty years. Pledging his own property, he assumed all the debts of the firm, released his partners, and undertook the work of settlement

single-handed. In the course of five months all the claims were paid off, and the credit of the old house was once more sound and good. Business was resumed under Mr. Hill's own name and management, and from that time was carried on by himself alone.

Meanwhile he was also a man of public spirit and active work, outside of his own affairs. While he would never hold a public office, he did a great deal for the welfare and progress of Tennessee, Louisiana, and Mississippi; and he took the lead in planning roads and other internal improvements, urging their value, influencing legislators, and giving largely toward the funds needed to carry them through. While living at Nashville, he took a great deal of interest in the Texan revolutionists, once sending five thousand dollars to relieve the wants of the Texans, and supplying them with the war materials with which they fought and gained the battle of San Jacinto. He was warmly in favor of having General Jackson for President, and he not only gave liberally toward the expenses of the campaign, but, after the election, put money in the President's own hands when he found him on his way to Washington and without plenty of means.

Public-spirited as Mr. Hill was, and willing to give both time and money to the progress and welfare of the country, he would not go into politics, and the only prominent office of any kind that he ever took was in the Society of Free Masons, where he was Grand Master for many years. Schemes for the good of others were almost always on his mind. Private cases, churches, and public charities received hundreds of thousands of dollars from him; and the last act of his life, and that which caused his death, was taking care of some of his black servants that were stricken with yellow fever. His only son received his great fortune. Mr. Hill himself came very near inheriting a fortune beside the one he made, for his old partner, Mr. James Dick, called his lawyer to make out his will in favor of his "loved friend and valued partner." But as soon as Mr. Hill heard of it, he went to him, and, by using all the arguments in his power, induced him to leave the estate to others not so well off as himself.

Mr. Hill's son had cause to be proud of every cent of his inheritance, for it had been gained by honorable business transactions, by a merchant who prayed that God would direct the ways of his life, whose shrewd management, courage, and enterprise never overstepped the line between right and wrong, and whose great principles of trade were, honesty and systematic and faithful attention to his work.

The great plantations, which were worked by over a thousand slaves, were under excellent arrangements of culture and improvement, while the laborers were well used, justly and even generously treated. Mr. Hill very often went among them himself, seeing that all was right and just, listening to their troubles and

sharing their joys. Ministers were hired to be pastors and preachers to them; and Sunday mornings he would go with them to the services, sitting among them in the open air or upon the benches of the log-cabin. He gave each man a plot of ground to work for himself, and bought what he raised at the market prices, while stores were set up on the plantations and articles sold at the cost price. He offered prizes for cleanliness, good conduct, and attention to work, and once a year presents of such things as the negroes liked or needed were given out among them all.

Mr. Hill was born in Halifax County, North Carolina, in the year 1787. He died in New Orleans in September, 1853.

One of the greatest manufacturers that ever lived or worked in this country was **Jonas Chickering**, the piano-maker. In his business, which grew very large while he was in it, he was the only American of real importance, while he also held the first place among all the foreign makers of the country. He deserves a place among the most famous men in our history. We have had no statesman, lawyer, or soldier—it is said—who has shown greater qualities of mind, or has gained better success in the object for which he worked. When his talents, his character, and his hands were his only capital, every one who knew him knew also that he could be perfectly trusted, and all through life his word was as good as his bond.

As the son of a humble New Hampshire farmer and blacksmith, he left home to learn cabinet-making when he was seventeen. He had two leading traits then, his love and talent for music and the way his mind took in everything about his trade and about all the tools that were used in the shop.

One important day he was called upon to repair the only pianoforte in Ipswich, the town in which he lived. He had seen and could play on several instruments and knew a good deal about music, but this was entirely new to him. He examined every portion of the old, injured, and out-of-tune piano, found out what was the matter, made the repairs for which his services had been called, and reset the entire instrument. It was so successfully done, that he resolved to be a piano-maker instead of a cabinet-maker, and as this was in the last year of his apprenticeship, he soon set out for Boston with that purpose. He was now twenty years old, and while he was making up his mind about how he should start in the new business, and whether he could possibly do so, he spent his time working in a cabinet-maker's shop and earning some very necessary money.

At the end of just a year, without losing a day between, he left the cabinet-maker's and went into the factory of a piano-maker. This step was the first in a new era in his life; it was also one that led to a great addition to the manufactur-

ing history of the country. The height of young Chickering's desire was to make at least as good a piano as that he had repaired in Ipswich—a better one if possible. At the outset he resolved to be thorough in all that he did, whatever might be the cost in time; and he never called a piece of work done until it was as perfect in its way as he could make it. In the shop he soon had a name for this per-



JONAS CHICKERING.

fection and faithfulness, and received from his employer the best work and the best pay.

Meanwhile he had found out that the poor, thin-toned little pianofortes of those days—which were so expensive and so easily put out of order that few people bought them—might be greatly improved; and he resolved to do it. Their chief defects were that they would constantly get out of tune, and that they were very sensitive to the weather. In order to remedy these difficulties Mr. Chickering made a scientific study of sound and the action of the air upon the wire and other

materials used to produce music, and made experiments in applying the principles of physics to the building of his instruments. For three years he worked on as a journeyman, gradually finding out valuable hints for improvements. Then he started out on his own account. Little by little he gained his desire, and in 1830—twelve years after he left his home in Ipswich for Boston—he began the manufacturing of his new pianofortes. He formed a partnership with a retired ship-master, Captain John Mackay, who took charge of the money matters and business details of the firm, while Chickering had full charge of the manufacturing department of what soon became a very prosperous business. As soon as better instruments were put in the market, the demand began to grow, and the Chickering pianos became more successful than the earnest young cabinet-maker had ever hoped for in his most enthusiastic dreams; and while improvements on the old instruments had been discovered by many others who had taken up the business meanwhile and become successful manufacturers, Mr. Chickering's establishment as well as his pianos stood foremost among them all. And his reputation kept on steadily increasing, for he was continually studying and experimenting to produce finer, more perfect instruments. The wealth of the firm also grew, and they began after awhile to import the foreign woods needed, which was a great advantage over buying them of the dealers, both in cost and in quality. Captain Mackay often made the trips after these materials himself. On one of them—to South America—he and his vessel were probably lost at sea, for they were never heard of again.

Mr. Chickering grieved very deeply over this; but he seemed better able to bear the loss of his partner and the ship than of his friend, for he grieved all his life over the good captain's fate, but kept on alone in his work for more than thirteen years, with ever-increasing success. He was well known as one of the leading business men in Boston. His beautiful warerooms, filled with the best new pianos in the country, were not only visited by buyers, but they were also the resort of the first musical people in the city. The gentlemen and ladies of taste and talent who gathered there were from the best society, wherein Mr. Chickering had a high place as a gentleman and a judge of musical matters, and as an excellent amateur musician. His workshops employed two hundred hands, and sometimes fifteen hundred instruments were made in a year. After they were burned in 1852 he immediately set to work to replace them, and raised new buildings in the south part of Boston that were then said to be the largest structures in the United States, excepting the Capitol at Washington. He did not live to see them finished. He died suddenly in the midst of his work and care, just in the prime of life. The great shops were completed by his three sons, who have followed his footsteps and have doubled his number of workmen, and are

continually increasing the size and importance of their business and bringing the instruments to still greater perfection.

As a man Mr. Chickering bore the highest reputation, being upright, generous, and exceedingly benevolent. At the time of his death one of the Boston papers said : " He was president of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, and has been identified with numberless public charities. A list of his private acts of benevolence, known only to himself and those who received his bounty, would fill volumes. Boston has been deeply indebted to his genius, enterprise, and business energy." It would have been truth to have said that the whole country was indebted to him for his great and successful labors in the cause of good music.

Mr. Chickering was born at New Ipswich, New Hampshire, April 5, 1798. He died in Boston, December 8, 1853.

In the old Abolition days, during the first half of our present century, one of the most famous firms of dry-goods dealers in New York was that of two brothers of New England birth, **Arthur and Lewis Tappan.**

Arthur Tappan, the elder brother, with a good common-school education, began to make his way in the world as a clerk in a Boston hardware store when he was fourteen years old. This was in the year 1800, and he kept at the same business for seven years. Then, being twenty-one years old and pretty well acquainted with the trade, he went to Montreal in Canada, and established himself in a good business, which he continued until the beginning of the second war with England in 1812. Then he left the British possessions and came to New York City.

With a good deal of knowledge of business and experience among men, he now set up a dry-goods store and took an active interest in the good works going on in the city. He began in a small way at first, and was without much money or any credit. He bought his family provisions by the pound and half pound at a time and paid for them before he carried them out of the stores ; but gradually his affairs prospered, and in 1826 the house of Arthur Tappan & Co. was doing the largest silk business in the city, and had a fine granite store on Pearl Street, overlooking Hanover Square, and overshadowing in appearance all its neighbors. The next year his brother Lewis—who was two years younger than himself, and a merchant and cotton manufacturer of Boston—came down to New York, and became an active partner in the business. They were very great and prosperous in their trade, and had one of the largest and most important establishments in town. They employed a large number of clerks and kept everything in most excellent, smooth-running order.

Mr. Arthur Tappan is said to have been the first merchant employer who

made a point of looking after the morals and the general characters of his clerks. He had a set of rules, which he wrote out himself and which all the young men in his service were bound to obey. If they would not do so they had to leave.

Among other things he required that each clerk must report the time at which he came to the store in the morning and have the exact time set down in a book kept on purpose. They were expected to be there at half-past seven o'clock in the summer, and eight o'clock in the winter; and during the business season all must remain until the store closed. The goods were packed at night.

Before the duties of the day were begun all the members of the establishment were expected to gather in a large room up-stairs to morning prayers, which were led by Mr. Tappan, and which closed with a prayer for the "emancipation of all slaves," in which everybody joined.

Some of the other rules were :

Every young man must be strictly temperate and drink no liquors or wine of any kind.

No clerk will be retained who has fast habits of any kind, or stays out of his home or boarding-house at night any later than ten o'clock.

No clerk will be retained who visits any theater, or makes the acquaintance of any actors or actresses.

Every employé must go to church twice on the Sabbath Day, and report at the store the next morning what church he attended, what preachers he listened to, and from what texts the sermons were given. He must also attend prayer-meeting twice a week.

Lastly, every man employed by the firm of Arthur Tappan & Co. must be a member of the Anti-Slavery Society and make as many converts as possible to the cause of liberty for the negroes.

These and several other rules all the employés had to promise to obey before they could consider themselves engaged.

The last requirement tells the chief object of the Tappans' lives for many years. Soon after Lewis came to New York they started the *Journal of Commerce*, a daily newspaper, and in this, it is said, they did more to start and push ahead the anti-slavery movement than any two hundred other men did, or could have done. With the aid of David Hale, Gerard Hallock, and others of the first great Abolitionists, they kept at work for many years. From its innocent-looking columns the sentiments of liberty and free manhood were poured into the minds of the merchants and leading business men in and around New York, till a great public sentiment was formed, people scarcely knew how. The Tappans used every chance to spread the feeling against slavery—in the store, at home, in public meetings, and among their neighbors. They were the leading spirits in the

famous meetings that, until the time of the negro riots—in 1834—were held in what was known as the “Chatham Street Chapel,” an old theater that stood back from the street on the west side of Chatham Street, between Pearl and Duane. The meetings held here were led by fervent religious Abolitionists, and were well known and hated by all slavery people. The night that the negro riots broke out in New York it was mobbed and many people were killed, and from there the crowd went to Henry Tappan’s house—which was near by in Rose Street—sacking it, throwing the furniture out of the window, and burning it al-



ARTHUR TAPPAN.

most to the ground. Then a new Abolitionist meeting-house was founded on Broadway and the zealous work still went on. *

In 1833 Arthur Tappan established the *Emancipator* at his own expense. Then he formed the New York City Anti-Slavery Society, and became President of the American Abolition Society, founded by William Lloyd Garrison in Philadelphia. He was one of the most helpful members of this society, for he was very wealthy and for some time he gave to it a thousand dollars a month.

The Southern people had made a movement against the Tappans early in 1830, and drew up one of the first “boycotting” pledges on record. It was agreed by the pro-slavery Southerners that no one should directly or indirectly have any dealings with their house. “It was,” an old New York merchant tells us, “the beginning of the end of the great success of the concern.” From this

time the feeling against them grew very bitter, and being as true merchants as they were Abolitionists they determined to let the people see that their goods and not their principles were in the market—as another firm, boycotted for their anti-slavery zeal, stated in the newspapers. They redoubled their efforts upon their business, and at the time of the riots they were worth four hundred thousand dollars—a great sum for those days. After that terrible event their business fell off, and when the hard times of 1837 came, they broke down in complete failure, all their personal property going to their creditors—for both men were of the highest integrity. Arthur had been most generous with his money. Sums of all sizes, from five dollars to fifty thousand, he had given to charities and good work. He was one of the founders of the American Tract Society, and donated a great deal of money to its first building. The famous Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, where Doctor Lyman Beecher was President, and his great son, Henry Ward Beecher, was educated, and whose students and teachers became some of the finest orators and most earnest reformers of America, was established and furnished with funds largely through his aid; and many other enterprises for education and progress owe their being and their usefulness largely to his generosity. Every Abolition society received help from him liberally and constantly. It was partly due to this liberality—and to the Abolition zeal of the brothers—that they had become bankrupt. But they did not regret these things, and after the failure they went earnestly to work to begin again.

This time they took up an entirely new enterprise, which has become one of the most important and also one of the most remarkable in the business history of the country. They founded a mercantile agency. The story of Mr. Tappan's preparation for this enterprise is told by an old New York merchant: "When Arthur Tappan was in the dry-goods business everybody who called had to be introduced to him. He would inquire all about such individuals. Finally, if he was satisfied, he would ask him if he would not buy a bill of goods and on long credit. No detail would be forgotten by the inquisitive merchant; and the information he would store away in a very retentive memory. In this way he became possessed of a very great deal of knowledge about outside buyers in various parts of the Union. He then had no idea that it would ever lead to anything further than utility in his own extensive sales." But it occurred to him after his failure that he could furnish this information—and gain more for the same purpose—to other merchants, and so he became the founder of a new and most useful department of commerce and trade—one that saves a vast amount of losses. Lewis and another partner joined in the novel business with him, and they soon reduced their means of getting information to a science. From this small beginning in the firm which, taking the name of their partner, was B. Douglass & Co.,

has grown the great house of Dun & Co., with its perfect system of business by which is furnished on demand to its subscribers all the particulars of the life, business habits, and standing of any man doing business in any part of the United States and Canada.

It was said that the Tappans' hatred of slave-holding Southerners made them give unfavorable reports among those merchants, and at one time they were forced to pay ten thousand dollars' damages in a suit carried into the New York courts; but there was so much bitter feeling at that time and the brothers were so unjustly abused by men who differed from them in their views, that we cannot tell whether this charge was true or not. But it is well known that they were considered by those who were best acquainted with them, and had done business with them for years, as straightforward, high-minded men.

In ripe old age the brothers retired from the business with fortunes, and left in their successors the firm which was long known as Dun & Barlow. "They give the character and standing of the commercial firms of great houses that do a fifty million business in cotton and banking, or of a little lame stand-keeper on the street corner whose sales of fresh roasted peanuts do not amount to two dollars a day."

Since this first mercantile agency was founded others much like it have sprung up, and there are now several others of almost the same size and importance.

The Tappan brothers's reputation for earnestness, goodness, and benevolence in both public and private life was always the same. With the success of their new business their liberality increased. Lewis was treasurer and president of the American Missionary Association, which was founded mainly through his efforts, and the close of his life was crowned with a beautiful and useful old age. He outlived his brother almost ten years and wrote his Life as his own was drawing to a close.

Arthur Tappan was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, May 22, 1786. He died in New Haven, Connecticut, July 23, 1865.

Lewis Tappan was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, May 23, 1788. He died in Brooklyn, New York, June 21, 1873.

The dry-goods store of, **Alexander T. Stewart** was one of the sights of New York about a quarter of a century ago. Its proprietor was the leading merchant in this country, doing a business that brought in sixty thousand dollars a day, while the receipts of Mr. H. B. Claflin, his closest rival, were about fifty-six thousand dollars a day.

Mr. Stewart was an Irishman who came as an immigrant to this country in 1818. He was then a lad sixteen years old, who had had some years of good education, with the expectation that he would enter the ministry, but he gave up that

idea and resolved to make his fortune if he could in the New World. The first few years in America were spent in teaching, because he could not get a place in a store. By the time he was twenty-one he had saved quite a little money, and received a small legacy from his grandfather in Ireland, which he had to go back to receive. With a portion of this he bought some trimmings and fancy material for ladies' clothes, and stocked a small store on Broadway, a few blocks above the Astor House.

At this time the retail stores of New York or any other city in this country were for the most part very small places—little shops whose proprietors were sometimes even called “mongers.” Mr. Stewart began in the same small way, and like all the other merchants of his day—large and small—lived in rooms above or back of the store. He had had no training for his business, no long preparation under some one else's responsibility, as had Astor and other rising merchants of that time; but he resolved to make up for his disadvantages as fast as possible. He worked from fourteen to eighteen hours a day, being his own clerk, book-keeper, and salesman, and doing a strictly cash business. He went to auction sales, and bought miscellaneous stocks of goods that were known as “sample lots,” often thrown carelessly together. These were very cheap, and of little value as he got them. But at night he and his wife—he married soon after he went into business—carefully sorted them, redressed them when it was necessary, labelled them handsomely, put them in attractive-looking boxes and placed them in the store, where they made a good, salable stock. Thus he set out, buying where he got the cheapest, sparing himself no work or trouble, and showing excellent taste and order in all his departments. Besides this he could sell cheaper than dealers who bought their stock in a different way, and his terms were always cash on delivery. At Stewart's store there was no “beating down,” and ladies found that no advantages were ever taken of them; their children could buy as cheaply as themselves; and it was his rule that any clerk—for his business soon grew so that he had to hire help—was discharged for misrepresenting an article. He was a hard master, holding his employes to their duties by severe rules, fining them if they were late, misdirected a bundle, overstayed their lunch-hour, or mistook a number; but he got good service from them.

He saved himself losses in stock by never carrying over goods from one season to another, but selling them at the close of a season, when trade is usually very dull; he drew customers by making “closing out” sales, when the goods it would not pay him to keep over were marked down and sold “at cost.” It was a clever plan; other merchants followed the example, and this is now a regular custom throughout the trade.

After six years Mr. Stewart's business had grown so much that he had to move

to a larger store, and in four years more he had to take a still larger place, where he soon occupied five stories. Then, when he had been a merchant for fourteen years, he raised the great marble establishment known as the business palace—on the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street. It was a princely property of



ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

ever-growing value, and situated in one of the best localities in the city, being in the very heart of the greatest mercantile quarter in America.

Mr. Stewart fully understood the wisdom of putting money into New York property. About the time that the Civil War broke out, when he was in the midst of his growth and success, he was worth from fourteen to twenty millions of dollars, and owned more real estate than any other person in New York, excepting, perhaps, William B. Astor. Beside his great down-town store, he owned the Metropolitan Hotel and the out-buildings belonging to it, and nearly all of Bleecker Street between Broadway and his residence, which was near Sullivan Street. The custom of merchants living over their stores was being given up now, and Mr. Stew-

art had moved to a fine house in what was then the most fashionable part of the city. At about this same time he also built up the whole block between Ninth and Tenth Streets, Broadway and Fourth Avenue, which he made into the largest and most complete retail store in the world, as by care, economy and courage, enterprise, wisdom and industry, and shrewd bargains he raised himself to the rank of the most successful merchant in the world.

His success was due to his study of people, to employing pleasant-mannered and good-looking clerks to wait upon his customers, to arranging his store with good taste, and managing it with dignity and style, and to his firm determination to make everything serve his will for the one great purpose of constantly increasing his business. He drove hard bargains, and spared no one. Much of his prosperity was built up at the cost—sometimes the ruin—of others.

He invested a great deal of money in real estate outside of New York as well as in the city. He had, for some years before his death, a vast amount of valuable property and extensive buildings in New York, Saratoga, and that part of New Jersey which he finally built up and made into the beautiful town called Garden City. He was not a generous man, and his name is fast being forgotten, though he has been dead but ten years; yet there were times when he used his wealth for the good of others. During the famine in Ireland he sent a ship-load of provisions to his distressed countrymen, and in this country he also gave to a number of worthy charities.

Though he built a great marble palace on Fifth Avenue for his home and furnished it with all the luxuries that money can provide, he was a simple man in his manners and his habits; and appeared to be a modest gentleman of leisure, while he carried the sole management of two of the heaviest dry-goods houses in the world, and was expending millions of dollars upon his beautiful little property of Garden City.

Alexander T. Stewart was born near Belfast, Ireland, October 12, 1803. He died in New York City, April 10, 1876.

In the publishing trade of America one of the oldest and greatest firms is that which was originally made up of **James, John, Joseph Wesley, and Fletcher Harper**. From this house millions of books, papers, and magazines have been issued, and are being issued every year. The volumes are of almost all kinds—school-books, from primary readers to bulky dictionaries; story-books, works of information, novels, travels, essays, poetry, in all grades of costliness, from the cheap paper-covered “libraries” to expensive *editions de luxe*. Then there are magazines and newspapers for both old folks and young; and the name of the house is a guarantee that the publication is a good one.

The founder of this great business was James Harper, the eldest of the four brothers. He began life as a poor New York printer, and he ended it, enjoying the respect of all who knew him, and as a famous and wealthy publisher. When he was sixteen years old, it was thought that he had spent years enough attending the village public school of his Long Island home, and in helping on the farm of his father—who was also a builder—and so he was apprenticed to some New York printers. This was just before the opening of the second war between the United States and England, for James Harper was only about one year younger than



JAMES HARPER.

Cornelius Vanderbilt; and Thurlow Weed, afterward the famous political journalist, was his fellow-apprentice.

There are several stories told of young Harper's ambition to do a great deal of work in those days; very often he and Mr. Weed did fully a half-day's work at their cases before the others reached the office; and many a time Harper would induce his friend to make "another token" at evenings, after they had finished a good day's work. He often made fourteen dollars a week, which was very large earnings for those days.

When he started in business for himself it was with his younger brother John, who had learned type-setting in another New York printing-house, and was out of his time as apprentice-boy soon after James was. He too was a quick and accurate compositor, being also a very excellent proof-reader—a faculty that was

of great service in their business. Both these young men were very fond of each other, and though differing some in their tastes and special gifts, they were much alike in their ambitions, and were well fitted to carry on a business together. They were both temperate, faithful, and industrious. By careful saving and steady overwork, they had five hundred dollars saved by the time their apprenticeships were over, and, adding to this a few more hundred dollars loaned them by their father, they set up a printing-office of their own in Dover Street, New York. Their work was chiefly printing for publishers and booksellers, and most of it was done by themselves alone, each taking the branches about which he knew the most. For a year or so they made books for Evert Duyckinck, a leading New York bookseller of that time; and in 1818, they brought out their first book—"Locke's Essays on the Human Understanding"—on their own account. They went along very cautiously at first, for there are large expenses and great risks in bringing out new books; but the brothers had sound judgment, and with the added precaution of finding out how many copies each of the leading booksellers would take of a proposed publication before they decided to issue it, and also having the skill to produce a well-made book, they soon began to succeed. In a few years they were among the leading New York publishers and owners of one of the best printing-houses in the city.

In 1825, about eight years after the brothers made their start together, the business was enlarged, the two younger brothers—Joseph Wesley and Fletcher—who had been apprenticed to James and John—were taken into the business, and the famous firm of Harper & Brothers was formed. They opened their new house in numbers 80 and 82 Cliff Street; and with the management well divided among the four industrious, persevering, and judicious partners, according to their special gifts and training, the business grew rapidly and steadily.

"Which is Mr. Harper and which are the Brothers?" some one once asked. "Any one is Mr. Harper," was the reply, "and the others are the Brothers." While each had his own special department, they all worked together, and nothing was ever done of which any one disapproved.

In 1853, after the business had been under the management of the four brothers for almost thirty years, and had grown from the original rooms in Cliff Street till it occupied six stores running all the way through the block from Cliff to Pearl Streets, a fire broke out one afternoon and the establishment burned to the ground, with a terrible loss of almost everything but the stereotype plates, which had been packed away in the large street vaults. The papers which on Monday morning contained an account of this fire announced on Tuesday that Harper & Brothers had taken the buildings at the corner of Gold and Beekman Streets, and that their business would go right on. Almost while the old building was falling

plans had been laid for a new one to take its place. After the brothers had done all that they could to save their property, they joined the other lookers-on in the street. After awhile the cool, quiet John, looking at his watch, saw that it was dinner-time, and turned calmly to go home; but before leaving he remarked to his brothers that they "had better come to his house that night and talk it over." They did so, and the result was that John began his plans for the new building that night, and telegrams were sent out for new presses at once. The new building is the immense structure of iron, brick, and stone that now stands on Franklin Square and Cliff Street, covering half an acre of ground. It was built in less



JOHN HARPER.

than a year after the fire, and Mr. John Harper was the only architect employed on it.

Mr. James Harper—who once said in a joke that his portion of the business was entertaining the bores—was a tall, strong man of gay spirits, pleasing manners, and the most kindly of natures. He was a sincere and open Christian, and had a generous character, full of forbearance and consideration for all the people he had anything to do with. He was also a man of immense vitality, unfailing good humor, and the shrewdest good sense. He not only "entertained the bores," but usually extended the hospitalities of the firm to all their visitors; and many of the men and women of letters whom he met in this way grew from business acquaintances to warm personal friends. "He has been described," as a writer said recently, "as a teetotaler who was never sober. His fund of anecdote, quaint tales, and harmless jokes was unfailing, and he could set the office as well as the table

in a roar. He had a kindly word and jest for every man, woman, and child in the establishment, and was endeared to all who met him by his affability and humor and shrewdness." He did not seek to be noted, and for the most part his life was devoted to the business—for he did a very large share toward raising up its solid structure of success—his family, his church, and a large circle of friends. He had no desire to get into politics, but in 1844, after urgent requests, he accepted the nomination for Mayor of New York, and was elected by a very large majority. He only served one term, and never went into any sort of public life again; but that one term is to be remembered, for he then organized the New York police force, which is now one of the most perfect in the world.

James Harper was born at Newtown, Long Island, April 13, 1795. He died in New York City, March 27, 1869.

The sunny nature of the eldest brother was very different from that of the quiet, sober John, usually called the "Colonel." He had the same good sense, with remarkable will-power and judgment; he was bold, resolute, quick to decide, never betraying hesitation, rapid in planning, daring in execution. His special department in the firm was the management of its money matters, although he always kept a printer's interest in the way the books were printed, and was a severe critic in all such matters. It has been said that as long as he kept any care in the business he critically examined every book the firm put out—and they had issued fully two thousand, including the periodicals, as early as 1854. Not a single error in type of any kind escaped his well-trained eye, and he was especially careful about the title-page. He would revise and revise a dozen times till it suited his critical taste, and not until it did suit him would he allow it to go to press. As manager of the finances a great deal of the prosperity and integrity of the firm was due to his calm, clear judgment and prompt, effective business methods.

John Harper was born at Newtown, Long Island, January 22, 1797. He died in New York City, April 24, 1875.

The head of the literary department was the third brother, Joseph Wesley, who was taken into the firm in 1825. It has been said that he was above all things else a man of judicial mind, subtle and keen in his insight, yet of broad, temperate, and sagacious judgment. For almost half a century he was at the head of the department where all the literary correspondence was attended to, examined all the manuscripts, of which—like all publishers—he found a great many more to reject than accept, but this he did so kindly that he never hurt any one's feelings.

"Less sturdy in frame, and less robust in health, he was gentle and studious; well read in current literature, and a good judge of what was valuable"—what it

was worth their while to expend time, labor, and money on to put into book-form. Mr. George Ripley, the celebrated *Tribune* critic, and for a long time one of the Harpers' readers and Mr. Wesley's intimate friend, said he never heard a passionate or inconsiderate word from his lips; his manners were the "very essence of kindness," he said, and his conversation was always pleasant and instructive, enlivened with humor, and like the candid and affectionate man that he was. Mr. Curtis, the editor of the *Weekly*, said that there was a singular sagacity and justice in all that he said. "In every part of the building there was always the same friendly, serene presence which had its voice of authority upon occasion, but



JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.

which seemed to pervade all like sunshine. He was so simply courteous and kind that he controlled without commanding."

Mr. Joseph Wesley Harper was born at Newtown, Long Island, December 25, 1801. He died in New York City, February 14, 1870.

Mr. Fletcher Harper's part, James said, was to "make the thing go"—that is, he had the business management. "He was always on the jump, displaying immense energy and great powers of managing men. He abhorred ruts and routine, and wanted quick, energetic men around him." Though James started the *Monthly*, it was Fletcher, the man of tact, judgment, and push, who took the management of it and made it a success. It was he also who originated the *Weekly*, and, with the aid of Mr. Curtis as editor, made it a power in politics

without ever joining it to any party. The *Bazar*, too, was under Mr. Fletcher's wise direction. Some one has said that in all business relations he was a great administrator, and would have been distinguished in any position requiring energy, sagacity, quick judgment and mastery of men. He had that instinct of a leader which makes him choose his instruments wisely and—to use Mr. Curtis's words—surround himself with minute-men.

He was a man of remarkable power and strength of nature—having a “noble manliness made sweet and mild by the freshest of affections and the most tender sympathy.” He was great in everything, and in nothing more so than in his



FLETCHER HARPER.

modesty. Resolutely, but without display, he pushed his way. “He never held an office or wished for one. He was not seen at public meetings on great occasions; and no man of equal mark in the city more instinctively avoided every kind of notoriety. His home, thronged with affectionate kindred, was happy beyond the common lot; and at his hospitable table sat friends from far and near, to whom his sweet and sunny welcome was a benediction like summer air.” His brothers all went before him—“the cheery James, the indomitable John, the gracious Wesley;” and while he lived to feel the sorrow of seeing the original brotherhood dissolved, he also had the pleasure of seeing their sons, a strong, energetic, high-minded generation, rise to take their places and continue the great

business with the same "unbroken harmony, the settled trust, and the perfect confidence in each other" that was the keystone of its success.

Fletcher Harper was born at Newtown, Long Island, in 1805. He died in New-York City, May 29, 1877.

The name of **Daniel Appleton**, the founder of the great New York publishing-house of D. Appleton & Co., is one of the most famous in the book trade of the United States. Mr. Appleton was a New England man, who began his business career in his native town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and did not come to



DANIEL APPLETON.

New York until several years after, having lived in Boston meanwhile and established himself in quite a successful dry-goods business. He moved this to New York and opened a store in Exchange Place, when that great brokers' quarter of to-day was the most fashionable shopping district in town. He was a very keen, enterprising man, and saw at once that a good book-store in that neighborhood would pay. So he resolved to take in a little more than a dry-goods trade; and, forming a partnership with his brother-in-law, Jonathan Leavitt—a bookbinder of Andover, Massachusetts—he made his first venture in the enterprise of making, importing, and selling books. He was a man of quick judgment and rea-

mercantile spirit, and the business soon became so important that the dry-goods department was given up, and the whole of his and his partner's energies were devoted to their new department. After five years the firm was dissolved, and each of the brothers-in-law went on by himself.

Mr. Appleton's first books were small religious works, but he soon launched out into general literature and built up an immense trade both in making and importing. After a time he took his son, William H. Appleton, into partnership, and ten years later—in 1848—he retired, with the request that the firm should bear his name as long as it lasted. To this day all the checks and notes of the house are signed with the name of Daniel Appleton written in full. On old Mr. Appleton's retiring Mr. William H. Appleton took his place and several of his younger sons became members of the firm; since then other members of the family have also been taken in, and the business has grown to an enormous extent. A trade journal says: The success of the firm was so great during the first quarter of a century of its life as a publishing-house, that it was enabled to begin the second quarter by a monumental enterprise, the "New American Cyclopaedia," which was edited by George Ripley, the critic and literary editor of the *Tribune*, and Charles A. Dana, the editor of the *Sun*. It was a well-made work and was sure to be valuable, but it took a great amount of courage for the publishers to put it out. After they had it ready for that year—1857—there was a panic, and it required not only capital but courage to undertake so extensive an enterprise at a time when the business outlook was so bad. The year 1863, when the last volume was issued, was in the very crisis of the Civil War—the year of the capture of Vicksburg. Yet through all these financial and political disturbances, the firm continued to issue their books, volume after volume. The cost of the first edition must have been over half a million of dollars, and the sales must be counted by tens of thousands. Nothing that the care of the editors or the money of the publishers could do was wanting to make the "New American Cyclopaedia" a success; and they were rewarded for their faithfulness in the work and their enterprise in producing it by a prompt sale and ready acceptance of it by the best judges as one of the most valuable standard works ever produced in this country.

The house is still in the full tide of its importance, and does an immense business in America and in its foreign branches. It keeps to much the same lines—though going more largely into scientific works—as those in which the founder left it five years before his death. From the great establishment, now on Bond Street, come books of general literature, works on education—the famous "Webster Speller" has had an enormous sale, greater probably than any other American book ever published; from the first about fifty million copies of it have been issued, and even now, when the sale is said to have fallen off some, a million

copies are put out regularly every year. From this house also come many books of all kinds for young folks, volumes of travel and description—notably “*Picturesque America*,” “*Picturesque Europe*”—and many learned works of foreign as



WILLIAM H. APPLETON.

well as American authors, and a vast amount of translations, novels, poems, and general reading. The partners at present are William H. Appleton, Daniel S. Appleton, W. W. Appleton, Daniel Appleton, and Edward C. Appleton.

Daniel Appleton was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 10, 1785. He died in New York City, March 27, 1849.

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